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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

NO. I.

FEBRUARY, 1836.

NEW HAVEN:
HERRICK & NOYES.

MDCCCXXXVI.

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NO. 1.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.*

Clown. 'List ye now, friend—let's hear what this fellow would be saying.'

Sneer. 'God's blessing! man—d'ye believe any of his feather?'

Farquhar.

GENTLE READER,—

As I am about to have some little converse with thee, I cannot pass this first bright page of our Magazine, without a greeting word, and a 'God's benison' on our acquaintanceship. Good fellowship and kind wishes betwixt man and man, should first be established. I have ever held this to be one of the little items that go towards making up the sum of human happiness; and as we ourselves cannot justly lay claim to that which we deny to others, and as I would at any sacrifice purchase thy good will, I must needs as a matter of course tell thee, how much I wish for thy prosperity. I cannot flatter thee, gentle reader, (and a wise man will not be flattered into fellowship,) else I should tell thee how much I respect thy good taste and sagacity, on all the delicate matters of nice criticism. I should tell thee, how anxious I am to please thee—how patiently I shall think—write and rewrite—polish and repolish—roam here and every where, culling the sweetest plants and blossoms I can find—only to suit thee; and make a melancholy hour, if any such thou hast, less painful; and if thou art troubled with misanthropy, bring thee back into peace with self and harmony with those around thee. I should tell thee, how patiently I shall submit to the opinions of others—receive their strictures—transpose and re-transpose—twist and re-twist some of my sentences—for fear they may not accomplish the object whereunto I send them, viz. thy pleasure and profit; and how, in more than one instance, I hope even to sacrifice my own taste, lest unhappily it come in contact with thine. I should tell thee, how I shall repeatedly twitch at my purse strings,

* The reader will please suppose himself conversing with the Editors of this Magazine, 'rolled into one.'

and with no miserly hand—and how, when unfortunately some inaccuracies slip into a page, I shall cast the same aside and give it a reprint, that nothing may offend the nicety of thine observation. But I cannot flatter thee—therefore these things shall all remain in oblivion.

Modesty does not permit me to speak largely of *my* deserts, gentle reader, (though we Editors—that means *me*—are excepted and a degree of favor, an egotistical licence, is sometimes extended to us,) else I should acquaint thee with some of my excellences. I should tell thee, how much I mourn the wicked independency which may characterize my speculations; and the silly *egoisms* which may disfigure my otherwise beautiful compositions. I should tell thee, how much I mourn over the badness of my style, so contrary to etiquette, and sometimes so outrageously fantastical; and the vile spirit of satire, which now and then perhaps, may be found in them. I should tell thee, how much I mourn over (what you may think) my inaccuracies of taste, thought, and expression; and the vulgarisms, which, in spite of me, may creep into them; though, indeed, vulgarisms are less exceptionable of late, since the delicate (detestable—beg pardon!) Fanny Kemble *pottered* in them. I should tell thee, how much I mourn over my infallibility, as now established on the Editorial throne—that, as Editor, I can never be in the wrong—that I can never do or say a silly thing—that I can never criticise, but with the sagacity of Wisdom's self—that I can never be called into judgment by any one who honors himself by reading my papers—and that I shall *feel* my independence, shall *act* from it, and always disregard every thing that barks or brays, and meet meddlers with the cartel—*I am your servant, but I will not bear your dictation*. But, as I am very modest, these things shall all remain in oblivion.

Would you believe it, gentle reader, I sometimes find me endeavoring to fashion to myself, who and what thou art? 'Tis a truth though—and pray tell me now, who art thou? Art thou one who is ever looking on the dark side of poor humanity—one ever neglecting the beautiful truth, that thy being is necessary to the happiness of the world—one unconscious of the fact, that thou art an item in the great economy of human action—and one ever searching for, and caviling at, the wants and weaknesses of thy fellow men? I think thou wilt find something congenial in the work I proffer thee.

Again—art thou the reverse of this—one ever choosing the bright side, ever giving the light and fairer traits of human character thine admiration—one ever looking abroad on the earth with a deep spiritual eye—to whom nature is familiar—to whom the winds, and woods, and waters are companions—one to whom the breathings of spring, the twitter of birds, the voices of infancy are a melody—one ever sending out thy fancy for imaginary bliss, exploring amid the

haunts of evil for good, and tracing out the sweet attractivenesses of virtue? Thou too, I think, wilt find something pleasant and profitable, in the medley I lay before thee; and to thee I commend it with a hearty good will, trusting that thou wilt be content to pass the evil for the sake of the better, and give the writer here a kind wish for his labor in your behalf.

Again—for our poets (for poets we must have, and I must defend them) let me ask, art thou one of those who look upon poetry, and the mystic profession of the poets, with contempt—one carrying a wise man's wig on a fool's crown—one talking of what thou hast not sense to understand—a child grasping at air? 'Wert thou,' in the quaint, yet rich language of Sir Philip Sidney, 'born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus, that you cannot hear the planet-like music of poetry; have you so earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itself up to look at the sky of poetry, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome as to be a Momus of poetry?' If thou wert, take then, in his words, my hearty anathema—'Though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself; nor to be rhymed to death, as is said to be done in Ireland; yet thus much curse I must send you, in the behalf of all poets; that while you live, you live in love, and never get favor, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth, for want of an epitaph.'

Again—art thou a bright and gentle one—full of the rich life and soul of poetry—taking every thing in its first aspect—and ready to launch thy little barque on the stream of life? Ah! it is for such as thee I write. And yet, I tremble for thee, thou Peri, slight in thy person, pale, yet beautiful, glossy hair, and eyes as bright as Love ever looked on, and shrinking in thy native timidity as at the shadow of thine own happiness! 'Tis painful to look at thee, so young, so beautiful—knowing that thou must one day cast thine all—thy dreams—thy high hopes—thine innocent feelings—thy depths of woman's tenderness into the hands of another—to hang upon him—to look to him for hope, for council, for happiness! It pains me to think of what a world this is; to think of the hazard thou must ever run of losing thy bliss, and of being dashed on some of the hidden shoals that lurk beneath the current of human felicity; to think of detraction, and the thousand calumnies that may be aimed at the purity of that breast, which seems too innocent even to suspect harm! But—softly, softly—where the *deuce* am I running?

Finally—whatever be thy disposition, gentle reader, whether thou be critic or no critic, misanthrope or no misanthrope, fool or wise man—whether thou be sneering and cynical, or young and buoyant—whether thou be a phlegmatic old proser, and a doughty advocate of mustified knowledge, or one not altogether too wise, and one that can be delighted with the more delicate blossoms of lite-

rature;—I trust at least, thou art willing to be pleased; and that thou thinkest a hearty laugh at times, is no sacrilege. Now I give thee leave to laugh at me or about me, just as shall seem good to thee—only make thyself happy. I give thee leave to curse my work and all of my fraternity, from the days of—I know not who, down to those of old Kit North himself; and pour out thine honest indignation against our Eleusinian mysteries (for such they are, and thou wilt never understand them, especially if thou be blessed with a stock of modern dullness,) and to hold us all in the most righteous contempt;—this thou may'st do—only make thyself happy. I give thee leave to call me (thy humble servant,) conceited, because I dare to think—presumptuous, because I dare to print—impudent, because I present thee my speculations—only make thyself happy. In short, thou may'st do any thing, only pleasure thyself;—be thou thus employed, and I am content.

And now, gentle reader, as I have given thee thus much—as I have made not the least reservation—as I have given thee permission to be happy, and in thine own way, and that too, without the least regard to my feelings—pray grant me in return, a simple privilege. Permit me sometimes in memory, to think upon the pleasant ramble we may have together—to think of its green and sunny spots, as well as its dark ones—of its pleasant, as well as disagreeable windings—and to enjoy the sweet consciousness of having sought to contribute to thine, a fellow creature's happiness.

'GOD'S BENISON BE ON YE.'

REVOLUTIONS—AND THEIR TENDENCIES.

"Man is born to die,
And so are nations."

To the search of unassisted reason, man is an enigma—his origin, a deep unfathomed mystery—his being, nothing but a sad and strange commingling of discordant elements—his destiny unknown! He comes forth as it were unbidden—mingles for a few short hours in earth's sorrows and enjoyments,—hurries through the part assigned him in the mighty drama of existence, when the curtain closes and he vanishes forever. We tread over the "green roof of his dark mansion,"—and he lives but in remembrance. The works too of his hands are frail and fleeting. The proudest monument he rears, but scarce outlasts his memory—and the very dwelling which has sheltered him is hastening to destruction. "The ivy clings to the mouldering tower, the brier hangs out from the shattered window, and the wall-flower springs from the disjointed stones. The voices

f merriment and of wailing, the steps of the busy and the idle, have ceased in the deserted courts, and the weeds choke the entrances, and the grass waves upon the hearthstones.”

And it is so with nations! Earth is little better than a splendid waste of ruins,—a vast unbroken solitude, garnished with the sepulchers of countless myriads, and crowded with the relics of departed grandeur! There is the tyranny of Desolation! There Change is ever busy, wandering amid the wasting forms of beauty, gathering the banquet of Decay!

Such to unassisted reason is the history of nations. They spring up into being, linger for a fleeting period,—are cut down and perish—their origin, their progress and their end, alike mysterious and inexplicable! Revelation has indeed assured us of the destiny of man. We know that the same grave which closes over his decaying body shrouds not the undying spirit—that earth is but the threshold to another state of being. Far beyond its earthly scene of trial, Affection follows her departed object, and pillowed on the bosom of immortal hope, casts down the burden of her sorrows. The unfettered soul purified from her pollutions, soars upward,—

“ On a wing
That moving through eternity will ever
Be active and unwearied, and as bright
In its unruffled plumage after years
Have gathered into ages, and have gone
Beyond the eldest memory of time.”

It is thus that Revelation fathoms the deep mystery of death—that it brings before us man and the purpose of his being. Guided then by the clear light it radiates, we can walk amid the darkness which enshrouds the fate of nations, and gather even from their silent ruins the true cause of their extinction. More crowded is the catalogue of buried than of living generations! The records of departed States and Empires—the time-worn monuments of former strength and grandeur—the disjointed fragments of a once unbroken whole,—each, all, are eloquent around us! Why is it we can gaze on nothing permanent? Why is it that we stand the beings of a universe which Change is ever wasting? Why is it that innumerable nations of the earth, in the midst of all their beauty and magnificence, are stricken down for ever, and the place they occupied left desolate? Is their fate without an object? Is their influence unfelt? Is it chance that rules their destiny?

One of the earliest theories respecting the progress of society, has been the regular tendency of our race to decline and degradation. This theory, the result partly of tradition and partly of poetic fancy, carries back the mind to a golden age of primeval excellence, and represents the progress of mankind as a continual departure from a higher and a better state of being. Those occasional exhibitions of

lofty virtue and of noble self-devotion which mark the establishment of new States and Empires,—the stern integrity of Regulus,—the high-souled magnanimity of Fabricius,—it regards only as the ineffectual struggles of exalted minds to check the downward tendency of our race, and as swept away by the resistless current of human corruption. This theory was transmitted even from remote antiquity,—interwoven with the superstitions of that early time, strengthened by the implicit confidence of each successive age, and destined to exist till that religion of which it was the offspring, should be crushed beneath the wider and the nobler system of Christianity. It was too a theory interesting and attractive,—well adapted to the age of its formation. It dealt much in the ideal. Its conceptions were those of poetry, mournful indeed, but beautiful and alluring. It spoke of an elevated state of being from which man had fallen,—of a grandeur, every trace of which was then effaced,—of a beauty which had long since faded. It told of nobler aspirations that had fired the soul,—of loftier communings of the spirit with the world above,—of thoughts unbounded in their range, whose center was the universe. It breathed of a quiet and a happy era,—of a peace beyond all trouble,—of an innocence without a stain. It hurried its votaries away from the earth that met their vision, to the brighter one of its creation—a land beautiful beyond conception—the Elysium of gods and the residence of heroes. It was all that the genius of Paganism could do to linger around the visions of departed greatness.

This theory is now surrendered,—or its advocates, if any such there be, are few in number. We, of the present age, regard it as a wild and brilliant error, poetically beautiful, but in practice incorrect,—as a rich and elegant production of a distant age,—as a flower that sprung up, bloomed and faded in the spring-time of the world.

There is a second theory, which numbers among its supporters a large part of the philosophers of modern time. We would call it without reproach the Atheistic scheme, for it seems to shut out a governing Providence from the successive evolutions of our race. It attributes the same principles of stability to the natural and moral world, considering them as both liable to the same law of physical necessity, which causes them to “alternate, between fixed and narrow limits of progress and decay.” States and Empires it regards as rising only like the waves of the ocean, to give way to those that follow them—an endless succession of events, without one indication of plan or aim, to remind us of a governing Intelligence!

Laying aside these theories, as equally unworthy of man and of Him who made him,—with history for our guide, the monument at once of the rise and fall of nations,—what theory shall *we* form? What shall we affirm of history itself? Is it nothing but the chronicle of unconnected facts—the assemblage of by-gone events, that have passed without an object? What too is the lesson that we

read in the revolutions of the world? Are they mere isolated exhibitions of a vast and mighty energy expended for no purpose,—monuments reared along the track of ages as mementos of unmeaning greatness,—meteors that burst from the midst of clouds and darkness to reveal the wreck of nations, and then go out for ever? In the eloquent language of another: “Is the change in its generations the only change in society? Are the actors alone renewed, and the same drama of life for ever repeated? Or rather does each succeeding generation, standing on the graves of their forefathers, rise to a higher vantage ground, as the oaks of the wilderness in succession strike deeper roots, and grow more flourishing over the dust of their predecessors?”

The theory implied in these remarks, if properly stated and understood, is the true theory of the progress of society. It is a *real* progress. One after another of its empires may have risen, flourished for a time, and then crumbled into ruins. Some may have remained apparently unaltered, balanced by the action of opposing causes,—but the grand, the mighty WHOLE, has been progressive. The current that sustained and bore it onward, has increased in energy,—it has never lingered,—its apparent rest or retrocession, was but the reflux of the wave that is rising higher along the shore.

Our great principle then is,—that in the revolutions of the world we can trace the working of a vast design,—that they were but established agents to secure a mighty end. They may be regarded as a series of EXPERIMENTS upon mankind,—each powerful in its influence,—occurring at its proper time,—and all tending toward an object which is yet to be attained. We find in these dark and gloomy spots of history nothing to alarm us! We consider them indeed as clouds, heavy and portentous, resting on the path of ages—but as clouds surcharged with energy,—embosoming the elements of mighty action, destined to sweep away abuses,—to purify and disenthral our race!

As an illustration of these remarks, let us turn to the last and greatest of those monarchies that were the glory of the ancient world. What now is the prospect that is opened to our vision? How rich in its variety of features—how gorgeous in its colorings! We are treading on the golden age of History. All that it has of beauty, power and grandeur, are at once before us. On the confines of a dark and superstitious era we behold the fabric of a mighty Empire. It has sprung up like the Oase of the desert, reared by the workings of magic power, instantaneous, electric! Yonder tower the columns of its capitol—the beautiful and arbitrary Mistress of the world—proud, imperial, ill-fated Rome! The city with its seven hills—its gorgeous palaces—its thousand fabrics, molded by the plastic hand of symmetry, burst at once upon our view. Here then is the mighty theatre, where human nature is destined to stand forth, so near perfected—to display so many virtues, and yet innumerable

vices—to exhibit all that Paganism can accomplish for the advancement of our race. Here are assembled the monuments of Grecian genius, and of Roman valor—the pride of Philosophy, and the miracles of Art—all that Heathenism can do to adorn and dignify mankind. The experiment is made, and the Empress of the world sinks from the stern virtues of her early founders, to the bloody licentiousness of a Nero or Caligula. Rome is tottering to her fall!

Here opens the mightiest revolution in the history of our globe—the introduction of Christianity. Forty centuries had been occupied in showing the impotency of unaided reason for the advancement of our race—and a new series of experiments now commences, to exhibit the evils of those human improvements which were soon engrafted on the simplicity of the Gospel. Christianity had a single object—to raise the spiritual nature of man above the sensual—to establish the dominion of reason, enlightened by Faith. It was the first system of religion which was favorable to the cause of freedom.

Trace now the progress of this glorious principle as it goes forth, forlorn and insulted from the hill of Calvary, to take possession of the falling empire of the world. Witness the thousand persecutions it endures—the obstacles it overcomes—its silent and gradual extension, till, in the age of Constantine, “it ascends the imperial throne and waves its banner over the palace of the Cæsars.” To the eye of unassisted reason how glorious are the prospects of our race! Yet in the progress of three centuries, we see the wave of extermination sweep over that proud empire. It fell, for its existence was no longer needed. It had played the part assigned it in the grand, the mighty drama of the world—the energies of its youth, had wasted to the feebleness of age—its glory was departing—the fire of its genius had grown dim, flickered and expired—it was “feeding not on hope but on remembrances.” It fell, to prepare the way for a more glorious exhibition of the Christian faith—to give place for the foundation of rational liberty on the ruins of despotism. Christianity, by her union with imperial power, had lost her former purity. She had put on the garb, and even revived the principles of Paganism, while liberty, the attendant and ally of all genuine improvement, lay bound and bleeding at the feet of the Mistress of the world. Why then, knowing as we do—the ultimate result—why should we regard the dark period of nearly a thousand years, which followed, as giving any support to the Atheistic scheme of alternate elevation and decay? The feudal system, with all its errors, was the REMEDY applied to save the world from the destructive influence of a corrupted christianity, in union with despotic power. That system too in the progress of events, governed not by miracles but moral causes, was of necessity to have its course—an energy great enough to demolish the empire of the world, could be expended only in the lapse of centuries. Monarchs had learned to believe themselves supreme and their thrones immovable. Litera-

ture had fled for safety to the cloisters of the monks, and the enemies of human improvement had seized upon the church as the most powerful engine of political intrigue. There was something in the darkness and the superstition of the last ten centuries, that had augured of a mighty change. It had been the fearful stillness that precedes the storm—the awful silence that is heralding the bursting forth of the volcano. The way had been preparing for a protracted struggle between perverted and genuine Christianity—the dawn of the reformation was at hand.

The period at length arrived. In the gloom of the dark ages there had been one agent unceasing in its efforts, whose step, silent as the tread of death, was yet as certain in its progress. Unsuspected, and apparently chained down by its opposers, it had been collecting the materials of another great explosion. It had fitted and prepared them, till their energy was irresistible, and then buried them beneath the ponderous but rotten fabric of the Popish faith. The materials are ready and the time has come! It is now that there arises another and a human agent—one, whose daring spirit and unconquerable firmness, proclaim him of no common order—who bears in his hand the torch that is destined to awaken these energies to fury, and as he hurls it to its purpose, stands forth the chosen one of heaven in this mighty undertaking. Need we say that it was Luther! His is indeed, a lofty elevation in the long line of the Reformers. His too is a name, imperishable, in the pages of Christianity! His the conceded title of a universal benefactor.

It was impossible, however, upon the ordinary principles of human nature, that the Reformation, glorious as was its influence, should be at once complete. The wave that had swept over the corruptions of the Romish church, had also borne forward and deposited the dregs of its pollution. By degrees, a spurious philosophy took possession of a large part of the intellect of continental Europe, and the deep degeneracy of the Papal system, which still claimed the exclusive honors of christianity, gave plausibility to an attack upon the whole of revealed religion. In the midst of this incipient regeneration of the world, there is one, a proud and mighty empire, that remains aloof! In the very heart of Christendom she has reared a temple, beautiful in its proportions and eloquent with grandeur!—whose worshipers are not of heaven. The dark banner of Infidelity is unfurled above it. On its entrance is written the inscription, that “there is no God,”—and the prayer that ascends within it is an insult and a mockery. And where now is that Christianity which the Reformation introduced? Is its purity again to be perverted and its throne usurped? We answer that it has not slumbered. Already is it going forth to battle with the giant form of Heresy. Animated with the spirit of its author, it is purifying this temple of abominations—washing out this impious inscription in the blood of a polluted nation. It has reared again the altar of a purer faith.

It is not with feelings of vanity but with a sense of the most solemn responsibilities, that we look upon the era which is now opening on the world, as probably the last great stage in the progressive advancement of our race. Shall we hail it as the greatest of all eras? Does it not, in the long line of ages, stand forth as a brilliant and attractive point, collecting by its brightness, every ray of knowledge and of science, to disseminate them wider through the nations of the earth? With all that we have to deplore of remaining ignorance and superstition on the one hand—and of restless and misapplied activity on the other—what age has ever witnessed such cheering prospects for the cause of Freedom and Christianity? As we look back on the past we see each succeeding revolution, sweeping away abuses and reading a great moral lesson to mankind!—while all have been pointing to the era, which seems now to have arrived, **THE UNION OF WELL-REGULATED FREEDOM, AND A PURER FAITH,** and all are eloquent in proof of the position we have labored to establish. How delightful to trace in part, the mighty experiment of sixty centuries, and find in it one harmonious system of events!—to follow out a golden chain, down through the darkness of the past, binding the disjointed fragments of society into one vast phalanx, moving ever onward! How animating to behold the incipient disenthralment of a world!—to see Christianity coming forth purified and strengthened from the conflict, and hand in hand with freedom, leading on our race towards the perfection of their nature.

Whether the future progress of society will again be broken by sudden and disastrous changes—or will go on to rise by a gradual succession of elevations, we cannot determine. The sky that now bends over it so bright and beautiful may yet be clouded—the thunder of another revolution may be heard, and the lightnings of a mighty power may shake it to its center. These changes if they come, will hurry it along a burning track to its destined elevation. The promised redemption of our race, we trust is near at hand. It may be when the sun that now rides in light above us, shall look down on others who are soon to fill our places—while the temples of our worship are unshaken in their strength—when the stone that marks the place of our deposit, shall not yet have crumbled. But, sooner or later, that period will arrive. It will be an era, glorious beyond conception. The patriot and christian of that favored age, as he stands amidst its brightness and ministers at the altar of regulated freedom and uncorrupted faith, gifted with that prophetic vision which connects the future with the past—will trace the golden chain that binds our system to the throne of God, and while he mourns over the suffering and degradation which has marked our world, will yet adore that wisdom, which

From seeming evil, still educes good
And better thence, and better yet again
In infinite progression.

FRAGMENT.

Excellence of the Christian Principle set forth, and recommended.

[From an unpublished work.]

IF thou would'st lay thee in the grave at last,
 And die as dies the good man ; if thy heart
 In that sad hour would feel its sympathies
 Sweeten'd, and soothed by solitary thought ;
 Let thy whole life with virtuous actions teem,
 With virtue's law compare. Thou can'st not live
 Too pure, or o'er thy smallest actions keep
 Too close restraint. Thou can'st not think too oft,
 There is a never, never sleeping eye
 Which reads thy heart, and registers thy thoughts ;
 Thou can'st not say too oft—' Teach me to know
 My end, that I may feel how short it is'—
 Nor can'st thou lie too frequent, or too low
 Before that cross whereon the Saviour hung—
 A blameless sacrifice. It is his fate,
 And by his disobedience invoked,
 That man shall view the sepulchre with dread ;
 That when he looks into its narrow depths,
 Its gloom—its cheerlessness ; and, spurning earth,
 Reflection lifts the separating veil
 Which hides the future, undissembled awe
 Shall grasp his soul, and will not be dispell'd.
 Yet in this chalice hath a provident God
 Commingled blessings. He hath mark'd a path,
 And promis'd peace to him who walks therein,
 And safety through the portals of the grave :
 And though thorns weary, and temptations press
 To win him into crime—his word is sure,
 And it will save him. Our emotions take
 Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
 As landscapes their variety from light ;
 And he who pays his conscience due regard,
 Is virtue's friend, and reaps a sure reward.
 He who has train'd his heart with lib'ral care,
 Has robb'd the sable tyrant of his crown,
 And torn the robe of terror from his breast.
 Death cannot fright him ; he has that within
 Which, as the needle to the Arctic kept
 By law immutable, his mind upbears,

And fastens where earth's influence cannot reach :
 Let loose the cohort of diseases—rend
 The finest shoots of passion from his heart—
 Snap ev'ry tie of common sympathy,
 And let the adverse and remorseless waves
 Of disappointment roar against his breast—
 And you have struck some rock on Newstra's coast,
 With but the heavings of a summer's sea.
 His spirit knows no thralldom, and it takes
 A flight sublime, where earth hath never power.

There is a half-way virtue in the world
 Which is the world's worst enemy ; its bane ;
 Its with'ring curse. It cheats it with a show—
 But offers nought of substance, when is sought
 Its peaceful fruits. It suffers men in power
 To let the young aspirant rise or fall
 As chance directs. The rich man fosters it ;
 And for the favor, it shuts up his ears
 Against the cry of virtuous penury ;
 Or bids him dole out with a miserly hand,
 A farthing, where a thousand should be thrown
 And proffer'd kindly. The lone orphan's cries,
 The widow's wail in impotence, perchance
 Secure a few unmeaning tears—but not
 The pity which administers relief.
 Words flow as freely as a parrot talks
 At tales of suffering ; and tears may fall
 As free as Niobe's ; but not a sacrifice
 The heart accepts, nor pleasure is forgone,
 Which marks the principle of virtue there,
 Or such as finds acceptance in the skies.
 Who pays with pity, all my debt of love—
 Who weeps for me, yet never sees my lack—
 Who says be clothed, yet never proffers aught—
 He's not my fellow, nor deserves the name.

A feeble virtue is a vice, adorn'd
 With virtue's semblance. 'Tis a negative
 And useless quality. It exempts from wo
 Insufferable, yet grudges perfect bliss ;
 And he but tricks him in a knave's attire,
 Who boasts no other. He's but half the man
 Who, when temptation stares him in the face,
 Assents, yet trembles to be overcome !
 Such men do things by halves, and never do
 Aught with an earnest soul. They fool away
 A life, in which the good and evil mix
 So equal, that the sum is neutralized ;
 And Justice on their sepulchres inscribes
 No sterner truth, than when she writes—a blank.

Why linger then betwixt the two extremes—
 The passive puppet of each circumstance?
 Why pure, and dev'lish—mortal, and immortal—
 Too good for earth—and yet unfit for Heaven?
 Why not at once, dispel these baneful mists,
 Thrust from thy path, the arts and blandishments
 Which win to wickedness; and rise at once
 With a proud moral freedom, until thou
 Can'st stand upon the stars—and see to Heaven? .

*

 THE SCIOT GIRL.

“I cannot bear
 To be the scorned and trampled thing I am
 In this degraded land. Its very skies,
 That smile as if but festivals were held
 Beneath their cloudless azure, weigh me down
 With a dull sense of bondage.”—*Hemans*.

THE inhabitants of the once beautiful island of Scio, were among the last to rise against their oppressors and throw off the Turkish yoke. A combination of causes prevented them from taking part in the revolt when it first broke out. The spirit of enterprise and commerce, while it enriched and refined the people, had withdrawn them, by degrees, from those warlike habits which had distinguished many of the neighboring isles. They were immediately under the coast of Asia Minor, from whence, without a moment's warning, they might be overwhelmed by hordes of merciless barbarians. They could not look out upon their vine-clad hills and their cultivated fields, where the orange, citron and pomegranate bloomed in oriental richness, and think that the fair scene should be polluted by the horrors of a desolating war. Learning and religion were protected. They were prosperous and happy under a government which, to *them* at least, had been an indulgent one, and they wisely preferred their present safety to the uncertain chance of future benefit. The young men of the island, many of whom had been educated in the universities of France and Italy, with the generous impulse of their age, hastened, at the first cry, to join the ranks of the revolvers; and we may well imagine that many, who were themselves unable to take up arms, prayed for the success of the cause and aided it in secret.

A year had now passed, and such was the situation of Scio.

It was an evening in the month of March, when a young Greek might be seen hastening along the beach in the direction of the principal town of the island. In the dress of the person—which

was that of the higher class of citizens—there was nothing remarkable; but in his manner there was much to draw attention. His countenance was marked by an expression of cool and high-strung desperation. He strode on, as if to escape from the burthen of some intolerable thought, and muttered to himself from between his close set teeth. We may catch the import of his words.

“Well, well! it is over; and in sooth, she carried it nobly for one so young; but that pride shall have a fall, my haughty beauty,—and that stripling Antonio, too—by the cross! to be outwitted, circumvented, thus—that *he* should step in and pluck the fruit I had coveted so long. Most excellent Constantine! truly thy wits have grown sharp of late to be thus miserably foiled by a beardless boy, and thine own egregious self conceit.—Fool! fool!” He paused for an instant, and a demoniac scowl passed across his features. “Ay, revenge—and she shall kneel to me even as I knelt to her, and pray to me in her agony and I will not hear her. Wo to those who would trifle with the proffers of Constantine.”

That night he disappeared from the island, and his absence excited little remark and less regret. Of his history scarcely any thing was known; but the mystery with which he chose to envelope his early days, his unbounded prodigality of wealth, and the recklessness of his character, gave rise to a strong suspicion, that his life had been one of desperate and unlawful courses.

And who was she against whom that fearful malediction had been uttered? A gentle spiritual being, unfit for the stormy waves on which she had been cast, destined to struggle with difficulty against them, and perhaps, ere long, to float away on the wilderness of waters, a withered and a broken thing. Surrounded with all that wealth could bring, she had grown up, shadowed from the gaze of the world, beautiful and accomplished in person, but still more lovely, if possible, in her intellectual being. To her the literature of the present and the past were unfolded, and she drank deeply of all that is high or impassioned therein. But most she loved to dwell upon the records of her country, and her young blood would thrill as she read of the ancient glory of her people, of their triumphs in arts and arms, of their bards, and warriors, and sages, and she wept when she beheld the degeneracy of their descendants. The beautiful in nature “haunted her like a passion.” She loved the Egean and its isles and the blue sky above them, because they were beautiful themselves, but still more because antiquity had hallowed them. And she was wont to steal away from her companions, and in some shady nook made pleasant by the dashing of a mountain rivulet, to read the stories of the ‘olden time,’ till consciousness stole from her and she lived and moved an actor in the scene. On one thus constituted, the first tidings of the revolt struck like an electric shock. The day-dream of her existence seemed to be on the eve of its accomplishment. Already, in imagination, she saw the chains

falling from her nation, and Greece, with her bright coronet of isles, smiling in her recovered independence and happiness. She saw the ruined temples and altars reconstructed, and the statues of the renowned of old, restored to their long deserted niches. She lamented that she too might not grasp the lance and wield the sword. But all the interest of an actual combatant was hers. Her soul was with Niketas, among the passes of the Morea, with Miaulis and Canaris in their desperate engagements by sea, and her prayers were daily with God, that he would crown their efforts with success. She mingled no longer in the song or dance, she was no longer seen in the masque or revel of the festival—a high and holy enthusiasm filled her soul, and

“ The boon that nature gave her at her birth,
Her own original gaiety of heart”

was gone. As a mother watches with intense solicitude, the varying pulses of a dying child, so did Zara watch the rising and sinking fortunes of the cause to which she had bound her happiness forever.

It was the night on which commences our story, and Zara is gazing out upon the sea, and the evening breeze that comes in through the lattice, lifts her dark hair and caresses her cheek, as if conscious of the beauty around which it played. The scene through which she had passed, and which had resulted so bitterly to one, had vanished entirely from her mind. The stars were looking down from an unclouded sky, and the waves made music as they broke upon the shore, but both were equally unmarked by her. She thought of her lover beyond the sea, she watched him in all the hazards of a fierce contest, she heard his voice, nerving with confidence his fainting friends and sending dismay into the ranks of the enemy. She saw him driving the Moslem before him, now he is among the thickest of the foe, he struggles valiantly, the infidels hem him in on every side, Holy Virgin preserve him, he is down!—she was suddenly aroused from her painful thoughts. A light boat, containing a single individual, shot rapidly round a curve of the shore, and glided into the dark, smooth water of the little bay that lay beneath her window. A moment after a rich, manly voice rose gaily on the air:—

Lady, from thy lofty bower
Look not out so tearfully,
Lady know, this joyous hour,
From beyond the star-lit sea
Brings thy lover back to thee,
Brings him, love, to life and thee!

That voice! it was Antonio's—a moment more and she is in his arms.

“ Ah recreant!” said she, smiling fondly upon him, “ is this your boasted patriotism? What sends you from your post in the hour of danger?”

"Can you ask, Zara, and do you forget, that it is a whole year, an age since I have seen you?"

"It is indeed a long weary time, and it has changed you much, Antonio."

"In all things else, perhaps, but not in my devotion to you. But you are paler, Zara, than when we parted, and your voice is more low and melancholy than I have ever heard it. I fear you have not lived happily as you were wont. A soldier's mistress should never repine at his absence."

"I could not be gay, while Greek swords were striking for liberty, and while you, Antonio, were hazarding your life; but now that you are here, and I listen to you and see you."——

——"And feel this warm kiss upon your cheek."——

"I am happy indeed."

"You have lived too much in your own sad fancies, and while I remain I must contrive some diversion for you. Suppose we excite a conspiracy in Scio, by way of amusement."

"Oh delightful!"

"Yes, and so romantic. You shall assume the manly toga; the costume of an Albanian chief will become that dark beauty of yours right well; and with your eloquence of words and looks we shall soon get up an insurrection. To tell the truth, Zara," he continued more seriously, "it was not love alone that brought me here; our cause is going forward nobly, and the Sciots must give to it all their strength and influence. These degenerate countrymen of ours must be awakened from their lethargy, and I have come to rouse them." And thus, from trifling to serious, from serious to trifling, he wandered on, and Zara was sad no longer.

Time passed, and Antonio had not appealed to his countrymen in vain. The Sciots responded to his call, and were only waiting a favorable opportunity to evince their patriotism. At this juncture, history informs us that two adventurers, with troops from Samos, landed on the island. The Sciots rose. A considerable force sent out against them was repulsed, and the whole body of the Turks were finally driven into the citadel and there besieged. The Greeks, however, had no means of securing their advantage from want of cannon to batter down the walls, and they were forced to wait in anxious suspense, till artillery might be sent them from abroad. Their hopes were frustrated, and all their plans destroyed by the arrival of a Turkish fleet of fifty sail, which anchored in the bay, and immediately began to bombard the town. Their faithless allies, the Samians, at the first appearance of the enemy, had deserted them, and sought safety in flight. Under the guns of the castle thousands of Turkish troops were disembarked. Some resistance was attempted, but all resistance was in vain. Hordes of barbarians rolled on and thronged the coast, fit instruments for the horrible tragedy which had been planned in the divan of the sultan, and was now soon to be enacted.

That day had worn wearily with Zara. Hour after hour she had heard the firing of cannon from the fleet; she knew that the Turks were landing; she had seen at a distance, troops passing and re-passing across the country, and her lover came not. A thousand doubts, a thousand misgivings, harassed her mind. The sun had set, and yet she had received no tidings from Antonio. The booming of the cannon broke incessantly on her ear, and sounded like a knell to all her hopes. Her anxiety was now increased to agony. Her heart beat with joy as she heard a quick step along the corridor. It approached the apartment. Was that her lover's step? The door opened, and a stranger stood before her.

"I have come!"

"I know you not; who are you?"

"You will know me sooner than you think—one whom you *once* despised, one whom your scorn has made a seared and blasted thing. But I bear no malice, lady; no, I am merciful compared with you. I have come to save you. Listen! the people of Scio are doomed to inevitable, indiscriminate massacre." A red light fell across the room. "Hah! at work so soon? Lady, do you doubt me, look! Scio is in flames! The work of pillage and slaughter has commenced. The fiends will soon be here—a boat lies moored below, in which I will convey you to a place of safety—away! away!"

"Villain! no. What means that Moslem dress? Apostate from your country and your God! If I must perish, I will perish here; not to thee will I owe my safety."

"No! well, listen to me, and be calm as I am: mark me. 'Twas *I* who urged upon the Sultan the strong necessity of taking summary vengeance on the Sciots. 'Twas *I* who poured upon the shore these swarms of merciless barbarians. 'Twas *I* who ordered the burning of yonder town. 'Twas *I* that *slew thy lover*—perhaps you like me better now."

"Miscreant! back, lay not your hand upon me. Oh God!" She caught a slender dagger from her girdle, and assumed an attitude of self-defense. "I am not so weak and timid as you think."

"This is folly: I am wasting time." He seized her by the wrist, and with a smile of pity, forced the weapon from her delicate hand. She fainted.

The last words of gratuitous cruelty, "'twas *I* that slew thy lover," false as they were, had done their office, and Constantine, lifting her in his arms, bore her swiftly away.

As long as it was possible, Antonio, with a few brave Greeks, made head against the enemy. He saw that the enterprise in which he had toiled so long had failed, but he could not bear tamely to relinquish the field. Overpowering numbers at length forced him to retire, and he sullenly watched from a distance the landing of the enemy. From what he had already witnessed of Turkish warfare, he soon suspected the scene that would ensue. The thought of Zara

flashed upon his mind—giving a few brief orders to those under his command, he hastened towards her home. What he heard and saw by the way increased his alarm. Yells and groans, and the report of musketry, rose from the city, while, here and there, the flames had begun to burst forth. Now and then, a crowd of women and children, frantic with fear, crossed his path, seeking for safety in the country. He hurries forward—the house is now in sight, but all is dark and desolate; he crosses the threshold—no one answers to his call; he reaches her apartment—it is empty.

He hastens again from the house. Following with his eye the path that led to the shore, he caught a glance of Constantine moving swiftly forward with his burden.

With the fierceness of a maniac, he bounds down the declivity. Constantine hears his pursuer, and quickens his pace. He is near the boat. On! on! if you would save your bride. Too late—too late. Yet there is one, though a desperate resource. Antonio's pistol rings upon the air. Hah! he staggers with his burthen, but struggles forward—in vain—he supports his sinking form against a rock, while his life blood ebbs fast away. With the look of a baffled fiend, he turns towards his pursuer. Rage and disappointment writhe his lip, while his brow grows pale in death. He seeks his sash, and a stiletto gleams in the moonlight. What means that strange, ghastly smile? Oh God! he cannot mean—the blow is struck, and as he sinks to the earth, the life blood of Zara mingles with his own upon the sands. In an instant her lover kneels over her, but she hears him not, she answers him not. Thy pure soul has fled, unconscious of the blow thy 'demon lover' dealt. Thou hast gone ere the storm had desolated thy beautiful island-home—ere the sorrows of thy country had entered into thy soul. It is well with thee, sweet enthusiast, it is well with thee as thou art.

Antonio knelt over her, and called loudly upon her name, but he only heard it repeated, as if in derision, by the echoes of the cliffs. That tremendous moment when doubt struggles against a dreadful certainty passed by, and he knew that she was dead.

Pride, wealth, ambition, glory, what now are they to him? One word from those pale lips, one ray of light from those darkened eyes were worth them all.

The bodies were found the next morning on the spot where they had fallen, but Antonio had disappeared. He was never seen again in his native island. Life with him had ceased to have any attractions, and he sought release from it in the most desperate engagements with the enemies of Greece. He perished in battle, but not till he had obtained the glad assurance that the cause in which he had suffered so much would eventually triumph. As for Zara,

"She sleeps well,
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell."

STORY AND SENTIMENT,

OR, CONVERSATIONS WITH A MAN OF TASTE AND IMAGINATION.

No. I.

‘His thoughts were not the thoughts of other men.’

IN the spring of 18—, in consequence of ill health I betook me to one of those lovely vallies on the Connecticut, where the traveler if he has taste enough to look about him, may find grouped within the circuit of half a mile, one of the loveliest villages in the world. Its clear warm airs gently tempered by the winds of the ocean—the freshness and verdure of the landscape sloping gradually backward from the water side—the high hills which surround it, still covered with dark and rolling forests, as when first the white man took possession of them—and the thousand other natural beauties which are ever found in quiet New England villages, made me bless the fate which carried me thither, and the hour I made it my home.

My first want was a companion. From my boyhood, the book of nature was familiar. I had loved to ramble by woods and streams—gather flowers on meadow and hillside—and, with some favorite book, something to pleasure me, while away the mornings in many a gay bewilderment of fancy. But from the peculiarity of my disease, the bliss of solitary thought was denied me; while my natural bent which was quiet and meditative, it was thought might be indulged in to a degree, if shared with some gentle and kindred spirit. This lack was supplied me. I had been accustomed to observe in my rambles a pale thoughtful looking man, whose peculiarly fine countenance made me wish his acquaintance. This was brought about in some ordinary way, and would little interest the reader—so I pass it at once; but the result of that acquaintance, the knowledge I gained from it, the pleasure I derived from his friendship, are things to be forgotten by me never; and it is with reminiscences of my intercourse with this individual, that I intend to supply myself with subject matter for these occasional papers. So much was I delighted with him, that the first morning of our acquaintance I committed to paper the results of our conversation; so I have but little to do, save copying as from a register, such passages as I deem will be entertaining—which thing I hope to do in an unostentatious manner, at the same time throwing in such reflections as I think apposite, and rambling backwards and forwards as suits the mood of my mind. If I please, my time is well spent.

I must first give you a description of him, gentle reader, and the place in which I found him, even if it take up my whole sheet. Conceive yourself then on a little eminence about fifty yards removed from the water side, the ground sloping gradually to the stream; and conceive a small, low-roof'd farm house upon it with its windows facing the east, and its white roof partly covered and quite shaded by a clump of tall beech trees; and after you have looked at the creeper, and wild rose, and honeysuckles that grow in profusion about the door, you may stand and listen to the sound of the clearest, sweetest, sparkling little rivulet, that ever gushed from its native bed, to go and mix its sweet waters with the weltering waves of the ocean.

You may now stand with your back towards the farm-house, and look down before you. The broad Connecticut sweeps majestically by, its clear surface crinkled only by the sportings of some wanton fish as it darts through it, dashing a shower of pearls into the sunbeams; or perchance the form of a water fowl as it skims unwarily over it, gently catching the liquid on its pinions to scatter it off again with the next evolution. The soft piles of white clouds that sleep in the upper heaven, are as moveless below you; and as the startled dor-hawk sweeps out from the wood behind, and wends his course across to the distant mountains, you may watch his small form on the water growing fainter and fainter, till it becomes a speck and fades from the vision.

Now enter with me the dwelling. Is it not a scholar's dwelling? That finely stocked library, with its newly-dusted curtain of green cotton-stuff—that row of antique busts over the mantel-piece—that engraving of the fiery Byron—that fine one of Scott—and that pleasing one of the gentle and melancholy Cowper—say, do you like it? A table stands in the middle of the room, and on it are books of a dozen languages—some thumbed and turned down as if they had seen good service, and others uncut as fresh from the bookseller's. Here's the antiquarian Homer. There's the mellifluous Anachreon. This is the shrewd Horace—and there's the philosophic Seneca. How worn they all are! No common one surely is the spirit of this place—But you shall see him.

He sits by the table, writing. There's a forehead for you, shaded with fine dark hair—there's an eye, deep, crystalline, full—there's a cheek, delicate, perhaps too delicate—and above a prominent chin, there's the pale thin lip of the scholar. His countenance is gentle, but there's something of severity about the small closed mouth, and in the glitter of that eye—and yet all is calm, all is serenity, all is gentleness. No dark passions have had commission to mark that noble forehead—no feverish and fiery ambition have dared to light their hectic taper on that cheek—all is natural. And his voice—that is gentle too—woman would not wish softer. And now he smiles—how gentle! There's so much of peace in it, you *feel* its gentleness.

Such was my friend. Alas! that he is not—that I have but the poor satisfaction of poring over these few, brief-sketched passages of his history.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

I found him one evening sad and solitary, seated by an open window with a book in his hand, and gazing out into the moonlight. I addressed him, but he answered me not. I took his hand and pressed it—he turned to me, and to my surprise, his eyes were filled with tears.

I did not offer him my pity—his feelings were too holy. I let him weep.

‘My friend,’ said he, after a pause, ‘you are welcome.’

I ventured to ask if any thing had disturbed him.

‘There are moments,’ replied he, ‘in the life of every man, when, whether he will or no, the simplest circumstance, such as a note of music, a word, or a moonlight evening like this, will by the subtle law of association call up a train of dead memories, and pour them in a flood tide on the heart; and as these are pleasant or melancholy, will his feelings take their coloring. Here is a little book of Sir Humphry Davy’s, and it has set me weeping; for as I have followed him through one and another of his foolish though beautiful theories, it has called up passages of my life I would fain forget. They are sweet though—

‘Pleasant are the memories of days in the shades of Morven’—

and I know not but I thank the philosopher though he makes me womanish.’

My companion’s history was unknown to me—I had once or twice wished to ask him—here was a chance. I delicately hinted as much.

‘You ask to your hurt I fear, my young friend,’ said he. ‘Little in my life can interest another. It has seen little action. Feeling—strong, continuous, deep feeling with small variation, is all it boasts; and pleasant as it is to me, it may little please you.’

I was importunate.

‘I had a lovely cousin,’ began he, ‘a very lovely creature, and one for whom I felt all that ardor of attachment, for the description and stories of which, poets and novelists have been so much laughed at. I shall not describe her to you. The graces of her mind only shall I acquaint you with, and through them you must see her countenance. Her parents were dead; and, taken into our house as one of the family, our love went far back beyond our memories, even into childhood, where if we love, it is by some subtle affinity which unconsciously draws kindred spirits together—since at that age we seldom think to dwell upon individual excellences of character. Our love as we knew not when it began, so we knew not its force; yet it was pure, deep, spiritual, and dreaming—that passion which

instead of being modified, modifies—instead of becoming assimilated, assimilates—belonging not to the other power, but making those powers its own. Hence our characters were alike. This unity softened down every unhappy prepossession; and the result was, that our loves were like two streams, which though they gush not from the same source, soon after mingle and go quietly on together.

‘From what I have said, you will readily perceive we were dreamers. My cousin was a dreamer—you would know it from the deep, full, swimming eye, without any body’s telling it you; and we were wont to go of a summer’s evening to the church yard, and seated on her mother’s grave, drink in from the silence, and darkness, and solitude of the scene, that witchery and madness which dreamers so much love. From such habits it will easily be seen, that our characters must soon be sobered over with the sad shapings of melancholy. Such habits cultivate this mood; and persisted in, the sensibilities if naturally exquisite, become so much the more so that they soon unfit us for every thing else, and win us from the laughter-making and foolish.

We were seated one evening as I have mentioned, and our thoughts very naturally turned upon spirits, their intercourse, and the laws which govern them, and the conversation took such a tone as fastened it forever in my memory.

‘I sometimes think,’ said she, clinging tenderly to me, and clasping my hand firmly in both of hers—‘that when we are free from this world, and disenthralled, are ushered into a new existence, we shall lose our identity, and have to find out new sympathies and sources of enjoyment; and the thought saddens me.’

‘Why saddens you?’

‘O! I would not forget this world. I would not forget its beauties—its rocks, woodlands, wilds,

‘Its human and its natural beauties all.’—

I would not forget them. They *must* be a source of felicity ever—ever pleasant to be remembered—ever spots to which memory shall turn her saddened eye, when the heart is sick with its melancholies.’

‘Fanny, think you the blessed weep?’

O! I know not—‘but I could not bear to forget this beautiful world, and those I love in it.’

‘Think you’—said I—‘that he who made the spirit and knows its capacities, will not find for it something more substantial than earth proffers us? You know the aged tell us, there’s no bliss here; and *we* see the young, and gay, and beautiful, fall around us like leaves in Autumn-time. What matters it then if we take other minds, as distinct as our own bodies?’

‘Arthur! Arthur!—you pain me. Would you not know *me* hereafter?’

‘Doubt it not—we *shall* know each other.’

‘I would think so.’

‘From God’s benevolence we cannot prove it; for as benevolence leads to giving the highest good, it may lead him to give us faculties above those we now possess, and felicities in comparison with which all that we have here shall instantly be forgotten. But it *is* seen from our natures. Our faculties, in their aspirations for something higher, by those very aspirations *evidence* faculties, which earth puts not in requisition. Few are the thinking minds who have not sometimes in the calm of the evening, as they have sent their gaze away into the heavens, and watched the stars come out to join the mighty sisterhood of planets and rolling worlds, felt a thirst and a lifting up within them as the pulsations of immortality. This *is* immortality. The world (not to speak poetically,) is forgotten. I myself have been so far enrapt in this mystery, that I have as completely lost my mortal consciousness as if I had never possessed any; at the same time I have been partly conscious of the same powers as those I use when admiring things around me. I was translated to another sphere—worlds of light were rolling around me—I myself was a source of light and magnificence, rolling on forever

‘Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubim!’

A state of purity was there. I admired it—but it was the same as my love of virtue here, though incomparably higher; and I was conscious of the same though more elevated communion, as the music of the spheres

‘Harping along their viewless boundaries,’

came floating about me. And these things prove that the same faculties go with us from earth, though their reachings and exercises may be as much nobler, as time is less than eternity.’

‘My sweet cousin was re-assured—and we soon betook us home.

‘This evening,’ continued he, ‘its stillness, its soft moonlight, and this foolish little treasure of a book in my hand, have recalled that evening, and that conversation—they have set me weeping. ’Tis seldom I speak of the past, but your importunity stands apology.’

I quickly and firmly assured him, that so far from seeking apology, my interest was unaccountable; and I begged the sequel in relation to his cousin.

‘Ask it not—ask it not’—said he, with deep solemnity.

He spake no farther.

Such was a single evening’s intercourse with this mysterious being. More I learned from him—which in good time the reader shall have from me. Till then, adieu.

FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

"I love thee, Fanny Willoughby,
 And that's the why, ye see,
 I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
 And cannot let thee be,—
 I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
 And O! you may depend on't,
 I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
 And that will be the end on't.

"I love thy form so tall and straight,
 To me it always seems,
 As if it were the counterfeit
 Of some I've seen in dreams,—
 It makes me feel as if I had
 An angel by my side,
 And then I think I am so bad,
 You will not be my bride.

"I love thy clear and hazel eye—
 They say the blue is fairer,
 And I confess that formerly
 I thought the blue the rarer,—
 But when I saw thine eye so clear,
 Though perfectly at rest,
 I did kneel down, and I did swear
 The hazel was the best.

"I love thy hand so pale and soft,
 The which, in days lang syne,
 Ye innocent as trusting, oft
 Would softly clasp in mine ;
 I thought it sure was chiseled out
 Of marble by the geniuses,
 The which the poets rant about,
 The virgins and the Venuses.

"I love the sounds that from thy lip
 Gush holily and free,
 As rills that from their caverns slip,
 And prattle to the sea ;
 The melody for aye doth steal
 To hearts by sorrow riven,
 And then I think, and then I *feel*
 That music comes from Heaven.

"Now listen, Fanny Willoughby,
To what I cannot keep,
My days ye rob of happiness,
My nights ye rob of sleep;
And if ye don't relent, why I
Believe you will me kill;
For passion must have vent, and I
Will kill myself I will."

'Twas thus, when love had made me mad
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby;
And Fanny look'd as maiden would
When love her heart did burn,
And Fanny sigh'd as maiden should,
And murmur'd a return.

And so I woo'd Fan Willoughby—
A maiden like a dove,
And so I won Fan Willoughby—
The maiden of my love;
And though sad years have pass'd since that,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget
Sweet Fanny Willoughby.

*

CONFESSIONS OF A SENSITIVE MAN.

No. I.

THE first time I left Droneville, was for the purpose of joining the Junior Class in Yale College. Having received letters of introduction to Dr. —, I was ushered by his misjudged kindness, with all my awkwardness upon me, into the very center of fashionable life. Fashionable life! what a variety of blunders, of ludicrous mistakes, of embarrassing scenes, rise up at the very phrase, mingled with the uproarious laughter of young men, and the suppressed titter of young ladies, the mere memory of which is sufficient to drive distracted a sensitive man. To my miserable, rustic education, I am indebted for a great share of my calamities. Before relating my experience in the world of fashion, I will attempt to convey to my readers an idea of some of the peculiarities of Droneville people.

In one of the western counties of Massachusetts, is situated the village of Droneville—the Rip Van Winkle of the state—the very focus of stupidity. Droneville people are a century behind the rest of the world. One would imagine that old Time had pitched them

out of his car in 1700, while he has been driving on the rest of the world like Jehu. Without the least scruple, they use those rank provincialisms, which would make the most legitimate Yankee tongue of other parts, feel "considerably streaked." Droneville people are opposed to all your modern refinements in education. "We are satisfied with the language of our fathers, without bringing it to the test of any of your grammar rules." As a necessary consequence, the king's English is murdered by them without the least mercy. Double comparatives and superlatives dance through their conversation in an intricate maze of the sublimest obscurity. To Droneville people I was indebted for my pure, classical dialect, which was so extremely pleasing that I never addressed a polite speech to a young lady, without making her giggle in spite of her most vigorous efforts. "Hisen" and "hern," "yourn" and "theirn," and such phrases, might be expected as a matter of course; but Droneville people are no common Yankees; they have words and expressions which are perfectly unique. "Chirk" is a favorite of theirs. If you enquire respecting some invalid who is convalescing, the answer is, "he is more chirk." A young Miss of Droneville, (for whom, by the way, I always had a sneaking partiality,) once replied to a question as to her mother's health—an old bedridden dame of eighty, "Why, she is not very *chirk*, but more *chirker* than she has been; all our folks appear more *chirker* than they really feel, in order to *chirk* her up." "Comper" is another of their expressions. Any fracas or tumult, like the Calethump of Christmas eve memory, would be styled by them a "comper." Their language is certainly original:

"Mrs. Doublechin, what is the matter with your good man?"

"I don't hardly know, 'Squire, he seems to be *kinder fevery* and *kinder aguary*."

Droneville people are profound philosophers. You will not find them chattering incessantly upon every topic under the sun; their ideas are connected by none of your "obvious relations;" they are slow, but sure thinkers, and when they *do* speak, you may expect to hear something. Catch Droneville people doing any thing in a rash, hasty manner? catch a weasel asleep. They are equally considerate in their mental and physical operations. If a man begins to build a house, without reflecting upon it for some twenty years, Droneville people shake their heads in a very significant manner, muttering something about not "counting the cost." A house is commenced by one generation, allowed to "season" through another, and completed by the third. Droneville people are not composed of any of your inflammable materials; you will not find them acting under the influence of "excitement" or "passion." They like to "take things coolly"—to think deliberately.

Deacon Snuffle was informed that widow Switchtail had been *recently* converted, and hastened to converse with her. "How long is it, Mrs. Switchtail," said he, "since you first began to see the error of your ways?"

"Why, Deacon, it is as long ago as what we old folks call the *hard winter*." Deacon Snuffle made his exit with all imaginable speed, exclaiming, "your religion, widow, is something like an old clock, in considerable need of being wound up."

A minister was "settled" among Droneville people, several years since, who is about as ardent as they are phlegmatic, suggesting the image of a spirited young steed, yoked to a contemplative ox. He exhorts, preaches, frets, drives his flesh off in attempting to "rouse them up;" but they take it "just as easy" as conceivable. What can be more tantalizing! He appoints meetings upon week days, but Droneville people are not so fond of meetings upon week days; it savors too much of *driving* people into religion. The parson consoles himself with the thought that they will come to church upon the Sabbath, and prepares for them a warm reception. And they *do* come upon the Sabbath, and sleep, yea, snore as loud as if they were in their beds. Miss Catnip, a snappish old maid, once complained that "Deacon Snuffle's wife snored so loud that she couldn't get the least bit of rest." My Aunt Tabitha is never absent from church. She has so constantly seated herself upon the same bench, that she has fairly impressed her own proportions there. She has one invariable reply to the parson's oft repeated exhortations, "young people may die, old people must die."

The parson wishes to do great things for all the benevolent operations of the day, but what do Droneville people know about benevolent operations? Instruct them? "Droneville people ar'nt to be instructed; they know a thing or two." Besides, Droneville people are half inclined to think that "charity begins at home." Turn them? You may turn a mule, when he has once "placed his foot down," with a mule's determination, but there is no turning *them*. They are as obstinate and headstrong as doctors of theology; coaxing and cuffs are equally unavailing.

There is nothing which Droneville people resist so much as innovation. An attempt to change old customs, or to drive them from the well trodden path of their ancestors, will raise such a cackling among long-winded gossippers and slippery tongued spinsters, as would drive Beelzebub himself from the roost. Mr. Long Metre—a member of that fraternity who wander about teaching one half of the people how they can best *squeal off* the ears of the other half—attempted to reform Droneville choir. This Radical broached the theory, that it was impossible for the young ladies to sing melodiously while they wore their bonnets, since the sweet nightingales were prevented from hearing their neighbors' voices. The singing master, having been joined by a few of the young bucks—bold fellows these—venturing sometimes to give the 'gals' a sneaking glance or a sly wink, made a movement to carry the reform into operation. What pen can describe the "comper" which this excited! It was too much for the equanimity of the gentlemen of the old school. It was like touching a torch to their beards. Oh Droneville! who

would have thought, that the flames of party animosity could ever have been kindled in thy peaceful streets? yet such was the fact. Every man, woman, and child, was ranged under the banner of the bonnets, or the anti-bonnets. The bonnets claimed, "that the measure of their opponents was an unheard-of innovation, exposing the health of the 'little dears,' encouraging extravagance in dress, endangering the morals of the young men, in short, that it was wholly unrighteous, unscriptural and indelicate, for St. Paul expressly declares that 'every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered, dishonoreth her head.' " I noticed that this doctrine was warmly espoused by all the red haired young ladies, and desperate spinsters. The anti-bonnets, headed by the singing master, supported by the aforementioned bucks, and all the most buxom of the village girls, unable to withstand the cogent arguments of their adversaries, dispatched a delegation to secure upon their side, the influence of the parson. The good man stood aghast! What could he do? To commit himself upon either side, would be his ruin: to stand neutral, was impossible. Mr. Soporific Heth—the village tailor—a most vigorous performer upon a cracked clarinet, was chosen ambassador. Mr. Heth was a lean, long sided piece of anatomy, with an elongated phiz, nose like a fish hook, and lips blown to a point by his constant musical exertions. In order to add dignity to the delegation, Mr. Wonderful Gruff—whose magic powers wooed harmony from an antiquated base viol—accompanied Mr. Heth. Mr. Gruff was the wisest man in Droneville. To be sure, he never spoke a word to reveal his wisdom, but then he *looked* tremendous wise, and a nod or a grunt from Mr. Gruff, had more influence in the village councils, than a speech of an hour's length from most men. Mr. Gruff was a perfect personification of conceited obstinacy. His short stubborn neck and mulish character, evinced a perfect harmony of parts, and unity of design. Such were the animals which presented themselves in the parson's study. Mr. Heth, of course, was the orator—and such a one! He was none of your concise speakers, who tell all they have to say in the fewest words possible, but an eloquent, long-winded orator, able to talk a vast while without saying any thing. Mr. Heth was very fond of onions—the parson, however, had rather an aversion to these delicacies. Mr. Heth was, moreover, afflicted with deafness, and for the double purpose of increasing the effect of his own masterly powers, and hearing his auditor's replies, he drew a chair near his victim, and for about half an hour, blew an irresistible torrent of eloquence into the parson's nose. Unable to resist such honied words, accompanied by a voice which rivaled the most cracked notes of Mr. Heth's own clarinet, and seconded by the momentous nods and grunts of Mr. Gruff, the parson declared himself a convert to the principles of the anti-bonnets. This was the signal of triumph to their party—their opponents were crushed, and the bonnets were banished from the choir. After several weeks spent

in preparation, the eventful Sabbath finally arrived, when the *élite* of Droneville maidens, were to appear in 'unbonneted' beauty. Never had there been such an excitement in Droneville. The choir, and their appearance, were discussed in all places. It was regularly "served up," at every tea table in the village. "What are Droneville people coming to," exclaimed the old ladies; "things are changed since we were lads," responded the veterans. "If I hadn't any more hair than Polly Snipe, you wouldn't catch me singing with my bonnet off," said Miss Catnip. The day arrived; it was a cool bracing morning in January; but never, "within the memory of the oldest inhabitants," had Droneville church been so crowded. While the parson was imploring God's blessing, the bucks were ogling and whispering, the singers were turning over the leaves of their books, an occasional note escaped from the nose of Mr. Long Metre, Mr. Gruff was tuning his base viol, Mr. Heth was caulking his clarionet. The hymn is at length "given out,"—all eyes are turned to the gallery,—every mouth is opened in wondering expectation,—the blind wipe their spectacles, the deaf seize their trumpets, the eyes of the young bucks flashed with pleasure, those of the spinsters looked "unutterable things." The choir arise, and while they stand like impatient coursers, with parted lips, awaiting the signal from Mr. Long Metre, let me attempt to describe the vision of paradise which burst upon my enraptured sight. It was a scene worthy the graphic pencil of Hogarth. There stood the assembled beauty of Droneville, with cheeks and noses kindled into a glow by the fresh air of a January morning. The gallery rose, seat over seat, presenting to the beholder an inclined plane of all that is beautiful in a red and blue phiz, studded with love-darting eyes, and party-colored heads, which might rival the coat of the patriarch. There they stand—long hinnies and short hinnies, sylph-like hinnies and porpoise-like hinnies, in regular confusion, with pates arrayed in every variety of fantastical gear ever invented by womankind. Some were adorned with flowers, others with feathers; some, having strained their hair so tight from their foreheads that they could not wink, had twisted it into a pig's-tail upon the top of their craniums; a few, of more classic taste, had parted their locks from their brows, a la Madonna; others suffered them to float in unbraided beauty, a la witch of Endor; and one roguish little urchin was evidently arrayed in her grandmother's cap. Thus they stand—the "pitch" is given, and away burst Droneville choir with impetuous fury—the power of every voice and every instrument is strained to its utmost capacity—Mr. Long Metre managed to scream the loudest—Mr. Soporific Heth blew his clarionet into several pieces—Mr. Gruff sawed his base viol 'in two.'

Such was the performance of Droneville choir.—The combined power of all that is thrilling in beauty and melody, inflicted a wound upon my sentimental heart from which it has not yet recovered.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN CRITIC.

"A spirit and judgment equal or superior."—*Milton*.

A distinctly formed power of judging of literary productions, and of rightly and fully estimating their intrinsic and their comparative merits, is a thing of rare occurrence. Even educated men, whose opinions with respect to other things are of high value, seem not generally to have carried their systematic habits of thought into this province, deferring it almost wholly to professed critics. On the other hand, there is a crowd of slender judges, of some qualities of books, who are yet utterly incapable of appreciating others which are more vital.

It becomes, therefore, an important question to one who would be an independent thinker, how the evil may be remedied in his own case. It may be answered in general, not chiefly by reading literary reviews. Much, doubtless, may be learned in this way about many books and their authors; so much indeed, so wide is the field opened, as to divert the mind from seeking an intimate acquaintance with any. Without question, the effect of this kind of reading often, and indeed usually is, to overload the mind with a multitude of opinions which speedily pass from it, leaving it advanced in no respect except in an opinion of its own knowledge. Even where something more than mere entertainment is sought, the result is much the same. We would ask those who are so busy in collecting the opinions of others, how often an attempt is made effectually to reproduce those opinions in their own minds, and to test them by a careful study of the author in hand. The comparatively light manner of hurrying over even the extracts, which critical kindness has pointed out, is a sufficient answer. The very object indeed of resorting to reviews is to avoid tasking the mind. It is indeed vastly easier to take from the review opinions ready made, than to struggle to bring up into the light one's own dim conceptions of excellence or defect, and to summon the mind to make account to itself. But as the result we have an unformed and lifeless acquaintance, with works even of the highest order—an acquaintance consisting, for the most part, of half-remembered, and half-forgotten crude opinions *about* them. For the mind itself there is a habit of dependence on something without, and not of itself, for the grounds of its opinions—a habit arising, almost necessarily, from being accustomed to submit to the absoluteness and dictatorship of the professed critic.

There is liable to be created also, a habit of dependence for the *interest* which is felt in literary works generally, novels excepted. It

cannot be denied that the critic himself and his opinions, often form the main point of interest, and that the author is comparatively uninteresting; when it is not so, the critic is often depended upon to excite for the author an interest, which is to cease with the remembrance of the former. The sympathies are with the critic, not with the author. Besides this, reviews treat mostly of what is passing; the attention of the review reader is, therefore, in a great degree confined to that. Hence we have, in many of those who are thought to be acquainted with literature, a love for excitement, dependent on what is conventional and present, rather than a permanent interest resulting from broad and well grounded views.

It is certain that he who aims not merely to understand, but vigorously to apprehend, and distinctly to appreciate the work before him, will wish, in matters of opinion, to banish all thoughts of the critic, as an unwelcome intruder, however excellent in his kind, between himself and the author.

In order that a man may thus become a critic for himself, he should seek to excite in himself a love of literature for its own sake, in opposition both to a mere love of entertainment and to mere indifference. For here, it is eminently true that unless a man loves he cannot understand. But then that love must be liberal and discriminating; it must be a love which will carry one through the difficulties of the way. But for these qualities a mere love of entertainment is least remarkable, devouring indiscriminately what is often least valuable, and blindly rejecting the rest.

It deserves to be considered, whether this has not been too much the spirit of the readers of poetry. The maxim, that "it is the office of the poet to please, not to instruct," ought not to be taken thus absolutely. It is indeed "sweetly uttered knowledge," which the poet imparts, but is it the less knowledge? It is not indeed knowledge systematized, but not the less real knowledge of the human heart in all its relations.

But the great obstacle to be removed, is an indifference which leads to desultory reading. We refer especially to an indifference to merits. Fault-finding we have enough; while of merits there is often a comparatively languid appreciation. A very low mind and small abilities may be equal to the former; the latter demands a mind liberal and vigorous.

In order to remove this indifference, there must be a love of literature for its own sake. This will animate the mind with a liberal zeal, and, at the same time, will supersede the love of mere entertainment.

Let him who would feel such a love, endeavor to obtain some notion of literature as it is. In order to this let him acquaint himself with its history. Let him view it as the offspring of the human mind in all ages, wrought up to its divinest energy; as that which embodies in itself thoughts of power and images of beauty; as a

purifier and refiner of the human feelings. Let him consider it also, with direct reference to his own mind and heart. For this end, he should place himself on the broad ground of our common humanity, in distinction from any prejudice, or conventional mode of thinking. Viewing himself as a man, and as such recognizing the mind and the human feelings within his own breast, let him look upon literature, as the glorious expression of what is kindred to those, and as such demanding his sympathy. By this habit of constant reference to his own mind, he will acquire in literature, a permanent interest. Distinctly conscious of the mind within his own breast, he will welcome mind wherever he meets it: recognizing the feelings of his own heart, he will go forth in sympathy with those of another; feeling within himself a love of the beautiful, he will stand ready to admire and value its objects. Unless a man cultivates such habits, so that he shall have a warm and living interest in ascertaining literary worth, he cannot be a critic. He will not seek out merits which he has not some interest in finding. If, on the other hand, a man have this habit of immediate reference to his own mind, he will not only have such an interest, but will also have placed himself in the only right point of view to judge of any literary production. He will not be guided by a set of rules which are in a manner foreign to the mind; nor will his criticism be expressed in phrases which are unmeaning, or the meaning of which he has never asked himself. It will be the faithful exhibition of the warm impressions upon a mind rightly prepared to receive them. How the mind is to be thus prepared is another question. The attitude which it should take we have stated; but to assume this it is not qualified at once, and with regard to every work. Obviously it must be enlightened by knowledge of the various departments of literature, that it may judge accurately of any one. Yet this is not all that is demanded of it. In order to judge of the intrinsic merits of any literary production, there must be an exercise of powers like those which originated it. The mind must be trained distinctly, and by itself, for this end. Otherwise, it cannot form any conception of those powers, much less can it know how to value their productions. In proportion also as the latter are of a high order, must be the activity to which feebler powers must be aroused to apprehend them. While this is true with respect to every kind of writing, its necessity is more distinctly seen in reading the works of the poet. For the powers there demanded are less in daily use. The reader must, in a certain sense, be himself a poet, in order to be a critic of poetry. Otherwise, he cannot sympathize with the author, and cannot judge of him at all. For, we repeat it, it is by a direct reference to our own minds, as appealed to by the mind of another, that we must judge of literary worth.

Thus to qualify and attune the mind, is indeed a task. The necessity, however, is plain. We may now, also understand how it is

that a man may with ease equal the critic whom he reads, and then flatter himself into the belief that he has compassed the author whom he has not the vigor and habits of mind necessary to appreciate. For want of them, the opinions of the critic will be either forgotten, or vaguely remembered or applied. In either case the mind will have gained a feeling of undue self-importance.

It may seem audacious to approach in the manner we have attempted to describe, the works of those to whom we have been wont to look up with implicit reverence. But no one, we think, will be more humble in his own eyes, than he who has tried and found how hard it is to attempt fully to comprehend when fairly set before him, that which another wrought out from unshaped materials. Nor will his admiration be the less, because he sees that it is well grounded; while by a habit of raising himself to cope with great minds, he will be enabled to see in their true light, and to approach with an air of just superiority those which are inferior.

We have thus attempted to show some of the preparations of mind and spirit, for the office of criticism. But there must also be a strict and severe judgment, to exercise over the mind a constant supervision, and to keep it from partaking of the unsoundness of those with which it comes in contact, as well as a sensibility to their merits.

It has not been our object to dwell upon the particular points of criticism. There is one which will be found to include almost all others, and which has been already implied. We have spoken of literature as the means of correspondence between mind and mind. Of course, by far the most important point of criticism will be to study the mind and spirit of the author in his works. Much may be learned, in this way, that shall fix a lasting communion between ourselves and the author who is worthy of such intimacy. And further, by laying bare the shaping and moving spirit of that which is presented to us, and by ascertaining the precise attitude of the author with respect to his work, we shall be enabled to see more distinctly what are merits and defects, because we shall know whither to refer them. By this means, even the minutest peculiarities may be marked; that which is artificial, may be distinguished from that which is genuine; style may be clearly characterized, and the whole work will be set before us in two-fold clearness, and with two-fold interest.

If literature is worth any thing, it is worth such study and such exertions, on the part of every one. He who studies it in this way, will not view the books which meet his eye with a languid and feeble interest; nor as so many subjects for examination, which are afterwards to be set aside, as a sort of explained phenomena. He will study their merits in order to welcome and appropriate them to himself, as the fruits of kindred minds. The wise and the good of all ages will thus become his friends and companions. G.

TRUMBULL GALLERY.

WASHINGTON ON THE BANKS OF THE DELAWARE.

'Tis well to gaze upon thee, glorious chief:
 There is instruction with thee. There's no brief
 Or fleeting lesson traced on thy calm brow.
 A nation's love is thine. Her prayer is now
 Uprising for thy weal. A nation's life
 Is trusted to thy care; and calls thee to the strife.
 The mother leaneth on her well tried son
 And finds thee never wanting, Washington.

The angry waters leap and roar below.
 Danger is on the air—sounds of the mighty foe—
 Wildness is all around thee. The scathed oak,
 Rent rock—earth ploughed by the death wing'd stroke,
 Wind-shriek, storm-gloom, death-chill.
 Thou art alone unmoved. Thine eye is still
 Proudly undaunted—far darting, fearless, grand,
 Flashing with patriot fire, shielding our father-land.

Thine is no kingly dignity. Thy brow
 Wears not so poor a wreath.—The sacred glow
 And majesty of freedom beam around thee there—
 Her laurel crown is thine—no other would'st thou wear.
 She knows thee, her lov'd worshiper. To guard her shrine
 No truer arm the sword has bared, high chief, than thine.
 'Tis well to think of thee—thy immortality how won,
 Tried warrior, statesman, father, Washington.

IONE.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. I.

READER! hast thou seen the Greek Anthology? If not, go get it. 'Tis passing beautiful. Dost thou wish to see into the very heart of the finest people God ever made? Dost thou long to acquaint thee with the real character of the bright-souled Grecian? Then lay upon the shelf the fiery Homer, with his "damnable iteration," and even the neat Xenophon—the soldier, historian, and philosopher. Lay them aside, I bid thee, and run thine eye gently over those little heart-bursts, to which chance gave being, and which chance has most marvellously preserved. Dost thou look to see the true proportions of the actor, as he "struts his brief hour upon the

busy stage?" Go to the green-room, and behold him divested of all the super-imposed grandeur of cork and buskin. Dost thou think to *know* men, by scanning them, as they thread the streets of the city, as they toil in the heat of the forum, or pray among the pillars of the temple? The smile is, indeed, gracious—the bow lowly—the look subdued. But, man, you see the *face*, not the *heart*. They are all masquerading—most ludicrously too. Go to their homes, my friend. Watch them by their fire-sides—with their wives and children—in their household familiarity. Vexings are upon them, and their hearts are troubled. The world—the censorious world is far away, and they fear not the scrutiny of its prying eyes. A cloud comes over the sunshine of the soul, and they fret and fume at their petty tribulations. And are *these* those unctuous men, on whose faces sat enthroned such unruffled peace? Yea, verily!

Thou mayest think this an impertinent digression; but I made it, and *I* best know its design. 'Tis merely a rambling illustration—a stroll through the woods instead of a prosing walk along the road. 'Tis a similitude, I say—too long—yet a good one. Its pith is this. The poets, orators, philosophers, and historians—in fine, *all* the great authors dressed for court, or—if that term seem too monarchical for the Republic of Letters—they dressed for a levee—a democratic *jam*—they *rouged*, frizzled, combed, brushed, and bedizened themselves artificially. Homer, the oldest, is likewise the simplest of them all. But even *he* knew that he was stared at, and, like a man in company, adjusted his neckcloth, felt queer, and walked stiff. He does not give his own sentiments—he was writing a history of his nation, and it was at once his interest and his pleasure, to gild each slightest incident, and turn poverty to splendor. Thus does he show us about as much of the real character of those simple people in that early age, as do the roundelays of chivalry acquaint us with the habits of those motley knights, whose loves they celebrate, and whose prowess they record. It is not, then, in the elaborate writers of any nation, that you are to look for faithful portraits of that nation's character. Great geniuses bear the same leading traits in all climates, and their works are simple mental creations, rather than copies of the habits of their age. 'Tis familiarity with the various effusions of a thousand different pens—drinking from the heart's overflowing fullness,—that thoroughly acquaints one with a people.

Reader, I am weary of these remarks, as I doubt not thou art. Therefore will I cease. And here would I advertise thee that I travel more for my own pleasure than for thine. My path lies through a lovely country, and I shall walk, run, halt, refresh, whenever and wherever I think proper. I shall take the cross-roads—rove through the green fields—lie under the shady trees—and drink of the cool springs. If thou wilt wander with me, it is well, and I

trust our trip will be a merry one. It is my design to do into English—as we may aptly express such barbarous usage—some of the Anthology—to transplant and naturalize among our northern rocks some of those rare and beautiful exotics. The soil is cold, and the clime rude—yet, with thy fostering care, and sunny smiles, the flowers may grow. And if, thus roughly torn from their warm home, they seem pale and sickly, have the justice, kind reader, to believe that they *were* beautiful—yea! most beautiful. The blame be on the unskillful hand that removed them from their own sunny Greece—the garden, where they bloomed. Thou knowest that the Syrian olive would be but a stunted thing among the snows of Greenland, even though “with cost, and care, and warmth, induced to shoot.” Perchance my efforts may not be entirely without their value, since those, who have drunk with thirsty fervor at the fountain, my awkward paraphrase will only send back to their “first love” with renewed devotion, while that Sun of Poetry, which, though “shorn of his beams,” will not, I trust, have lost all “his original brightness,” will, in others, enkindle a holy ardor to climb the “Aonian mount,” and gaze full on his unclouded splendor.

First of all, let me present thee with a glorious song—I mean glorious in its primal sky of Greece, before my dull northern disc transmitted its beams, dimmed and diminished. It is an ode to two tyrannicidal brothers, Aristogeiton and Harmodius, who, at the Panathenian festival of Minerva, concealing swords in the myrtle branches borne on that occasion, attacked Hipparchus, and by his death regained their country’s freedom. It was sung by the Greeks at their entertainments. It has been Anglicised frequently, but its simple beauty, and deep enthusiasm, defy all translation.

In branch of myrtle will I bear the sword,
 As did Harmodius of old,
 When slew he Athens’ tyrant-lord,
 And, with his brother bold,
 Armed in his country’s cause,
 Preserved her equal laws.

Dearest Harmodius! thou art not dead;
 But in the islands of the bless’d thou art,
 Where swift Achilles rests his weary head,
 And brave Tydides calms his stormy heart.

In branch of myrtle will I bear the sword,
 As did Harmodius of old,
 Who, with his brother bold,
 When votive cups at Pallas’ shrine were poured,
 Destroyed Hipparchus, Athens’ tyrant-lord.

Thy glory on the earth shall never fade,
 Dearest Harmodius, with thy brother brave,
 Because the tyrant in the dust ye laid,
 And did the equal laws of Athens save.

What have we next? Pollianus. And who was Pollianus? I know not. It is certain he has left us a very pretty epigram, which I have thus endeavored to render in Latin and English. *Hem tibi!*

To a miserly Usurer.

Multa tenes, et nulla tenes. Quare? Omnia locas.

Sic te inopem reddis, debitor ut teneat.

Though rich, yet poor. How thus? Your all you lend,

And rob yourself of what your debtors spend.

Here follows another, and, once for all, if any proud critic, in his wisdom, or pretty girl, in her ignorance, object to my translating, now and then, into bald Latin as well as plain English, let them know that I am a bit of a pedant. Some of it needs a Latin guise, to cover its roughness. The critic may deride, *si placet*, and the lady *skip*, if she like.

EPIGRAM.—*By Julianus Egyptius, whose poverty secured him against robbers.*

Aedibus ex aliis, fures, vos quaerite lucrum.

His foribus custos pauperies mea erit.

Expect not here, ye thieves, your lust to sate,

For need, strong portress, watcheth at the gate.

Here is an epitaph. Upon whom? Euripides. By whom. Thucydides. Read it. It is instructive. The subject and the author are dead; but each sleeps under a stately tomb. Their works are their mausolea. But the idea—is it not affecting? Twenty-three centuries ago, a great historian weeping over the grave of a splendid poet!

Greece is thy tomb; but Sparta holds thy clay,

For there thy life beheld its latest day.

Athens—the Greece of Greece—first gave thee breath,

Dear to the muses, and renowned in death.

AN EPIGRAPH, *which Hippo ordered to be placed on his monument.*

Lo! Hippo's tomb, whom Fate, by death, has made

Peer to the gods in their immortal shade.

By Rufinus, to Melite—Anglicè, Fanny—a very pretty girl.

Lumina habes Junonia pulchra, manusque Minervae,

Pectora (proh!) Veneris, atque pedes Thetidos.

Felix, qui viderit, qui te audieritque, beatus:

Semideus tui amans, omnideus tui vir.

The word *omnideus* I claim as my own. I made it myself. *Noli tangere.*

Thy face is brightened by fair Juno's eyes,
 And Pallas lends thee her immortal hand;
 Thy breasts, like those of Paphian Venus, rise;
 Thy feet, like Thetis', trip across the sand.
 Ah! happy he, that gazes on thy face,
 And he twice-bless'd, that listens to thy voice;
 Thy lover, sure, is of angelic race,
 And—a bright god—thy husband may rejoice.

An address to Mammon, by Timocrates, the Rhodian.

Vellem, vellem, caece Plute,
 Nec in terra, nec in alto,
 Tua forma cerneretur.
 Tartarum autem inhabitare,
 Acheronta teque oportet.
 Ex te namque prava nobis
 Enasci omnia videntur.

Sightless Mammon, may'st thou be
 Neither on the earth nor sea;
 But be thou condemned to dwell
 In the deepest depth of hell.
 For, thou eyeless god, from thee
 Springeth all our misery.

Here we have Plato—the philosopher—tilting it in verse.

To Aristophanes, the comedian.

The Graces, seeking long to find
 Some temple, free from all decay,
 Chose, Aristophanes, thy mind,
 As that, which cannot pass away.

To Sappho.

Falsely they say the Muses are but nine—
 A tenth is Lesbian Sappho—the divine.

In the following little *morceau*, the frog is considered as a priest to the Nymphs, whose particular jurisdiction was over streams and fountains.

To a brazen frog, set up by a traveler, as an offering to the Nymphs.

Thee—the Nymphs' servant—lover of the shower—
 Moist songster, dwelling in the shallow springs—
 The traveler, forming with mimetic power,
 A brazen offering, to the temple brings.
 For to the wanderer thine amphibious note
 Forth from thy dewy lodge, all timely, rung,
 And led his fainting footsteps to the spot,
 Where from the earth the gushing fountain sprung.

To a statue of Pan—the shepherd-god—carved with a pipe in his mouth.

Seat thee, O Pan, beneath this vocal tree,
Whose high leaves whisper, as the west-winds rise.
And by my gurgling springs thy pipe shall be
A lull of magic to my closing eyes.

To a statue of Venus, at Cnidus, by Praxiteles.

To view her image at her Cnidian shrine.
The Paphian goddess through the billows came,
Looked long upon the lineaments divine,
And gazed, in rapture, at the faultless frame.
“Where did the sculptor view my naked form
With gaze unlawful?” Cythereia cried;
“’Tis the cold chisel makes the marble warm,
Like me, when Ares for my beauty sighed.”

Reader! should we meet again, be it kindly.

HERMENEUTES.

“OUR MAGAZINE.”

WHAT was contrived by the intellectual skill of many, has been accomplished by the physical energies of a few, and the first number of the “Yale Literary Magazine,” is now before the public. But, dropping this Johnsonian magnificence, indulgent reader, so little consonant with the tremulous anxiety with which we pen these closing lines—how are you pleased? As you have glanced from one article to another, till your eye meets this last page, has your brow been gathering a frown, or has a pleasant smile lit up your features? In either case, but especially the former, we pray you to remember, that in preparing this number, we have, in some respects, labored at a disadvantage. Our utter inexperience in the mechanical portion of the work—the distracting influence of the intervening vacation—with some other petty troubles, will, with your indulgence, account for some of the errors, which your sagacity has, doubtless, ere this discovered.


A word or two, now, of self-gratulation.—Our *prospects* are encouraging. Our subscription list fully equals our expectations—communications are abundant—(alas! too much so, one might say, looking at the melancholy number of rejections,) and we have hardly heard one croaking voice, foreboding failure. We are confident in the assertion, that the future numbers will be superior in external appearance, and not a whit inferior in literary merit.

To those who have furnished communications for the present number, we render our sincere thanks, and request a continuance of their favors. To *all* we would extend a general invitation, ‘to send us pieces’—asking of each ‘according to his ability,’—from the gay trifling of wit, to the sober morality of wisdom—in prose, or in verse—in long, or in short.

We were prevented, by divers mischances, from issuing this number on the day it was due; and the same reason will account for the absence of an intended engraving from the cover.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication, signed A, contains many thoughts of peculiar poetical beauty, yet we regret to see, here and there, blemishes, which materially affect its merits as a whole, and which none but the author can properly remedy. A careful correction would do away those redundancies, with which it is now encumbered, and render it of more finished excellence. For the present, therefore, it is deferred.

Tuum Carmen, Grai, '*limac labore' deficiens*, "in cineres citissime redeamus"  'cinis ad cinerem.'

Z's manuscript is too *extensive* for our limited space, and also too obscure for our mental and bodily vision.

The "Musings of Adonis" are also among the "great rejected." To use his own language, "Their beauty and fragrance, (?)

"Long since in sad silence have flown,
Like thistle-down, far on the gale!"

"Omega" shall receive a place corresponding with his signature, by the by, one most appropriate, and withal, a fine typical emblem of the merits of his performance.

The perusal of the first couplet of the "Apostrophe to the Moon" sufficed us.—
"Look!—lo! behold!"

"O! thou shiny orb, that careerest above—
Thy spirit how soothing,—thy light full of love!"

All articles intended for No. 2, we would wish to receive at an early date, through the Post Office.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

TO BE CONDUCTED BY THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE

AN *apology* for establishing a Literary Magazine, in an institution like Yale College, can hardly be deemed requisite by an enlightened public; yet a statement of the objects which are proposed in this Periodical, may not be out of place.

To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours; and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life;—such, and similar motives have urged us to this undertaking.

So long as we confine ourselves to these simple objects, and do not forget the modesty becoming our years and station, we confidently hope for the approbation and support of all who wish well to this institution.

The work will be printed on fine paper and good type. Three numbers to be issued every term, each containing about 40 pages, 8vo.

Conditions—\$2,00 per annum, if paid in advance, or 75 cents at the commencement of each term.

Communications may be addressed through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

This No. contains $2\frac{1}{2}$ sheets. Postage, under 100 miles, $3\frac{3}{4}$ cents; over 100 miles, $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NO. II.

MARCH, 1836.

NEW HAVEN:
HERRICK & NOYES.

MDCCCXXXVI.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

MARCH, 1836.

NO. 2.

THE BENEFIT OF THOUGHT.

THE worst as well as the best of us in this world, sometimes love to stop and think. The bad man, wanting every fine feeling, and mostly giving his passions the rein, and suffering them to lead him, to the exclusion of what is beautiful in morals and religion, will sometimes be struck with the contrast between himself and others, and give a few moments to thought. Besides, there are, from the mutual relation of mind and body, certain states of physical feeling, which seem to make men pause, and set them thinking, whether they will or not. In fact, this seems a provision of nature, and it is a benevolent one; for men who think a great deal, are improved by it; and if so, it is obviously a kind plan of our Maker, who, by giving us constitutions susceptible of the changes in the natural world, leads us, thereby, to pause awhile, and familiarize ourselves with that which is wisest and best in the constitutions of our souls.

That a man is improved by thinking much, few will deny. If he sits and thinks upon his secular concerns, or employs himself in ambitious speculations, or upon any other of the subjects which beguile the greater part of the human family, we would not say he was improved, at least, but little, by it. But we think a man who now and then gives himself to solitude, will not employ his mind thus. It is a law of our natures, that earthly objects, even the best, and purest, if pursued long, and obtained in profusion, have a tendency to induce satiety and disgust. Most men have had experience of this; for few are there, we think, who have not, after calculating long on the delights of a prospective good, found on its attainment, its comparative worthlessness and insufficiency. Now the man who devotes a few moments to reflection, will have this great inducement to lead his mind off from such subjects as tend only to make him the more of a worldling, viz. that they cannot satisfy. Moreover, if he does not know, or does not remember this, as the result of former experience, he will (unless he be yoked with fetters of iron

to the world, and his whole character be different from that of other men) if at first, in his retirement, he gives his mind up to outward objects, or to such as serve his worst passions—after a while, even then, experience the same, or something of the same satiety. The mind then turns somewhere else, for it must have nourishment; and whither, but into itself. It is thus, retirement puts a man in the way of being better.

Now the mind abstracted from outward, every-day objects, or such as have dominion over it through the medium of the senses, will soon become acquainted with its own noble faculties. It certainly is a truth, and every thinking man will remark it as he mingles with men, that they all seem unconscious of their natures. A wiser than man has revealed to us, and Philosophy tells us, that there are fountains of bliss in ourselves; and that if we taste of these, we shall look upon those things which constitute most of the enjoyment of our race, as worth little or nothing. Of this truth, we say, men seem ignorant. A being with half our natural faculties, would be capacitated for about as much bliss as most men take. The extent of many, we may say of most of the human family's ideas of happiness, might almost be comprehended by a sagacious animal. Does it not consist mainly, in securing such a portion of worldly substance, as shall make them comfortable? It is so, manifestly. Now let me ask, if this, in the scale of being, elevates us much above brutes. Brutes do all this; and it might be remarked without much hazard, that, instinct taken into account, they take a higher stand than we do. Retirement, however, turning the mind into itself, as remarked above, tends to correct this evil; and did society think more, its condition would instantly be improved. Thought opens new sources of thought; these sources other sources, increasing in ten-fold ratio: and this unravels that which is so often esteemed a mystery by many, viz. that men, once devoted to books, can never be brought back to business men; and, furthermore, it shows an egregious error in those who account for this devotion, on the grounds of habit. That we are creatures of habit in a great degree, none will deny; but that habit can be broken, is as readily admitted—whereas, this devotion was never known to be lessened.

The man who thinks much, in addition to the discovery of his great mental powers, discovers, also, his great moral capacities. Things that once struck him as strange in his moral constitution, and which, as they seemed inexplicable, he had so often dismissed with a glance, he now discovers, are so many evidences of a relationship to the Divine being: all is illuminated which, before, was so dark: the film passes from his eye: what he thought but a stagnant pool, he finds, now, is an ocean whose waters are limpid and sweet, the bottom of which is strewn with the richest and rarest shells: every exertion reveals to him a new treasure, until he wonders within himself at that perversity and blindness, which could

pass over, undiscovered, such deep sources of improvement. Now one result of all this is, that he gains a just sense of the dignity of his being. We know how fashionable it is, to decry human nature ; and we doubt not we shall receive censure, for turning off from such a beaten path. The great and good, of almost all time, have rather preferred to find fault, than bestow on it eulogium. But it seems to us, an abuse, and a perversion, for looking over society as we do, and catching here and there so many evidences of bright and heroic virtues as are presented—we cannot follow the fashion, and say, every man is altogether bad. There is every thing in the soul which is noble : it bears the imprint of a divine hand : and though its fair phasis be soiled, and blackened, as doubtless it is, by transgression, there are, nevertheless, some intelligent spots left, to show its divine origin.

Another result of patient thought is, a man discovers his proper relationship to society. Self-knowledge tends greatly to remove selfishness. By it, he learns his obligation, not only to God, but man ; he begins to see how impossible it is, to live an isolated being ; and he begins to feel, in its full force, that beautiful truth, that he is a part of the great chain which links society together. In proportion as he feels this, must his selfishness give place to nobler feelings. No man exhibits a more unprepossessing ignorance, than he who sets at nought the opinions, and feelings of others. He becomes an object of pity, and even contempt, to every thinking man ; for so little is required to see his error, that we despise his oversight. If men did but know it, it is the cause of a large portion of the unhappiness of life. Society never finds a person in its midst, entirely wrapped in self, and scorning its good will, but it leaves such to the fate they merit, viz. to test their ill grounded belief, and see if they *can* live, setting at nought the doctrine of mutual dependence. No ! men were made dependent—mutually dependent—and it is the loveliest thing in morals that it is so ; for just so far as it is recognized, is selfishness destroyed, and harmony established among men. This doctrine ought to be held up more than it is, especially in this nation : it would serve to correct and counteract, if any thing can do it, that spirit of self-interest, always the result of popular and free institutions.

The moral powers are greatly improved, also, by thought, and as a consequence, the moral taste. It is unfortunate, we think, that so much should have been said, and written, as there has been, on beauty and taste, and moral beauty, and moral taste, so often left out of the account. The order and harmony in Nature, has never wanted admirers ; and eulogists, by scores, are found, to speak of high deeds, and heroic attachments. In the Arts, too, the ideal symmetry of Phidias ; the burning canvass of Michael Angelo ; and the fabulous shell of Orpheus—these have never lacked encomium. On the contrary, there has been something like a mad emulation among men,

from the bright era of Grecian Pericles until now, to invent epithets of admiration. But how are high deeds and heroic virtues ennobled—what added grace and dignity is afforded the Fine Arts, when the principles of moral beauty are associated! Our object here, however, shall not be to discover, why moral taste is neglected, but rather to find out some principles by which it may be seen, and improved, wherever there is a wish for its culture. Taste is doubtless an inherent faculty; and, if the doctrine of innate ideas is admitted, then moral taste is an inherent faculty. Now every thing which relates to morals, affects moral taste; they cannot be dissociated: hence, would you look for its liveliest exercise, you will take the most elevated character. In such you will observe it, not in great display, but in the thousand little offices of life,

‘Those little, nameless, unremember’d acts
Of kindness and of love.’

It checks them, at every little departure from rectitude, and is a good and efficient guide, in all their intercourse with men. If a man would *improve* his moral taste, let him, instead of that pernicious habit of revery to which there are so many inducements, especially in retirement, give his thoughts to the excellence of moral virtues: let him look at those sparks of beauty, so to speak, sometimes struck off from heroic characters, in trying circumstances: let him trace them in their two-fold results, as affecting others, and then refracting on himself; and much have we mistaken the human mind, if the practice do not benefit him. We are not aware of the extent of the benefit of a taste rightly understood, and rightly directed, because it is so very subtle and delicate; nevertheless, those many imperceptible advances which it makes against an ill regulated mind, operate powerfully as a whole, and do modify the disposition to a degree little dreamed of. It improves a man’s *whole* character, and throws a charm around it, not otherwise, than as the flush sometimes seen lying along the sky of evening, which, thrown down to the earth by the atmosphere, gives it all a mellow glow of beauty.

From the above, we detect another truth. There are in society, certain little observances, which tend to regulate it—such as the forms of etiquette; which observances, it is deemed can best be learned *in* society. This we deem a very pernicious doctrine. It is reasoning from wrong premises; and false *data* in moral, assuredly bring about as wrong deductions, as in physical science. The very object to be attained, viz. the regulation of society, not only goes to show, that it is something which is extraneous, but presupposes that it can never be found there: and yet we are told, that politeness is the result of social intercourse. But this we believe not. So far from it, we believe that true politeness is *never* learned there. Society is nothing but a hot bed—what grows in it, is rank

and unwholesome. True, there is a something passing for politeness, very meaningless, and very stiff; but it is, at the same time, so very shallow, that men of sense make no pretensions to it: and *this* is learned in society. True politeness is of another growth. It is the offspring of correct principle; and any thing springing from such a source, we may not be much afraid of. True politeness is nothing but a refined kind of humanity; and give a man a kind heart, and one regulated by correct taste; and never fear, but he has that which will make his way any where, to the utter exclusion of these dangles on the skirts of good breeding. It is a sad thing, that we have such an abundance of *manners* in the world, and so little *character*: that men think so little, they have mostly become frivolous and superficial: that frivolous and superficial manners, best become them. This is true however. We *have* lost the substance, and taken the shadow; and now, in groping for it, we have got a substitute, without one of the virtues of its expatriated pre-occupant.

But though the age is not one marked by any very severe exercise of thought, and though utilitarian principles are threatening to sweep away almost every kind of speculative knowledge, yet we are not greatly fearful as to the result. The system is revolving, and a better succession will soon be among us. And why? Our hope is, in the fast increasing intelligence of the world. Though we might, and, did we give our mind, we should, find complaint, in respect to many of the features of the spirit of the day, deeming it too clamorous, and active, as having a tendency to injure what is pure and beautiful, in the ideal world—still, intelligence is fast and widely diffused; and on the whole, doubtless, the good will predominate. Those rank plants among us, such as false taste, sickly sensibility, affectation, and the like, will be crowded out by those of healthier growth, and society put on a new aspect; while, as evils, we shall have too much of a captious, matter-of-fact atmosphere, which rejects every thing not immediately communicated, through the medium of the senses. This, however, will be counteracted in some degree, by the few that *do* think: and, further, by that *other* few, who in all states of society hold their own, uncontaminated by that which is about them. These are they who bring into existence with them, those susceptibilities of harmony in the natural and moral world—minds, which separate them from their fellows—feelings, which earth never appreciates—and aspirations, which carry them up to breathe in a purer atmosphere, where the bustle, ‘and hoarse enginery of Life’ cannot come. These, we say, have an influence in society, though they are above it—‘birds of heavenly plumage fair,’ that, stooping occasionally from higher regions, appear for a moment, and then are gone.

In conclusion: the benefit of thought is most manifest, in that proper self-confidence, without which, there is no real dignity of character. To be a growing man, is to be a confident one; and

the secret of greatness, lies in the consciousness of the ability to be great. We should be sorry to advocate folly,—modesty, we are taught from our cradles, is a virtue,—but by some unaccountable process, the thing has got to signifying something, better designated sheepishness; and hence, we have an *animal* virtue. Different from these, however, are our ideas of modesty. True modesty is that proper appreciation of one's own powers, which leads him never to offend, either by bashfulness or presumption: now, who so likely to hit the mark, as he who knows the strength of the bow. The workings of a great mind, conscious of its capacities—and its aspirations for eminence, are, in distinction to the greatness of little men, as opposite as possible—the one a mighty river, always overflowing, and enriching the soil through which it moves, with its abundant and generous fullness—the other an insignificant stream, always within its banks, as grudging the smallest pittance to the scene around. To be a modest man in a certain usage, is to be an ignorant one—for to underrate one's self, and be honest in it, is to show ignorance of self; and he who knows not himself, has skipped the first page in the book of wisdom: but to be a modest man in a right sense, is to be a wise one—for it is a knowledge of self (which we suppose constitutes a wise man) that enables one to seize upon and retain, his proper station in society. It is this latter kind of modesty which is commendable. It is that of great men. It is that which, meet it where we will, we love to praise. Milton could stop, mid-ward in one of his loudest invectives against the rotten fabric of Episcopacy, and speak of himself as 'a poet sitting in the high regions of his fancy, with his garlands and singing robes about him'—and, with voice like the wild note of prophecy, proclaim 'the great argument,' as yet sleeping in the darkness of his vision; and of his confidence to produce a work 'that posterity should not willingly let die.' Was this folly? and yet, it was a full appreciation of what the great God had given him. No! It was knowledge—knowledge at home—knowledge gained by thought—the knowledge of energies proud enough, to build up a colossal monument to posterity—and *he did it*.

These are some of the advantages, we think, of a substantial knowledge of ourselves; and when we look at the age, and see how headlong it is, and how dangerously practical it is becoming; too much cannot be said, and too loudly it cannot be spoken, that there is need of more reflection, and more forethought.

ODE.

THE BIRTH OF POESY.

SPIRIT that floatest o'er me now,
 So beautiful, so bright,
 I know thee by that lip, that brow,
 That eye of beaming light.

Hail! Sovreign of the golden lyre,
 Rapture-breathing God,
 All Hail!

We bow beneath thy rod,
 Who dost, for aye, the glowing thought inspire.
 Hail! Radiant One, we welcome thee,
 Heaven-born, holy Poesy!

Spirit who weavest
 Thy sweet spells so strong,
 Answer me, answer me,
 Spirit of Song,
 Where was thy birth-place,
 Where is thy home,
 Why, o'er the doom'd earth,
 Spirit, dost thou roam?

"When the dewy earth was young,
 When the flowers of Eden sprung,
 When first woman's smile exprest
 All the heaven of her breast,
 Then and there I had my birth,
 In the infancy of earth.

"Angel-hands my cradle made,
 Woven gay from every flower,
 And they swung it in the shade,
 Sheltered from the noon-tide hour,
 While the balmy air that crept
 Murmuring thro' the waving trees,
 Rocked me gently till I slept
 In the music of the breeze.

"Then, a hollow shell they brought,
 Strung across with golden wires,
 Every chord with passion fraught,
 Thrills with joy, with hope inspires.
 Angel-songs at eve I heard
 Rise from many a circling hill,
 And my harp whene'er 't is stirr'd
 Trembles to their cadence still!

"I am the spirit of joy and of mirth,
 And I gladden the hearts of the sons of earth,
 I twine a chaplet of deathless flowers
 For the fair young brows of the laughing Hours,
 I show to the Poet's dreaming eye,
 The shadowy realms of Phantasy,
 A charm o'er the earth and the air I fling,—
 Such are the offerings I bring.
 Beings that people the depths of air,
 Come when I speak my wizard prayer;
 I tell my will, and away! away!
 O'er the boundless fields of glowing day,
 Where the quivering sunbeams ever play,
 Onward and onward they wing their flight,
 Brightening towards the source of light.
 Beings that people the depths of sea,
 Rise at my call and bow before me,
 And they bear me down to their coral caves,
 Where ever the roll of Sapphire waves
 Thro' vaulted roof and temples dim,
 Sounds forth a strange and solemn hymn.
 But would'st thou know where I love to dwell,
 And where I weave my strongest spell,—
 Where beameth the light of woman's eye,
 Where flowers spring up, there, there, am I!"

S.

 MACBETH.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil."—*King Henry V.*

MACBETH is a historical character. He is one of those who stand on the page of history as personifications of vice, rather than as men who possess any thing in common with ourselves. They distinguished themselves by a career of crime—in general that crime arose from ambition,—their names have become a proverb, and are associated in our minds with a particular form of vice as the entire and bare sum of their character. Yet when thus viewed, what are called examples affect us little more than a lifeless homily. They raise in us no sympathy, and of course no interest. They may indeed excite a hatred of that abstract form of vice, but against that we feel secure, and we make no attempt to derive from them any further benefit. Our abhorrence forbids; for we look upon them not as human beings with their varying hues, but as monsters, almost as monsters born. This horror, thus excited at personified vice, seems to speak well for our hearts, yet it will be found to prevent us from taking discriminating views of such characters, and from deriving any practical wisdom from them. We do not reflect that they

were men like ourselves, that though deeply sunk in vice, they were once as innocent as we may suppose ourselves to be; that it was by objects working upon what is within every one of us, that they became what they were; that the deeper they were involved in the coil of wickedness, the more narrowly does it become us, would we derive true wisdom or true knowledge from them, to search out those places in the heart where its cords were first fastened on them; to find what was first effectually touched to make them what they were. Nor do we reflect that to obtain any practical knowledge of men, it is no way to separate whatever of good there may be in such characters, from the bad, however great it may be; since it is only to be obtained by observing the struggle between the two as they actually stand connected. Nor need we fear to admire too much, that, in the most vicious mind, which is worthy of our admiration; as if we should detest vice the less, for seeing the ruin it makes, or for detecting its insidiousness in undermining the fair qualities which may call forth our praise.

An excellent means of thus presenting to us the characters of history, as they are in their original cast, and as they progress or change in the course of events, may be found in the drama. The living beings in all their "intensity of life," are before us; with the circumstances of life about them—whether actual circumstances or not is of little importance, if they are such as might have been expected. The scenes of a whole life pass rapidly, yet distinctly and freshly before us, as imagination loves, and as we should review the eventful life of one whom we had well known.

The tragedy before us moves towards its conclusion with a fearful rapidity, which we vainly wish to detain; and is invested with a stern and awful solemnity, disturbed only by thrilling scenes of horror.

Macbeth, the kinsman of king Duncan, and general of his army, returning from a victorious battle, is met by three witches, two of whom hail him with titles of nobility, which are almost instantly confirmed, and the third with that of future king. Led by this and his own ambition, he, at the suggestion of his wife, murders at midnight the king whom he had entertained, and charges the deed upon his guards. He is crowned, and to maintain his crown, is led into a series of butcheries, which ends in his own death by the hand of Macduff, aided by the English, who had been invited over by the sons of the murdered Duncan.

It might seem, at first view, that Macbeth is only one among the slaves of a vulgar ambition, which implies a mind already hardened, and which, attracted by some splendid object, sets itself, from purely selfish ends, to the attainment of it, and after some visitings of remorse, becomes thoroughly obdurate. The elements of such a character are gross and palpable; the representations obvious; and it is, we think, under this impression that this play has been pro-

nounced to contain "no nice discriminations of character."* But if we consider that Macbeth is in a great degree the subject of influence, acted upon rather than acting, and in some respects more sinned against than sinning; and how, at last, it is the sarcasm of his wife, and the fear of disappointing her whom he loves, full as much as his own ambition, which prevails on him to do the murder, the character becomes more complicated, and we are constrained to find the good and bad in it more evenly balanced, than we at first thought they could be. The truth about Macbeth seems to be, that with the peculiar openness of a hero, and with all his grandeur of intellect, together with nice discrimination of all that may become a man, he is wanting in that *energy of reflection*, which imparts integrity or moral entireness to the mind. In this respect, his conduct is well contrasted with that of Banquo, upon the reception of the infernal prediction. The want of this trait accounts also for the fact, that he is never self-possessed in his wickedness, and never acts properly upon a selfish plan. For this reason, when we mark the many pure and bright qualities, which might form the elements of a most noble character, and of whose value the ingenuous owner seems hardly conscious, we are tempted to exclaim in another sense,

"O Fortunatus! sua si bona noverit!"

And when we see these tarnished and obscured by means of deceit which he does not comprehend, or if he does, has not sufficient energy to dispel, though we cannot greatly respect, we can still admire and pity him. We cannot view him with the same feelings as we do Richard III, wholly remorseless, and self-possessed in wickedness absolutely unredeemed; nor as we do that cool, contriving villain, Iago. On account of his openness of mind also, his character will be best understood, not by formal analysis, but by following him through the various circumstances in which he is placed, and observing their effects on a mind too genial not to receive them, and withal too transparent to hide them.

Let us take him then as he is first presented to us. He is a hero. This character also remains with him throughout. It is heroism which urges him to deeds of high daring, which prompts his mind to its lofty conceptions of greatness, which struggles long and hard with his conscience, but at last plunges him in guilt, propelling him deeper and deeper into it, and called out in its utmost grandeur and intensity in braving the cowardice of remorse. But with the hero's bravery and lion strength, there is united also the "milk of human kindness," and the tenderest pity; for who, other than he who copied from his own breast, would have conceived of it thus, even when it opposed directly his designs.

* Johnson.

And *pity*, like a *naked new-born babe*,
 Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.

But above all, as a hero he "is not without ambition." Yet he is also "without the illness should attend it." Naturally noble and ingenuous, his ambition up to this time had been rather than any thing else, an aimless, generous aspiring after that which should fill his own capacity, and sought no other reward for manly deeds than the doing them. It was consistent also with a state of high and pure moral feeling, as is not that which has always an end in view, and is always planning and plotting for it. Accordingly, we find it combined in him with great purity and ingenuousness of heart. "What he would highly, that would he holily." Still it was dangerous, and, no guide to itself, was liable to take shape and direction from any conjunction of circumstances. Until now, however, he had gone with it securely and uprightly. He seems to have been kept in the path of duty and honor by the generous impulses of his nature, and perhaps more, with his peculiar openness, by the favorable influence of his kinsman the "good king Duncan," whom he heartily loves and admires.

But now the trial is to come; to come too with circumstances, and at a time exactly adapted to overcome *him*. In the midst of an intoxicating self-complacency at his victory, a state of mind peculiarly genial for the reception of any suggestions favoring his promotion, he is met by three supernatural beings, (to him at least they were such,) in whom, from childhood, he had had an unwavering faith. That faith is confirmed by the almost instant fulfillment of two of their predictions. The third is unavoidably suggested to his mind as a necessary consequence. A strong conviction, amounting to a belief of destiny, that it must be fulfilled, seems from that time to have taken hold of his mind. And how is it to be done. His mind shrinks with ingenuous horror from the only way: he must *murder* the king. He strives to escape from the idea. His mind cannot, with all its ambition, and all its heroism, look clearly through the deed to its end. It cannot *see* in the wrong direction. It is untaught and unskilled in the ways of cunning wickedness. He is not sufficient master of himself to climb over the horror which rises before him. Nor yet has he *energy* enough to get away from it. That strong conviction of the necessity of the deed, full as much, at least, as the desirableness of its end, still enchains him. He might indeed have reflected that it lay with him to do it or not, but he does not, and perhaps it was hardly to be expected that *he should*. His ambition, which had been the habit of his life, and which he had hitherto trusted in as his good guide, has received a direction which he cannot change, towards a point from which he cannot divert it.

He is as it were *spell-bound*. Still he cannot consent; he even decides not to do it. His newly-won honor, gratitude, reputation which was most dear to him, admiration for Duncan, and pity for him as his intended victim, all forbid. Here his wife comes in, and by some of the finest rhetoric of sophistry, sarcasm, and rebuke for his want of heroism, induces him to "bend himself up to the terrible feat." The part of the play about this crisis is peculiarly fine. There is the dagger scene, in which conscience is seen exerting its full sway over a mind which owns it not. In the night scene, especially, the author seems to have exerted himself to bring in every thing that could add to the horror of the scene. Though we are not introduced to the murder, yet we are made so fully to participate in the horrors of the murderer, that the effect is greater than if it had been so. All indeed that is presented to the senses, is the most ordinary. The scene is rendered *hideous* by the knocking at the door, and the ill-timed jollity of the unconscious porter, more, perhaps, than by any thing else. Of Macbeth little more need be said, nor are we inclined to pursue the subject farther. Yet amidst all the dark and "strange deeds," in which his heroism and the destiny of guilt involve him, and amidst all his desperation, he still exhibits longings for his former state of innocence and peace. For the murdered Duncan his feelings are none other than those of respectful compassion. In the very midst also of his deeds of guilt, and amidst his struggles with remorse, he reveals to his wife his anguish with the utmost tenderness of reposing affection. These things throw a softening over a character which would otherwise be purely abhorrent to our feelings. The idea of fate still clings to him, and the belief that by the murder of Duncan, he had more closely associated himself with those hellish beings who had led him on, adds yet another shade to the darkness of his mind. In an agony of desperation he consults them to learn, "by the worst means the worst." From that hour, we feel that his doom is fixed; knowing that though

They "keep the words of promise to his ear,"
They'll "break it to his hope."

Thus it proves. Macbeth seeing one promise after another in which he had trusted, failing him, at last throws himself upon his own courage, which, as an acquired habit of the field at least, had never left him. With sword in hand he dies.

Lady Macbeth, who by her amazing, and fearful energy of intellect, could suppress remorse as long as there was any object to be accomplished, when at length her mind is left objectless, feels it in its most terrible power. When upon such a mind remorse fastens its fangs, that mind turns upon its devourer with an energy strong as its own power to grasp, and enduring as its hold. Nothing sooner than death can end the struggle.

And now that we are at the end of this fearful and gloomy history, we may just review the scene. Duncan, the meek and guileless father-king, shedding around him a cheerful, genial light! Macbeth, growing up in that light, and promising to reflect it back on its giver, and to add to its splendor! But that light is put out in darkness: a more fearful darkness comes over the *guilty man*, spreading to all about him, and gathering gloom, as we are hurried rapidly and certainly to the consummation. At length, when virtue reappears, though it be in the form of an avenger, the darkness begins to move away; and light, though mild and chastened, just gilds the scene as it closes.

G.

 THE CASCADE.

‘It leapt and danced along all joyously,
Till winter winds swept o’er it.—’

I saw, as I stood by a mountain’s side
On a lovely summer day,
When the light winds in the vale had died,
And all was fresh and gay—
A cascade beautiful and clear
All gaily laughing in the sun,
As it dashed upon its bed of stone,
Sprinkling the wild flowers near.

And I thought how sweet it were to dwell
Beside that dashing stream,
Watching the white foam where it fell,
And vanished like a dream:
To list as its murmurs flew along
In all their thrilling harmony,
And mingled in sweet symphony,
With the wood-bird’s gushing song.

The autumn winds swept through that wood,
With a sad and mournful sound;
Decay was in its solitude,
And dead leaves spread the ground:—
And I sighed, and cast a sorrowing look,
As I passed that spot again;
For Winter had thrown his icy chain
Across that gushing brook.

March 1st, 1836.

H.

STORY AND SENTIMENT,
OR, CONVERSATIONS WITH A MAN OF TASTE AND IMAGINATION.

No. 2.

A WORD WITH THE READER.

'Ho! how he prates of himself—listen!'

Dryden's Bride.

READER,—

IF I was so fortunate as to please thee with my former offering—how shall I, as I resume my labors of this month, so weave from the store-house of my fancy such another vision, as shall make thee extend the hand of amity, and give me a second approving smile. To scribble for another, when you know not his taste—to attempt to bring out such a 'conceit,' as shall catch his kindness, and hurry him along with you into good humor, has ever, since the earliest essays in story writing, been accounted a delicate business. And why? because what pleases you, fair lady, pleases not my fellow student; and what pleases you, fellow student, pleases not somebody else; so a man finds himself like the bundle of oats betwixt—no, no! (Apollo forgive me!) I mean like the ass betwixt two bundles, &c. Washington Irving (Heaven bless him! and pardon *me* for whipping his name into my thoughtless lucubrations) has somewhere—finding himself in a similar predicament—made this remark; 'if the reader find, here and there, something to please him, let him rest assured that it was written expressly for intelligent readers like himself; but should he find any thing to dislike, let him tolerate it, as one of those articles which the author has been obliged to write for readers of a less refined taste.' Allow me to say the same.

You should know, I think, by this time, that I am devoted to thy interest, as completely so, as ever belted knight on plain of Palestine, to his 'ladye love,'—that my feelings and sympathies go out to thee, as a bee to its bower, a bird to its forest-nest, or any other of the bright creatures of God to the home of their affections—(by the by, you may smile at this. Stop! I know you're not my 'ladye love,' nor am I a bee, or a bird, or any such nonsense; but, by my 'saying of this simile,' as sweet Sir Philip hath it, I meant only to apprise thee of my extreme devotion. You understand?),—that I would do any thing, to witch from thee, the heart-ache, even to the disquiet of the pleasant comfortableness of one of my soft, selfish, afternoon reveries,—that I would spend the last drop of my—no! not my

blood exactly, for much as I love you, I love myself better; but I mean, I would spend the last drop of my—*ink*, to please you; and that you know is much better—for the ink of a literary man, *id est* a poetical one, is worth more than his blood and body together.

But, though I have such a love for you, it would be sad, if, like the Paddy's saddle-bags, it should all be found on one side; for I can no more prosper—and, if I must confess it, can no more love you without some remuneration, than a lover could kiss the turf on which his mistress had stepped, or make sonnets to her eye-brows, when she frowned on him. She is the sun of his existence, the centre, the cynosure of his passions, hopes, and dreams—to which, through the darkness that the world flings about him, he may send his longing eye, and his heart's holiest aspirations. *You* are the sun of *my* being—the centre—cynosure—*et cetera, et cetera*; and it is equally impossible that I can make verses and stories for you, when every time I look up, I see that horrible scowl on your face—Pray, put it off.

But I'll not believe you hate me—and when you receive this fresh number, and open upon this page for the *morceau* I have for you, I know ye'll give me a pleasant smile, and, with the honest Scotchman, say, 'Deil! but I winna gie ither than thanks to a daft callan like ye.'

But—to business.

Talking with my friend one day on the subject of dueling, he gave me the following story.

THE DUEL.*

'Men should wear softer hearts,
And tremble at these licens'd butcheries,
Even as other murders.'

Bryant.

If there is one damning custom among the sons of men, 'tis dueling. Call it not murder—willful killing is murder; but this cool, calculating, exulting killing—killing not in madness, not in despair, when the heart tossed on a surge of passion, strikes, and repents next moment; but the coolly looking at the spot where the heart lies; the putting the dagger there calculatingly; and then, instead of pressing it home fiercely, thrusting it into the warm flesh, inch by inch, till the hot blood spurts over the fingers, and clots on the garments—this, what is this? Oh! call it not murder—murder is a thing of earth—earthly passions do it. But this—go to the pit where

* If any one is curious enough to make the inquiry, I can inform him, that this story is founded on fact;—the individual, herein mentioned, was a graduate of this Institution.

the damned shriek, and howl—select the most fiendish scheme of the prince of fiends—then, and then only, shall you have a parallel.

It was once my lot, to be a secondary actor, in a case of ‘honorable butchery;’ and one so black in itself, so heart-rending in consequences, that it is graven into my brain as with a stamp of fire. God of Heaven! when I think of it, even at this distance of time—when I see my friend stiff, ghastly, and stretched on the wet sands—when I hear the groans, which I heard there—when I see innocence, beauty, confiding affection, hanging over the yet warm corse, and pouring forth tears, as if crushed from the bottom of a heart loaded with the agony of ages—and then see the same creature, the inmate of a mad-house, and hear the moans and ravings for the dead object—and, with the peculiar characteristic of such insanity, accusing the loved one of coldness, ingratitude, unfaithfulness, and the like,—I say again, ages could not wipe out the recollection.

You are aware, that in the southern states, especially in the extreme south, men are guided more by their passions than at the north,—that there, dueling is little cared for,—that courageous is he who has shot his man,—that those only are cowards, who pale at blood, human blood, blood shed by their own hands. In no part of the south is this custom more prevalent, than at Natchez, on the Mississippi. New Orleans will not compare with it, or would not in the year 1816, the period of my story, and when I was a resident of that place. New Orleans, bad as it is, possessing greater means of indulgence, with its wealth to support theatres, gambling-houses, cock-pits, horse-races, and other such amusements—with its motley assemblage of inhabitants, Spanish, French, English, and Americans amalgamated,—with all these, it is not so bad as Natchez; and for this reason—that there are those, and in great numbers there, belonging to the northern and better regulated states, from whom, an imperceptible indeed, yet nevertheless great influence is sent into that community, and the people with more wickedness perhaps, have more conscience than any other of the extreme southern cities.

Natchez, it will be remembered, is on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and on one of the bends of that magnificent river, withdrawn a little from its banks, and sloping handsomely down to its flowing waters. Above and below the immediate town, are many eligible and pleasant sites for country seats, should that part of the country ever possess wealth and taste enough, to think of building them. But at the period of my story, there was nothing of the kind. Dark pine groves, and impenetrable thicks of beech and sycamore, with their lofty branches intertwined in many a wild convolution, made a high and thick canopy for the wearied traveler; while the beautiful flowers of the region, among which was the splendid magnolia, gave the forest, the freshness and fragrance of a lady’s flower garden. From morn till night, the woods were alive with music, and over all, was that sweet harmonist of nature, the American mocking-bird,

with its rising and falling, ever-varying modulations—now screaming like the startled vulture of the cliffs—and now sinking away with a witching alternation of soft, plaintive, heart-moving minstrelsy, sufficient, it would seem, to charm rocks and forest trees,—He who built Thebes, would have thrown away his instrument in despair, could he have heard but one note of this wild-wood melodist.

I said there were no country seats there. I mistake. There was one bright spot, about twelve miles above Natchez, which, though it had small pretensions to the surpassing beauty of some of the fine superstructures on these northern rivers; nevertheless, for that day and place, it was, certainly, an elegant and hospitable mansion. That it was hospitable, many a man, yet living, can testify—for many were the travelers, visiting in that region, who spent days there, and enjoyed the rich hospitality and urbane attentions of its warm-souled, accomplished proprietor. This man, Charles Glenning, was certainly as gentlemanly a person as I ever knew. He was educated at the north—had spent his early days there—but for the sake of business, to which he betook him on leaving College, he went to the south, carrying with him as bright a bud of feminine loveliness, as ever God suffered to bloom in this uncongenial, ugly world. I cannot paint her—there's no telling how beautiful she was. It wasn't beauty of feature; neither was it beauty of mind—and yet, it was beauty of a high and ardent cast, which made you feel you were in the presence of a spirit, the moment you came near her. Forehead white as death—yet, neither intellectual nor otherwise,—soft blue eyes, that made you think they were little pieces cut out of the bluest summer sky,—complexion like ivory,—lips like the finest evening tints, in the back ground of one of Claude Lorraine's landscapes,—and a figure as faultless as ever was hewn from the Pentelican marble, or set a painter a dreaming over his easel.—Imagine these, and you may get a glimpse of the laughing, bright-eyed Isabel Glenning.

Her love for her husband was as strange as her beauty. O! the treasure—the full, proud treasures of such a heart as that! Dive into mines—bring up jewels—fill your dwelling—win sceptres—ride the world like Cæsar or Alexander—and then offer me the pure, deep, devoted, heart's affection of such a spiritual creature as she was, and I would spurn them all as the dirty commerce of dirtier minds. She lived only for him—she dreamed only for him—he was all. Place her in a palace, in an Esquimaux hut; in a fairy-land, in a desert; no matter where—only with him—him she had chosen to live and die with, and her cup was full.

The circumstances which led me to their acquaintance were peculiar, and such as entwined me into their best feelings. They had been married about four summers; and the fruits of their union, was a little, crowing, curly headed boy, sweet as his mother's beauty. I was hunting on the side of the Mississippi, one warm afternoon,

when I observed something floating at a distance, which by means of my dog, was brought to land ; and, to my surprise, were presented the lifeless, yet still warm features of this same little fellow. It seemed that playing near the river, he had fallen in, and was near about breathing his last. Taking him in my arms, I hurried home, and just in time to save him. From that hour, they loved me as a brother.

My story now leads me a little from the straight track, I have kept thus far—but 'tis necessary to turn aside a little, for the sake of the dark catastrophe, which brought sorrow and death into this Eden-dwelling I have described.

There was one Nat. Ralle, dwelling about half way between Natchez, and the plantation of my friend. His was one of those dark-browed, malicious countenances, which made one, in spite of himself, think of the devil, whenever he met him. He never spake like other men. If you met him in the woods of a morning, his salutation was in a low, surly tone, which made you doubtful as to its nature ; and after he had passed you for forty or fifty yards, you might observe him stopping and looking back, as if he felt himself suspected by every body. This devil—for such he was, and such will he appear before I have done with him—more than once, had been seen prowling about the dwelling of Glenning ; and once, being met suddenly, he turned and ran away into the woods, like one of the wild beasts he so much in disposition resembled.

There was a custom, which yet, I believe, exists in the southwestern new settlements, for a man to claim the exclusive privilege of hunting on a certain extent of ground, in the vicinity of his habitation. This right is as much insisted on, in certain parts of those states which I have visited, as are the game laws in England ; and every one, every stranger-hunter, observes it, and recognizes the right by quitting the grounds, so soon as informed that an individual holds reasonable claim to them. This Ralle had, in open defiance of this knowledge, and against the reiterated, yet polite admonitions of Glenning, trespassed on his lands ; and once shot a tame doe, which Glenning had kept for two or three years, the care of which had devolved on, and was a source of amusement to Isabel—and on that account it seemed a double injury.

Glenning, as cool a man as ever laid claim to the qualities of honor and honesty, at this, rode down to the plantation of Ralle, and mildly, yet earnestly, expostulated with him, on what was esteemed a breach of faith—careful at the same time to express his belief, that the shooting of his tame animal was undesigned, yet requesting, for fear of a similar occurrence, that he would hunt elsewhere in future, which thing he could do without incommoding himself.

To this mildness in Glenning, Ralle opposed the remark—‘ That he would do as he pleased—that the woods were free, and that he

should hunt towards the north or south, without asking leave of Yankee interlopers.'

This remark struck on the temper of Glenning, at an unlucky moment. The very consciousness of rectitude on his own part, made the insult fasten and rankle; and gave to it a barb, which, perhaps, in any other circumstances, would not have pained him. Glenning, I have said, was a gentleman. He was such, if there ever was one—a man of good morals, charitable in his disposition, and could not bear to inflict pain, even on a dumb beast. But there is, within the human heart—and philosophy may reason it over till doomsday, without explaining it—a something to quiet conscience, even in the best men, at times, and force them to acts, which in other circumstances they would shudder at. Dueling is one of them. Dueling, Glenning despised from his soul. I have heard him say so a thousand times, and sternly express his abhorrence of the man who could stain his hands with a fellow's blood. He even rose once, and left an agreeable company, because he was told that such a gentleman present was a duelist. With such notions—and they were not mere talk with him—it is a thing I cannot explain, that he so far forgot himself as to hurl back the insult he had received, and in a manner calculated to lead to so sad a termination. He did so, however, and retort calling forth retort, they both lost their tempers—when, Ralle springing forward with a knife, Glenning knocked him down with the butt of his whip. He then turned and rode home.

Isabel met him at the door, and it needed but a glance to see that something was the matter. His brow was knit—his teeth set like a vise—and his lip curled with a stern haughtiness, which I had never supposed was in him before.

He tried to pass her. Isabel threw her arms about him, and burst into tears.

It awoke him—his happiness came back to his heart—the fiend fled from him—and he stood in the presence of that lovely, simple-hearted weeper, as helpless as a child. The effect of his passions unnerved him, like a fever; and he was forced to keep his chamber till evening. He then entered the parlor again.

To the fond inquisitiveness of Isabel, he now opposed, the heat of the weather, the weariness of his long ride, and some other little nothings; and by his wit, and pleasantry, succeeded in lulling her into a forgetfulness of the events of the day. O! that was a calm—a deep and awful calm. It was that which precedes the thunder—the moment between the flash and the bolt,—*And the bolt came.*

I had seen a messenger approach, and leave the gate at sun-set; and had suspicions, more than I dared acknowledge to myself. And yet, my friend was never more agreeable, than on that evening. It seemed as if some unheard of powers had been given him. Skilled in metaphysics—for they had amused him much at College—and, well acquainted with the principles, and history of the Fine Arts, he

rambled from one to the other, with the most amusing madness—sometimes serious, sometimes turning a happy illustration into the most exquisite ridicule by some keen stroke of humor, and now running off again, in a manner at once new and electrifying. He was, on the whole, the most amusing man, for the time, I ever spent an evening with. Poor, poor Glenning!—but I will not anticipate.

When the evening closed, he followed me into my room; and, locking the door, sat down, and wept like a child.

‘Poor, poor Isabel!’ was all he could articulate. ‘She suspects nothing, poor thing—and it will break her heart. Death,’ cried he, starting up, ‘I fear it not. I have lived to die when my time comes. But she—she who loves me—whose life is wrapped up in mine—how can she’—and sinking down, he wept longer than before.

I ventured to lay my hand on his shoulder. He rose calm, awfully calm.

Grasping my hand, ‘my friend,’ said he—‘you must help me in this. You must stand by, and see me fall, if fall I must; and then—bear the news to—to—’ his sobbing cloak’d his utterance.

I asked him if there were no means of avoiding it.

‘None—none in the world.’ He said this in a tone, which forbade argument: and I said no more.

I draw a veil over the remainder of that evening.

Before the sun, he met me at the bottom of the hill in front of his dwelling, with his pistols in his hand. He requested me to load them. I did so, and without a muscle’s shaking; for from my childhood, I had been incapable of every kind of fear; nevertheless, I thought of the form which might be stiff before evening—of eyes that might be glazed—and of the fond heart which I knew *would* be broken.

He told me he had left his wife sleeping: and as he hung over her, and kissed those lips, the music of which he might hear no longer, she breathed his name in her slumbers. ‘That—that parting’—and he grasped my hand, with an energy sufficient to crush it—‘that parting,’ said he, ‘has killed me. I cannot feel worse. No! not if I felt my adversary’s bullet in my heart, could I feel worse. And she—O! who will take care of her? who will dry her tears? who bind up that heart, which will certainly break with mine?’

He gave way but a moment to feelings of this nature; for, commending her to me in case of his death, he walked forward to the place agreed on, with the most perfect calmness. All the difference to be observed in him was, perchance, a degree of paleness; nothing else betrayed the fact, that he was walking to his grave.

The place selected for the rencontre, was a wild and beaten spot on the river-shore, where the rocks, rising abruptly to the altitude of

some hundred feet, swept round like a horse shoe in two projections, and then thrust themselves into the stream, leaving a hollow curve of smooth wet sand within them, of about three rods in length. The beach was white as snow, the blue waters of the Mississippi went by with a low groaning sound, the hoarse screaming of the flamingo swept out from the rocks overhead, and the sun was just blazing out from the lazy mists of the morning, as the party entered.

I shall never forget how the combatants looked, at that moment. Glenning was calm, stern, and sorrowful—Ralle looked like a devil. He scowled horribly, as he marked the tall, handsome figure of his adversary; and seemed joyed that he had it in his power, to spoil such a fine piece of God's workmanship.

I approached Glenning, and asked his wishes.

'*I am ready*'—were his words.

The pistols were placed in their hands. They fired—my friend into the air—Ralle with a steady aim; yet his ball whistled harmlessly by, and lodged in the opposite rocks.

'What's to be done?' said Ralle's second.

'If Mr. Glenning will acknowledge himself a coward,' said Ralle in a low, taunting tone, 'and ask my forgiveness, he may go about his business.'

'Never, wretch!—reload the pistols.'

The pistols were again placed in their hands, and they fired; as before, Glenning into the air—Ralle's ball passing harmlessly by.

The man again interfered.

Ralle made the same remark.

'Silence!' thundered Glenning, 'thou bloody villain, nor dare insult the ears of manhood, by your damning proposition. I should prove myself a liar did I do it; you, you gave the offence, and 'tis from you should come the acknowledgment. But this is wasting time. That I am no coward, sir, I have fully shown by twice withstanding your fire. Now 'tis my turn—give us the pistols. Wretch,'—cried he, looking on Ralle with eyes flashing intolerably bright, and voice so hoarse that it could scarcely be heard—'wretch! you have lived too long. I would not stain my hands, but I shall bless the world, by ridding it of you. Look your last on the sun—for, by the Eternal God! you certainly die.'

The pistols were handed them—the word given; this time, my friend aimed and fired. Ralle staggered back, and fell upon his knees; yet, he soon recovered himself, and rising to his feet, he certainly presented the most horrible countenance I ever saw. The ball had struck him on the jaw near the ear, and crushed it to atoms; and the blood spirted over him from head to foot. He uttered one dreadful shriek of agony; then—before I could interfere, rushed up, presented his pistol at the breast of Glenning, and shot him through the heart.

Such a dastard act!—But let me close the scene. I have dwelt on it too long. We carried my friend to his dwelling—we tore open his garments—there was the ragged wound in his breast, and his heart's blood gushing through it.

* * * * *

Poor, poor Isabel! she sleeps beneath the flowers she so much resembled—her name is left in our hearts.

PEN AND INK.

I do not know, I do not know, but yet I cannot think,
That earth has pleasures sweeter than are found with pen and ink, -
This whiling off an idle hour with torturing into rhyme,
The pretty thoughts, and pretty words, that do so softly chime.

I know it must be sad for such, as cannot make the verse
Dash gaily off, and gallop on, delightfully and terse,
But when the thought is beautiful, and language ai'nt amiss,
O! tell me what on earth can bring a joy so pure as this.

They sadly err and slander too, this lovely world of ours,
Who say we gather thorns enough but never gather flowers,—
Why, look abroad on field and sky, there is a welcome there,
And who amid such happiness can weep or think of care?

The natural world is full of forms of beauty and delight,
The forest leaves are beautiful, there's beauty in the light;
And all that meets us makes us feel that grieving is unkind,
And says be happy in this world, and fling your cares behind.

The mental world is beautiful, and deck'd in beauty rare,
Whate'er we see, whate'er we dream, we find it imaged there,—
A halo circles all that is, the sprightly and the tame,
' And gives to airy nothings too a dwelling and a name.'

And beauty, such as only breathes upon a seraph's lyre,
Is in this world, and comes to us, and gives us souls of fire;
We love, and we forget the ills that to the earth belong,
And Life becomes one holy dream of rapture and of song.

And he who scribbles verses knows (and no one knows but him)
That this is but a picture here—a picture dull and dim,—
Of that delight which thrills the heart of him, who can 'in time,'
Arrest the thought, and give it word, and twist it into rhyme.

And when I sigh and weep—which things will happen, now and then—
And I have nought to do but stop, and then begin again;
Why then I hie me to my desk, and sit me down and think,
And few companions pleasure me, as these—my pen and ink.

CONFESSIONS OF A SENSITIVE MAN.*

No. II.

READER! if thou art one from whose mind all that is native in modesty or sentiment, has not been supplanted by that refined impudence so much in vogue—that fashionable insensibility, that

—“mortal coldness of the soul like death itself,”

I demand your sympathy with the thoughts, the emotions, the sorrows of a Sensitive Man. My earliest recollections are connected with acute suffering from an extreme modesty and diffidence, which ever has been, and ever will be, the bane of my spirits. A page from my life will reveal its nature. Those who have cast an eye over a previous article with the above title, will have learnt something of the bigotry and vulgarity of Droneville. It was blessed, however, with one family, of a higher and nobler order than the barbarians around them—beings, who, having walked forth into the world, had lost that narrowness of intellect, which distinguished the Dronevillites from the rest of mankind. The E—— family were the aristocracy of Droneville. C—— E—— was the companion of my earliest pleasures—the sharer of my earliest affections. We were inseperable friends—we walked together—we played together, and breast to breast severely drubbed the insolent urchin who dared assail our mutual honor.

Hope E——! What a scourge wert thou to every bashful youngster! There was a laughing deviltry in thy eye, which threw mine into a sudden gaze upon vacuity, or inspired an irresistible desire to examine my feet—while a deepening flush of the cheeks proclaimed the intensity of my curiosity! Never were there eyes more

* The inquiry has naturally arisen, how these Confessions came into his possession, who presented them to the Editors of this Magazine. It can be answered in a few words. While a class, which has since graduated, was in its Junior year, it was joined by an individual of rather rustic manners, dressed in a complete suit of grey cloth; yet he was by no means deficient in that important requisite, manly beauty. He roomed alone, and mingled but little with his classmates. It was observed that his temperament was exceedingly variable, sometimes highly excited, at others, as much depressed. His recitations evinced talents of a high order. He continued with the class until the close of the year, and then disappeared. His classmates have heard nothing from him since. In his table-drawer—left by accident or design—these manuscripts were found, which, with a few alterations, are now presented to the public.

keen in detecting the occasional spots which diversify the face of boyhood—in discovering whose hands water would not sully—whose locks the fingers of the friseur might improve. Her laugh was the terror of every bashful youth—it was the signal of his discomfiture—it rang in his ears when alone—it haunted his fancy—it mingled with his dreams. Hope E——, thou torment of my early years! No artifice could hide from thy searching gaze any blemish of person or dress, which my pride or modesty was desirous of concealing. If my face was soiled—if there was a puncture in the elbow of my coat, thy laugh would first announce it. Any unfortunate rent in my nether integuments, was sure of detection, although every possible means was used to conceal it, and that laugh—that wild, gleeful laugh, would summon the eager gaze of all to thine embarrassed victim! My highest audacity could never encounter her eyes; they alone were enough to drive mad a modest youth. And yet I could not avoid them, for in spite of myself, mine were constantly straying in that direction, drawn thitherward by an impulse beyond the control of my will—the nature of which my philosophy has never yet unravelled. Believe me, that in all my visits to her brother, I avoided her with a dexterity, worthy the skill of the most finished adept in the fashionable art of “cutting acquaintance.” But it was vain to struggle against destiny. Poor C——! my bosom’s earliest friend—his mother’s hope—died—suddenly died in the first bloom of youth! How thrilled my young heart, as I knelt by his bedside, and caught from his dying lips a whispered farewell! He died—but, can death destroy a mother’s love? To me was transferred a portion of that deep, gushing affection, which had been thus suddenly driven back upon its source. A week elapsed—and I was summoned to an interview with Mrs. E——. What an invitation for a bashful youth! My heart forboded approaching calamity—it blenched like a wounded man—it already felt the glance of Hope—it trembled at the anticipation of her laugh. But there could be no demur—there was no escape—I *must* go. View me there, “creeping like snail unwillingly,” over the small grass plot which separated our dwellings—kicking every stone and mushroom upon my path—“screwing up” my courage to an effort the most desperate, it had ever yet been called upon to sustain. I finally succeeded—gained the door—hesitated—my resolution failed—it rallied, and I entered the parlor with all the grace of attitude and mien, which may be observed in a detected sheep-stealer. Hope and her mother were there. I had scarcely made this observation, when I was enfolded in an embrace, nerved by all the fearful energies of a mother’s love! In a paroxysm of mingled grief and affection, she covered my face with the kisses and tears of an overflowing heart. But forget not me. What a predicament! Reader, art thou a bashful man? I ask your sympathy, I claim your advice. What would *you* have done? What could *I* do, but stand, perspiring with the intensity of

my embarrassment—desperately clenching, with both hands, my hat—bracing my nerves to endurance—my eyes downcast with shame—my face burning with blushes—modesty personified! When this first outbreking of maternal love had subsided, I stood in trembling expectation of its renewal. I durst not look up, for the eyes of Hope, swimming with suppressed mirth, at my ludicrous appearance, tortured even my fancy. A long struggle gave me the requisite courage to cast, from the corner of my eye, a timid glance towards her. I ventured to hope that the worst was over. Alas! how delusive! woes come not single. My eye no sooner met hers, than she—moved by sympathy, or one of the thousand impulses of passion or caprice which govern the actions of the fair, or something else, (I am no philosopher,)—rushed towards me, threw her arms convulsively around my neck, and with kisses and tears did admirable honor to the maternal example! Could a bashful youth endure this—be clasped in the arms of her he feared, yet loved—could he experience this, and survive the shock? I rushed in agony from the room, nor slackened my career, until I had buried my head in the recesses of my own solitary chamber.

Poor Hope! poor Hope! she died within a year.

“O! sic semper! sic semper vidi, amatas spes abire.”

* * * * *

Years have rolled away, and the marks of manhood now darken his cheek, which once kindled under the glance of Hope E—. But the lapse of time has not—can not—change the peculiarities of his mind; he lived constantly in Droneville—he never mingled with society, and that youthful diffidence which maturer years wears off from the minds of others, was in his deepened into an exquisite sensitiveness, which draws from the slightest ridicule or neglect materials for self-torture. The sarcasm which glides from the ears of the giddy—the glance of indifference or scorn, unfelt by the votary of fashion, gains a lodgment in his breast, and for weeks, yes, months, preys upon its peace. He hears the laugh of the incredulous, the sneer of the cynic, the aphorism of the moralist, but neither, nor all, can drive from its lair this demon within him,—it is inwrought with the very texture of his soul—it is a part of its undying essence.

Ye who can feel for others' woes, imagine the sufferings of a mind thus strung, yet branded with all the rusticity of Droneville manners, exposed to the taunts and ridicule of College life. View him, the butt of sarcasm—the mark of scorn—the bound, the unarmed victim, against whose breast all aspirant wits may with impunity test the point of every weapon, and their own dexterity in its use. My Droneville education! It has been a “heritage of woe”—a source of the deepest, acutest suffering. In manners, in appearance, in every thing which the cant of society calls “elegance,” I

was not only entirely deficient, but so absolutely clownish as to elicit wit from stupidity itself. Follow such an one, forced by circumstances beyond his control into the cold world of fashion, and your fancy can picture those scenes of embarrassment and humiliation, which my memory shrinks from recalling. And yet, my mind—*my mind* was of no such ungainly mould. If this clay was thrown amidst the stock of Droneville, it had been fired by an intellect whose boundless aspirations scorned all limit or control. What if it *did* know nought of the refinements of artificial life? From the mountain solitude—from the heavens above—from the earth, in its sublimity—from the whisperings of its own spirit, it had drawn in all that is deep in emotion or thrilling in thought. If it *was* a stranger to society, it was no stranger to the greatest minds of the present and past ages. It requires not the formalities of fashion—none of the coxcomb's art—to hold communion with this ethereal principle within us—to dwell with the genius of the mighty Past—to soar amidst the high hopes of the Future—to love and worship those beings with whom imagination peoples her own brilliant creations. Must I be a scorned outcast, neglected by my race, because this perishable clay was not moulded in that form, which might please the evanescent fancy? because my limbs would not play the buffoon at the beck of fashion, or my tongue utter, or my spirit endure, her language of emptiness and deceit? A misanthrope? *no!* I scorn that name, but scorn more him who covets the reputation or affects the spirit of misanthropy. A misanthrope! never. The source of my suffering was a consciousness of a deep fountain of feeling—of love, (if you please,) without one being upon whom I could lavish it; for who would deign to accept the devotion of a clown?—it was too much to ask of any one's benevolence. Can there be one more unfortunate? Is there suffering more intense, than that of a being conscious of mental power, infinitely superior to the butterflies of fashion—glowing with all that is rich in thought, or deathless in love—a love, which, squandering on its object entire devotion, stoops to no barter of affection but soul for soul—yet, having all its energies paralyzed by a sense of awkwardness—a serpent whose folds are drawn tauter by his very struggles to resist them. Place such a mind, keenly sensitive to ridicule or neglect, in the gay saloon; with all his intellect he feels himself a mark for the sarcasm of the most insignificant. He can neither move, nor speak, and while his heart is overflowing with emotion, he is scorned as an unfeeling brute! No one cares for him—no one knows his sorrows—no eye

“will mark

His coming, and look brighter when he comes.”

The joyful faces around him—the gay laugh ringing in his ears—the warm kiss of affection—the soft whisper of love—all, *all* reveal the

solitude, the hopelessness of his lot. How often have I been thus placed! How often, as I have stood, hour after hour, silent *and alone*, amidst a crowd of my species, have I thought, that a whole life's love would not recompense one glance of remembrance—one word of welcome! All this too, while I have seen the selfish carressed—the ignorant flattered, and quailed beneath the eye of those, whom, if met upon the arena of mind, I could have crushed. But I have suffered most deeply, most keenly, from those in whose gratitude, at least, I had reposed some confidence. If there be one crime—one of guilt so unmitigated as to wake the thunderbolt, as to call down retributive justice—it is that viper, ingratitude. No exertion of *human* power can suppress it, laws cannot define it, penalties cannot reach it;—the law of love, that last hope of virtue, is powerless here. And yet, it is a crime which would drive all joy from earth—it would crush all that is holy in the heart—it would dis sever man from his species.

As the eye of one after another has lighted upon me, and turned scornfully from the uncouth clown before them, I have prayed—yes, prayed—it could not be impious—that their vision might for one instant be quickened, so as to penetrate the mind. It is too much to hope for *here*,—but

“ If there be, indeed,
A shore where mind survives, 'twill be a mind
All unincorporate.”

We can bear the scorn of man, cold, selfish man, for there is something in the insolent boldness of his sneer, which nerves the heart to endurance, or wakes the slumber of revenge; but the contumely of those, from whose nature's tenderness, we might have expected pity at least, disarms all resistance. It is as if the elements conspired against you; it sends through the heart a sort of “*et tu Brute*” feeling, which imparts to it a desperate resignation to fate; this, this burns the brand which shuts out the victim from the sympathy of his race! I once thought that the contempt of all—the ridicule of inferiors—the ingratitude of friends, had steeled my heart to the most cutting scorn; but I lived to learn that there was a chord, deep in the recesses, which could only be reached by the dextrous hand of her who was worshipped there with a whole soul's devotion. Even *her* lip curled with disgust, as she turned contemptuously from me to listen to the voice of flattery. Censure her not—she is admired by all—she was never friendless—will she ever know how deep, how exhaustless is a rustic's love? How often, as he has returned from gazing hours upon *her* who deigned him not one glance in return, has the heart of the clown flowed forth, if not in the spirit of poetry, at least with that of sincerity.

I gazed on thee, dear one, in the crowd of the gay,
 And my long cherished hopes have floated away;
 I gazed on thee, dear one,—a glance might have given
 My bosom a hope like the martyr's of heaven;
 But the eye which could gladden, was chilling with scorn,
 And a heart-nurtured rose is changed to a thorn.

I gazed on thee, dear one—'twas a moment that thought
 Had eagerly, hopefully, doubtfully sought;
 I did meet thee, I left thee, and *thou* didst not know,
 That on thy lip quivered my joy or my woe;
 When I looked but for pity, thy scorn could I bear?—
 My hopes have all withered, my doubts are despair.

If sorrow—shall I wish it?—should ever reveal,
 That lips can profess, what the heart does not feel;
 If in a lone moment a wish should come o'er thee,
 For one who can love,—yes, dear one, adore thee;—
 My heart never changes—tell me, dearest, can thine
 E'er love with an ardor so deathless as mine?

Is it surprising, that such an experience, acting upon such a temperament, has driven me from society, not as a misanthrope—not as a misogynist, but as a cold intellectualist. I must henceforth look for my enjoyment to the abstract pleasures of the understanding. A heart which was formed to open and expand in the atmosphere which gladdens the fireside, must stifle its emotions in the bustle of political life, in the fierce encounter of contending minds, or in the endless, absorbing pursuit of gain. I must hereafter dis sever the mind from the heart, and content myself with being the civilized savage, which all men would have been, if woman had never existed, or if the religion she reveres had never exalted her character. For with all his boasting, what is man's mind, without *her* influence? It is like the rough sketch of the painter, in which the prominent parts only are developed. As it requires the utmost refinement of his art, to give these rugged outlines grace and beauty, to call into being the living landscape and the speaking eye; thus it is, beautifully, the part of woman, to fill out the rugged outlines of man's mind, with those refined virtues, which embellish his character. It is for her to touch with the radiance of Mercy, the stern lineaments of Justice; she must shade away Ferocity, with the tints of Mildness; she must hide every blemish, with the coloring of her own purity; she must brighten every dark spot, with the brilliancy of her own innocence; she must throw over the roughness of the whole, the magic of her own refined sensibility.

Such has been the experience of a Sensitive Man: it is not without a moral for those who are not too wise to learn from the errors of others.

THE WHALE'S LAST MOMENTS.

A LAMP-LIGHT MUSING.

I'M king—I'm king of the 'vasty deep,'
 My palace down 'mid the rocks I keep,—
 But what see I now o'er the waters sweep?

Indeed—'tis a foe!—a foe!

Ah! fatal shaft!—and a crimson wave!—
 But I'll flee, I'll flee to my ocean cave;
 My palace there—it shall be my grave,
 And the deep shall o'er me flow.

Yet, death to the foe!—for again I come
 Up, up from the depths of my ocean home—
 But, ah!—in a shroud of the white sea-foam

An expiring thing I lie.

And I see, in this darkly flashing light,
 Which coldly falls on my misty sight,
 Like the elfish glare of a polar night,
 The future before my eye.

And ah! no more can I call my own
 This ocean kingdom and coral throne;
 But tyrant man must be lord alone

Of the earth, and the air, and sea;

And my pure spirit he'll bear away
 To the lamp-lit land of the sleeping day,
 There only to own his constant sway,
 And his tireless vassal be.

Aye, there, in the bannered hall of state,
 A radiant spirit, I'll nightly wait,
 And throw new light on the long debate,

And thwart Ambition's schemes.

I'll sit me down by the statesman, too,
 Engage in whatever he chance to do,
 Read all his documents through and through,
 And enlighten his darkest dreams.

I'll then to the hall of mirth advance,
 Pour Love's own light on the joyous dance,
 Give life and point to the speaking glance,
 And charms to the blushing fair.

At night I'll visit the student's room,
 And I'll scatter the ancient mist of gloom
 Which darkly hangs over Learning's tomb,
 And the classical mummies there.

I'll help him fathom the depths of Time,
 Or up the heights of Parnassus climb,
 Or sport in the babbling brooks of rhyme,
 Or—for want of sense—make *dashes*;—
 Thus all I'll serve—but I'll have my pay—
 Revenge—and that in my own good way;—
 A dwelling I'll touch—it shall be my prey—
 And a city shall burn to ashes!

REVIEW.

“*The Partisan*,” a *Tale of the Revolution*. By the author of
 “*The Yemassee*,” “*Guy Rivers*,” &c.

THERE are two ways of acquiring literary reputation—the one is by an author's *real merits*, the other by his *puffs*. Of the former method nothing need be said, but the latter merits the severest censure.

Puffs, have become the publisher's, and in a great degree the author's, living. So completely is it the publisher's trade, and so firm withall is his hold upon the nose of that stupid *gull*, the public, that he can make a book, which contains one page that will be read in a newspaper, as an extract, “the best novel of the season,” and can exalt “the most stupid ass that brays on paper,” to a place “among our first novelists.”

Authorship has, in fact, become a *trade*. The writer presents his manuscript to the publisher, with information that another novel is in the works. The latter prints it, and sends it forth, with a few feeble puffs, “damning with faint praise,” and the poor bantling, fathered by a head without brains, is worse than still-born. But the parties concerned are not a whit uneasy; they know of a revivifying principle, *all* powerful. In a short time, another work is announced, by the same author. Now all is “ripe for the harvest.” The well paid journals and periodicals are loud in their praises. “This work fully answers the high expectations raised by the author's first production. The uncommon genius and talents displayed in that, led us to expect nothing less than the work before us. Owing to the author's want of celebrity, his first effort did not meet with the success which those acquainted with its merits had anticipated. This might have discouraged a genius of lower order, and less conscious of its powers, but the second trial promises an ample reward for both—in fame, as well as profit.” The scheme works. The greedy

public swallow the dose, and smack their lips—for they are *told* that it is good. Both of the works go off with a rapid sale, and the author is now sure of reaping profit, and, for the time, fame, from whatever trash he inflicts upon the community, for “his name is among our first novelists,” and he himself puts on “the distant air of greatness,” puffed into the belief that he is a genius.

This is labor most *unproductive* to the country. It is but forging titles to literary fame,—it is climbing in some other way than by the door of merit,—a practice most disgraceful in itself, and most poisonous to our literature and literary reputation. This latter effect is full obvious, for the system brings dullness to an equality with genius and merit, and even gives it an advantage over them. They will not stoop to such means for success, but shrink back disgusted and discouraged, unable to compete with their inferior rival. It could not have been a rival of itself, but, backed by such base allies, *dullness* becomes too strong for the single arm of *genius*. Nor is this all. We have spoken chiefly with reference to novels and novelists. Novels supply much of the reading of youth, and by them, therefore, in a great degree, the taste of the young is formed. Their own judgment is not ripe, and youth rely upon that of others, to furnish suitable models of taste. By the recommendations of those who should be judges, they are too apt to adopt the trash with which the press is teeming, and their judgment is affected and taste formed by its influence. Not only their style, but the mind itself is affected. False standards of literary merit arise, and literature itself must become corrupt. As the country is young, and our literature forming, those who are readers now, will soon become writers,—theirs will be the pens, which shall, in no small degree, give us literary character, and every taste and style thus perverted, will by so much detract from our reputation. The evil is one, therefore, which every literary man, who desires for our country a literary renown of which she may be proud, should be active in subduing, lest our fame be sacrificed to the *money speculations* of the selfish.

Among the authors, who, with their works, have been puffed into notoriety, the author of “*Martin Faber*,” “*Guy Rivers*,” “*The Yemassee*,” and last of all, “*The Partisan*,” stands conspicuous. It may be said, that this is a bold assertion to make of a popular writer. It certainly would be, if we did not know that popularity is no sure test of merit.

When “*Guy Rivers*, a tale of Georgia,” by the author of “*Martin Faber*, the story of a criminal,” was announced, although we had never before heard of this same “story of a criminal,” yet such hearty praises accompanied the announcement, that we hoped indeed another Cooper had raised the “torch of genius,” and was about to dazzle the world with its rays. An enthusiast in our wishes for the glory of American literature, we were delighted with the prospect, and eagerly sought to complete our happiness by perusing the prom-

ising volumes. We read and were not satisfied, yet looked forward for better things; for we had noted the motto of the book—

“Who wants
A sequel, may read on. Th’ unvarnished tale
That follows, will supply the place of one.”

We finished, and were disappointed. We had expected something of genius—the rich, fervid style—the original thought—the bright and glowing paintings of natural beauty, or the thrilling description of high-wrought human energies, that stirs the soul. These we found not, and then we waited for the cunning delineation of the human heart—its workings, and—the “sequel.” Our reward was the “unvarnished tale.” The work bears no mark of a mind capable of original conceptions. The descriptions of natural scenery, throughout this and all the author’s works, are but imitations of the works of masters, served up in dim and changed colors. The thoughts are trite; and the sample piece, the tit-bit, that was served up to *water* the mouth of the public—we mean the description of the destruction of the Georgia guard, which occupies by far the fairest page of the work—is but a scene familiar in plot and story. Guy Rivers himself is but a sorry deformity of one of those dark spirits, which require the genius of a Byron or Bulwer to throw an interest around them, and the hero has hardly a character. We can only conceive of him as a love-sick somebody, to whom is given the name of Ralph Colleton.

The next work dealt out to the public is “The Yemassee,” and to this we can only afford a passing remark, as our principal business is with “The Partisan.” “The Yemassee” is the best production of this author. When speaking of the *best* of such works, we mean it has the fewest faults. The author advertises that he shall insist upon its being considered a *romance*, and (as near as we can gather from his remarks) that he has a right to say and do as he chooses. Some of the scenes might have been made exciting, did it not seem that the writer had measured his paper, and said “this description shall fill *so much*.” It might be read with some interest, perhaps, by one who had never read “The Last of the Mohicans.” But those who have, should wait until the memory of the latter has become faded and dim. There is enough in the story, to have made a pretty tale of fifty pages; at least, it then would have had one merit, which now it has not—brevity.

The last production from the pen of this author is “The Partisan, a tale of the Revolution.” As the author is very particular, and at times a little dictatorial in his *advertisements*, let us look there for what he promises, and then examine the tale for the fulfillment.

“The title of the work, indeed, will persuade the reader to look rather for a true description of that mode of warfare, (the partisan,)

than for any consecutive story, comprising the fortunes of a single personage. This he is solicited to keep in mind." Again, "I have entitled it 'The Partisan, a tale of the Revolution'—it was intended to be particularly such. The characters, many of them are names in the nation, familiar as our thoughts; [the author's thoughts are very familiar.] Gates, Marion, De Kalb, and the rest, are all the property of our country." He says, "My aim has been to give a story of events, rather than of persons"—that "A sober desire for history—the unwritten, the unconsidered, but veracious history—has been with me, in this labor, a sort of principle."

What, then, are we to presume from this, is to be the character of the work? Certainly, that it is to be almost entirely historical. Yet as it is entitled a tale, we might of course suppose that the fortunes of some individual, a fictitious person or one little known, was to be the *chain*, into which should be woven the adventures of the famous men—Marion, De Kalb, and others, whose names the author mentions. It is to be "a story of events, rather than of persons." And what does the work prove to be? Not an event, in which either of these Generals was active, or in any great degree interested, is mentioned, except what is related in some of the one hundred pages, devoted to describing the battle and defeat of Gates by Cornwallis, which pages are almost the last of the work. To bring in this event, the author makes a long march with his hero, who, after all, was not engaged in the action. The story does not naturally bring us there: so, after all, it is only by a *forced march*, that any of the characters, set before us in the advertisement, are introduced. His censures upon Gates are severe. Since the laurels, won at Saratoga, were shed in the flight from Camden, that General has never been a favorite with his countrymen. There never were wanting hands to use the dagger against the fame of the fallen great; yet those are not to be envied, who thus can stab the slain.

We may now ask, are all the author's promises but so much "ado about nothing?" Let us see, by examining further. The principal characters are, Major Singleton, the hero and 'Partisan,' an officer under Marion; Colonel Walton, uncle to the 'hero,' and father to the heroine; Dick Humphries, a co-partisan; and John Davis, the at first unsuccessful rival of a British sergeant, who is in love with the sister of Humphries. Besides these, there are a number of lesser characters, who figure not a little. The most conspicuous of these are, a mad man or devil-maniac, who has a most outlandish habit of haw-hawing, after the manner of a *wolf*, about his wife, who has been murdered most cruelly by the tories: his name is Frampton—and the glutton Porgy, who helps the author to no small quantity of matter, for filling his pages, while he helps himself, to fill his stomach. The female characters are, Katherine Walton,—the hero's sister, Emily Singleton; and Bella Hum-

phries. These are the principal *dramatis personæ* ; of course, there are the *soldiers, attendants, &c.*

The story, which is without a plot, (and in this I suppose the great difference consists between a "history of events," and novels generally,) amounts about to this: The hero is introduced towards the close of the day, makes one proselyte—John Davis—meets Humphries, and with him goes by night to the "Cypress Swamp;" in the morning suppresses with his "*swamp suckers*," a party of tories, which had been sent against them; after which they cut off a supply of provisions, &c., destined for the camp of the enemy: then, placing his camp near the plantation of his uncle, he starts at night, and, with Humphries, visits "the Oaks," the dwelling place of Col. Walton, and arriving, finds that Col. Proctor, who has also a love for the daughter of the Colonel, is already there; so, hiding in "the Oaks," he overhears some conversation between the British officer and Kate, who are walking with Col. Walton and the sister, which conversation makes our hero feel better; and when the British officer is gone, the hidiers come forth, and with their friends enter the mansion, make a visit, and shortly return to the camp; encounter a hurricane; meet Goggle, one of the tory prisoners, whom they had taken in the morning, and who had enlisted with them, and now escaped; and, after endeavoring in vain to take him, they pay a visit to his witch mother, all for no purpose; and finally reach their camp; while Goggle goes to his mother, and sends her to Proctor with information, and then returns to the camp of the "Partisan;" and this finishes the first volume, so far as the principal character is concerned.

In the second volume, our hero again visits "the Oaks," and while standing by the bed side of his dying sister, is informed that Proctor, with a company of soldiers, has arrived; he refuses to fly at first, but at last escapes from the window, is pursued, and nearly taken, but escapes, and the next moment meets Col. Walton with a troop, the Colonel having been forced to take up arms for or against his country: they turn, take Proctor, let him go; and the next day our hero goes to join Marion, while Col. Walton joins Gates; and on his way, Singleton surprises Gaskens, a tory leader, with his party; Gates refusing to accept the proffered aid of Marion, the latter General, with our hero, departs; the battle is fought, Col. Walton taken, and carried to Dorchester, to be tried and executed, but is rescued at the scaffold by Singleton, who thus wins cousin Kate, and marries her *we suppose*, for the author leaves us in the dark as to the "consummation most devoutly to be wished for."

This is the outline, and we will now examine parts more minutely. The author, in the first thirty pages, proceeds to introduce the hero to the reader, in the bar-room of the "Royal George" at Dorchester, which "belongs to Ashley no longer," and gives a tedious account of sundry *bullyings* and threats, between the two ri-

vals, Sergeant Hastings and John Davis, a doughty Goose-creeker, which ended without many blows, thanks to the benign influence of the pretty bar maid, whose influence seems directly the reverse of the heifer in Virgil's Comparison. The next thirty pages bring our hero to the swamp, and on the ride thither, Humphries gives a learned disquisition upon the manner of building causeways through the swamp, which he proves most conclusively should be built with a "back bone," and logs placed "up and down the road." In the following, we have a description of some twenty men, who are under arms in the swamp. "The gloomy painter would have done much with the scene before them," says our author. Would that the gloomy painter *had* done it, or some one, who would have done more in fewer words. It is a fault with this author, as it is with all who have a lack of genius or vivid imagination, that, instead of seizing upon the prominent and striking points in a scene, and sketching them with a bold hand, leaving the picture to be filled out by the awakened imagination of the reader, he tires, by giving minute descriptions of every tree, grape vine, and pool of water, and the appearance and position of each individual, as if all-important to the "story," as well as to the mind of the reader. As the surprize of the tories is the first thing like an incident, that we find in the work, although we are through with half of the first volume, was this one of even common interest, it should be here transcribed, but it is too prolix, and the most of it is the chase of Frampton, the maniac, after a hang-man tory corporal, who at length became dreadfully *bit* by the maniac's sword. The rest of the work has little more of interest, than that which we have thus seen: it is all the transactions of a few men in a swamp, to illustrate the partisan warfare in the south, without interest or useful information. The work is made up of these *illustrations*, and the trivial adventures of an individual. There is nothing startling enough to please, or to excite but a drowsy interest. Notwithstanding the author tells us that it is his aim "to delineate with all the rapidity of one, who, with the mystic lantern, runs his uncouth shapes and varying shadows along the gloomy wall, startling imagination, and enkindling curiosity," his delineations are slow, and imagination and curiosity are left to their slumbers. The author who promises a novel purely historical, in which true history is his chief object, promises much—such promises it requires no ordinary mind to fulfill; and the work before us must be looked upon only as a novel—one, in which fiction, as usual, supplies most of the material.

In this, as in the other works of this author, there is shown the want of all those powers which mark genius. It has no deeply drawn characters, no marks of deep insight into the human heart. There is nothing about the hero, that should set him apart from other men in his vocation; and Col. Walton, with a weakness that seems like dotage, although he is in the prime of life, hesitates long

between private interest and patriotism ; and is at last *driven* to side with his country—a character despised to the last—a lie upon the high minded patriots of the south, who staked their princely fortunes and their lives, in the cause of freedom. The other characters, by which the author has endeavored to excite a higher interest, are Frampton and Porgy. Both are failures, and the most accurate idea we get of the latter, is where he is turned *grunter*, to catch three terrapins, that are “*basking* in the starlight,” upon a tree that has fallen into the creek. Mr. Simms should never again attempt wit, or humor, unless when he is dealing with the negro character, in which he sometimes succeeds.

Kate Walton is a high minded girl enough. We see but little of her ; but she should not have aimed the pistol at Col. Proctor ; and when she snapped it, the weapon should not have missed fire. Singleton shows little sense of propriety, not to speak of affection, when he pressed his suit the moment after leaving the bed-side of his dying sister ; and the girl rebukes him well : “ How can you know it—how can you feel it, Robert, when you come from the presence of one already linked, as it were, with heaven, and thus immediately urge to me so earthly a prayer ? ” Emily Singleton—the fading flower—

“ There is a beauty in woman’s decay ; ”

and no one,—the coldest hearted, cannot contemplate the scene—a lovely woman, looking her last upon her existence here—“ a flower gathered for the tomb,” ere the sweet bud is fully opened—without being excited to feeling. The death bed scene is affecting, and well portrayed. That, and the description of the hurricane, are almost the only parts of the work that command our feelings or admiration, and the rude entrance of a stranger jars harshly upon us, and turns our sympathies to hate against the intruder.

This author has few beauties of style—we believe that those who have praised him most, have ventured only *to be silent* concerning this. There are no beauties of this description, to atone for want of incident ; nothing in the manner, to charm us into indifference to the matter ; and those who pretend to admire his writings the most, cannot point out in them all, one sentence that contains peculiar beauty, or originality of thought or expression. Mr. Simms at best is but an imitator. His characters, so far as he delineates them, are familiar. We can point out the original to each of them, in the writings of others. We would not do an author wrong. We would be the last to discourage talent, but we do not believe that Mr. Simms is one to give a helping hand to our literature, but, on the reverse, he will injure it. Aside from his works, we know nothing of him, and therefore cannot have “ set down aught in malice.” He proposes “ a series ” of works, of which “ The Partisan ” is

the first,—three to be devoted to the events of the Revolution in South Carolina; and we cannot calculate the number destined for other parts of the country. But he says, “I know not that I shall complete, or even continue the series; much will depend upon the reception of the present narrative.” There is then yet some small hope that the threatened inundation may not flow upon us. Heaven grant that voices enough may be raised to stay the coming flood, and say, “*peace, be still.*”

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. II.

HONEST FRIEND—

I call thee *honest*, because thou needs must be such, since thou art reading what neither toucheth thy cupidity, nor enkindleth a flame of self-dedicated love. I call thee *friend*, as in common courtesy I should, till I perceive some demonstrations of enmity.

It is deep night. I have trimmed my lamp, taken a *turn* across the room, and am again seated at my pleasing toil. The Anthology lies open before me—a brown, German page, rough, but scholar-like. I have pondered each word and phrase, till they all bear a distinct and tangible significance. I have been striving to draw forth the beauty that lies locked in the cold, dead arms of an unspoken language. It requires a mightier magician, and a more prevailing charm. Lines, that are instinct with holy feeling, I have turned and labored with fruitless minuteness. I can transcribe the form—but the *life*—where is it? My spirit weepeth over its own stupidity. Yet not utterly am I in fault. I am a modern, and an American, and almost—but *not quite*—a Yankee. I have breathed a dollar-and-cent atmosphere. There is no soul—no enthusiasm in the land. Utility—cold, base utility is the all-in-all. Money is the shibboleth of rank and influence.

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum.

Every thing is reduced to a standard of rationality, as if it were not the most irrational thing that ever sickened a liberal eye, to bind down passion, and poetry, and the “life of life,” by the frigid rules of mathematical exactness. It is my solemn belief, that within fifty years a double-track rail-road will run through the very vale of Tempe, and a steam-engine be propelled by the waters of Arethusa. Improvement! By the little toe of the Great Mogul, may the wheels of such improvement “long tarry in their coming!” Reader, I will not fret. My profit therefrom would be about as much as

thy pleasure. But thou knowest not the feelings with which I uncork a bottle of pure Samian wine; and, in transferring it into an American jug, behold its strength and fragrance evaporate—the body swelling with dropsical inflation, while the spirit is oozing away through each treacherous pore. Sed satis. “Quid me querelis exanimas tuis?”

Behold! an enigmatic squib from Euclid, the geometer—him, whose labors I was wont to burden with “the mountain of my curse.” He was, probably, the first to solemnize a marriage so unnatural as that of Geometry and Poetry—January and May.

An ass and mule were bearing wine one day:
Hard on the ass the vinous burden lay;
When thus the mule her fainting dam addressed—
“Why, like a maiden’s, pants thy groaning breast?
Should’st thou *give* me one portion of thy share,
Then I should double of thy burden bear.
Should’st thou *take* one, alike are our conditions.”
Solve me this problem, ye arithmeticians.

If the reader be at all skilled in threading the labyrinths of Algebra, he may discover that the ass bore five, and the mule seven measures. (Vide Day’s Alg. passim.)

Here we have a compliment to a beautiful girl, from Plato, even from the veritable Ipse Dixit himself, whose frosty philosophy thawed before the fire of love.

Thou gazest at the stars, my star,
And would I were the sky,
That I might view thee from afar
With many a glowing eye.

By Theodorus, to Harmocrates, whose nasal developement was uncommonly huge.

Thy nose, my friend, is so excessive,
To call it *thine* would be a wrong to’t,
But rather *that* is the possessive,
And we should judge that you belong to’t;
And having met thee, properly I say,
Nose’s Harmocrates I saw to-day.

Ammianus gives quite a caustic turn to the common wish, that the earth may lie lightly on the breast of the departed.

Light lie the earth, Nearchus, on thy breast,
That dogs may tear thee from thy place of rest.

Here follows a little thing, replete with that still despair, so natural to a thoughtful Heathen.

By Archias.

I praise the Thracians, since for those they mourn,
 Whose eyes are opening to the light of day,
 But joy, when Death, the slave of Fate, has torn
 Their sons and daughters from their arms away.
 For we, the living, through each cruel ill
 With painful steps continually go,
 While they, who sleep beneath the grave's green hill,
 Have found, at last, a refuge from their wo.

Here is a most beautiful epitaph upon Sophocles, composed by Limmias, the Theban. In the first place, I will render it literally and consecutively into plain English, although, reader, thou knowest that—saving only in the Bible—the life and loveliness of all poetry dies under this *ossifying* process. “Gently over the tomb of Sophocles, gently, oh! ivy, mayst thou creep, pouring thy green curls abroad; and all about it may the petals of the rose bloom, and the grape-loving vine, scattering its moist branches around, on account of the wise docility, which he of the honey-tongue displayed, among the Muses and the Graces.”

It was thus elegantly translated many years since:

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
 Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
 Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
 With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
 Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
 Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
 Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
 Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Beautifully done—yet somewhat marred by the incongruous idea of a *soul writing*. For my own attempt, I claim no merit, save something of fidelity.

Gently, oh! ivy, gently curl thy tresses,
 Where the cold bones of Sophocles repose;
 May thy young tendrils clasp in soft caresses
 The bursting petals of the blushing rose.
 May the green vine, its dewy branches flinging,
 A lasting bower above thy grave entwine,
 For the deep wisdom thou didst show, when singing
 Among the Graces and the heavenly Nine.

Thou knowest how the cruel Acrisius committed his daughter Danaë, with her infant Perseus, to the protection of a small ark, and the mercy of a raging sea. In this—certainly one of the most touching fragments of all antiquity, and written by Simonides, the Ceian, a poet, heart and soul—Danaë is introduced, alone and cheerless, yet watching, with a mother's tenderness, over her sleeping son.

Round the frail boat the wild winds, roaring, swept,
 And shook the heart of Danaë with fear,
 While from her cold, pale cheek, as Theseus slept,
 Dropt the fast tear.
 And round her little boy, with closer strain,
 Her folding arm the desolate mother flung,
 And to the heedless winds her humble plain
 Half said, half sung.
 "Sweetly thou retest in thy joyless dwelling,
 And slumber sealeth up thy spirit mild,
 Though the dark waves be far around thee swelling,
 Perseus, my child.
 O'er thy bright locks while angry winds are lashing
 The storm-chafed spray, still sleeps thy careless eye:
 Little thou heedest, though the waves be dashing
 Insanely by.
 Wrapped in thy purple cloak—my breast thy pillow—
 Thou driftest helplessly—the ocean's toy—
 Rocked in thy slumbers by the rolling billow—
 My little boy!
 Did not this peril at thy heart lie lightly,
 Unto thy little ear my words would creep:
 But *now* thy face even through the gloom shines brightly—
 Oh! Perseus, sleep.
 And may the waves, and may our sorrows slumber,
 And may all snares be broken in our path;
 And on our foes, great Jove, for Perseus number
 Thy tenfold wrath."

"Solventur fletu tabulæ: tu, lector, abibis."

HERMENEUTES.

"OUR MAGAZINE."

READER, our salutation must be brief—our correspondents have left us but brief space, in which to give it thee; nevertheless, we cannot take our leave, without introducing to you the dignified personage on our title-page. 'Tis but his likeness. He has long since gone—otherwise, we should not dare take upon ourselves this familiarity; but now we may here both gaze at, and converse about him with freedom. All will readily recognize that distinguished individual, Gov. ELIHU YALE, the patron of our Institution, (whose name it bears,) and the benefactor of mankind. We have not space, were we able, to give him his deserts. Let his epitaph, written in the good old style, and being that which expresses most in the fewest words, speak for us.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
 In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed,
 Where long he liv'd and thriv'd; at London dead.
 Much Good, some Ill he did: so hope all's even,
 And that his soul thro' Mercy's gone to Heav'n."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Lines to M. S." and "A Sabbath Morning," were received too late for insertion. They shall appear soon.

The "Lover's Avowal," is not after the present fashion.

"Little Jane" is wanting in dignity.

O.'s piece is rejected. We felt ourselves somewhat endangered in the perusal, particularly in the stormy parts of it.

H. and Imo, are respectfully declined.

We are highly pleased with the "Dramatic Fragment." It shall appear in our next.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

TO BE CONDUCTED BY THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

AN *apology* for establishing a Literary Magazine, in an institution like Yale College, can hardly be deemed requisite by an enlightened public; yet a statement of the objects which are proposed in this Periodical, may not be out of place.

To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours; and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life;—such, and similar motives have urged us to this undertaking.

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1
Berg H. Edm

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NO. III.

APRIL, 1836.

NEW HAVEN:
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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1836.

NO. 3.

PREJUDICE AND SCEPTICISM.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

THIS hackneyed distich is most frequently used to convey an idea of that arrogant confidence which attends the first superficial acquisitions in knowledge, and the characteristic diffidence of the profound mind. Whether this is the impression intended to be conveyed by its excellent author, it is not necessary to inquire: it evidently involves a principle, which is illustrated by the history of every nation, and has an important application to our own.

In tracing society through the various stages of its progress from barbarism to civilization, we observe, almost universally, a point intermediate between the two, where the foundations of the social system seem to be broken up, and anarchy and confusion prevail. Among men in a state of the greatest rudeness and ignorance, customs and manners are comparatively permanent. Ages on ages roll away, and the same simple institutions are handed down from father to son with the most scrupulous care, and with scarcely a perceptible change. In this condition of man prejudice holds universal sway. The practice, or the 'ipse dixit' of a superior is the foundation upon which they rest their belief, and the rule by which they govern their actions; and in opinions resting upon such a basis, there is no doubt or wavering. No intricate maze of reasoning leaves a dark corner to beget distrust, but like the insect upon a flying fragment, the contracted vision of the savage reaches not beyond the established creed of his predecessors; and upon that, however far it may be from reason and truth, he rests in secure repose. But when he has obtained one glance beyond that rude fabric, he feels the trembling of his basis, and his inquisitive mind becomes alive to all the realities of his situation. He begins to reason—he begins to doubt—and confidence once shaken in former belief, scepticism becomes

universal. He is thrown upon the resources of his own rude mind ; prejudice wars with passion and impressions from the world, and reason roams, and often roams in vain, in search of those pure principles from which spring the happiness of enlightened communities.

In this incipient stage of knowledge, the field from which individuals derive their impressions and opinions is contracted ; and influenced as they are by different circumstances and associations, it is not surprising that their ideas should rarely concur. Mind clashes with mind, and from this collision necessarily arises a popular effervescence. But as knowledge advances, the horizon of each individual extends farther and farther, and consequently coincides to a greater extent with that of those around him. Hence, after this fiery ordeal of revolution, in proportion as intelligence prevails, the sentiments of the community harmonize, civil institutions become more permanent, and society settles down into a peaceful, happy condition.

This is, indeed, but the brief outline of a theory ; and like all other theories, it requires great modification in its application to the world. Man in his progress to civilization is not always influenced by the same principles operating in the same way. In one instance, as he breaks through the spell of prejudice—grasps the sword of reason, and enters upon his rude analysis of mind and matter, he is directed by some apparently fortuitous agency, at once to the elements of peace and happiness, and advances in rapid strides from barbarism to refinement. In another instance, in the same rude contest—the same clashing of mental and physical energy, a nation falls exhausted in the struggle, and sinks, if possible, to a state even more hopeless than before. Nor is this period of revolutions confined to the incipient stage of science in all its branches. Nations, that have apparently past this eventful period, and settled down into the uniformity of civilized life, are sometimes shaken to their very foundations, by the agitation of some subject that had before escaped the trying test of reason, and from some peculiar cause, been suffered to remain upon the rotten foundation of prejudice and superstition. Indeed, no nation is entirely secure from revolution until all its institutions are established upon the basis of truth—of truth that is seen and felt by the great body of the community.

The French revolution is, perhaps, as good an illustration of this subject, as can be found in the annals of history. There we behold a people not utterly buried in ignorance, but even taking the lead in the sciences and arts, and apparently approaching the peace and security of an enlightened state. But presently we are startled at a horrid revolution sweeping over her. Religion and politics had not yet undergone a strict examination. It is true, religious controversies had been carried on, and wars, bloody and protracted, had been waged between the Huguenots and Catholics ; but they were little more than the collision of prejudices, and the quarrels of priests

and princes. But when that doubting, ridiculing philosophy had rent the veil of superstition, and, united with a gleam of liberty from across the waters, had opened to the gaze of the multitude those sinks of corruption, the people were exasperated at the wrongs which they had before piously endured; they swept the land with unprecedented fury, and hurled to one promiscuous ruin every monument of royalty, nobility and priestcraft. But—alas for France! in that eventful moment no kind genius appeared to direct the awakened mind to the fountains of truth. Disgusted and maddened by the absurdities and impositions of the church and state, they were driven into the dreadful abyss of infidelity, and at last, in the recklessness of despair, they relinquished the contest, and were ready to kiss a yoke even more galling than the former. It is not our intention to convey the idea, that the French revolution was in no way beneficial. This is a question for a future age to decide. But we do intend to assert, that a knowledge of literature and science merely, however much they may contribute to it, is not sufficient for a nation's security; and that when man has been roused to investigation, unless inexperienced reason is aided in its search after truth, he is liable to fall into the most fatal errors. This height of civilization has been attained only by the accumulated wisdom of ages, and it is not, therefore, to be expected that unassisted reason will arrive at it at once. Had not the French been left to be carried headlong by the first transports of passion, or had the pure principles of religion and freedom been presented in such a way as to be imbibed and felt, they might have risen to a lofty elevation, and been able to look back upon that horrid scene of anarchy and bloodshed only as the harbinger of liberty and peace. As it is, she has only added another illustration to the many that before existed, of the truth of our motto—of the danger of rousing the inquisitive mind of man, without providing the means and the opportunity of arriving at correct conclusions in his inquiries. Man's reason is not infallible; and thus to awaken the attention of the ignorant or the inexperienced, destroy their confidence in established institutions, and then leave them to grope their own way to the fountains of truth, is like committing to the breeze a ship without a helm, and expecting it to arrive safe at its distant destined port.

It may be supposed that this subject has little application to a country so enlightened as ours, and so accustomed to submit every thing to the scrutiny of unbiassed reason. When we consider that our institutions derive their origin from the most profound minds our country has ever produced, and that they have prospered, for more than half a century, beyond the most sanguine expectations of their founders, we are apt to forget that the prosperity of all institutions depends upon the attachment of the people, and to imagine that ours are inherently secure. It would be natural also to suppose, that the discrepancies between different portions of the country

would gradually wear away by continual contact and free intercourse, and that the longer we existed in our present condition, the more consolidated and unanimous we should become. But the crisis has not yet arrived. We have received these institutions upon the faith of our fathers, and, hitherto, been engaged, not in fairly discussing, but in eulogizing and defending them, without ever allowing ourselves to doubt their excellence and superiority over all others. These venerable fathers have now gone down to their graves; our enemies have become our friends; the distorting medium of prejudice through which we have hitherto viewed the world is removed, and we are left to scrutinize at our leisure the fair fabric which has been committed to us. Were this investigation to be candid and serious, we should be safe. But he who has the least acquaintance with human nature is aware, that when our complacency proceeds from an influence prepossessing us in favor of an object, there is a re-action in sentiment when that influence is removed: complacency becomes disgust, and the more extravagant it has been, the more powerful is the opposite bias. Upon this principle, we may account for that complete change in the means by which power and influence are sought from the people. Formerly, the only method of finding favor with the multitude, was to enlist heart and hand in supporting and extolling our glorious institutions; but he who would succeed in pursuit of the same object, at the present day, must find some real or imaginary imperfection, and by a torrent of ranting eloquence, display, on every occasion, his superior sagacity in detecting the errors of our fathers. Besides, the greater this blind confidence we have acquired in our institutions, the more negligent shall we be in support of them, and the more severe in exposing and decrying their imperfections. Already we begin to hear, on the one hand, the sneering taunt at the fickleness, inefficiency, and illiberality of our proceedings, and the high encomium upon aristocracy and its concomitant advantages, and on the other, the expression of envy towards rising wealth and power, and utter contempt towards law and all wholesome restraint. These floating insinuations are the seeds of future public sentiment, and unless counteracted by a salutary influence, the effect will be ruinous. It is true, we are an intelligent people, and by no means blind to our own immediate interests; but it is also indisputably certain, that the deliberate judgment and profound thought of our predecessors have been, in some measure, supplanted by a mere smattering of other men's ideas. Precocious demagogues and priests are taking the places of grave statesmen and a sound, revered clergy. It is an idea instilled into us in our childhood, and which we carry with us throughout our career, that the present is an age far more effulgent than any that has before dawned upon the world; and we therefore think ourselves warranted in laying aside all past experience, and forming our conclusions upon our own notions of expediency. The course of reason-

ing, which led to the establishment of the noble institutions and customs which have been handed down to us, is not at once comprehended, and we resolve immediately to demolish, and substitute the frail creations of our own fancy, which past experience and further reflection show to be ruinous. In short, we have enjoyed the blessings of our government just long enough to lose sight of the evils of others, and are just wise enough to detect the imperfections of our own system, without being able, from a deep sense of the injuries under which every other people groans, to appreciate its excellence. It becomes, then, every lover of his country, and, especially, him who, in the prime of youth, is looking forward to it as the scene of a happy life, with high hopes of honor and power, to beware how he lends his aid to alienate public sentiment from this parent of his present joys and future hopes, and to enlist heart and hand in support of a government which has certainly, for more than half a century, secured to this community a greater amount of happiness than was ever before enjoyed by any portion of the earth's population. The popular judgment will be sufficiently severe under the most favorable circumstances. When that is passed, and the people are satisfied from their own examination, that the regulations which govern them are the most perfect in existence, then, or at least not till then, may we esteem the crisis past, and our country safe.

L.

 SONNET.

'Tis beautiful to-day. There's not a cloud
 To mar this sweet serenity of sky :
 In Beauty's arms all nature seems to lie :
 Earth smiles, as though the Deity had bowed
 To wrap her form in loveliness, and crowd
 The air with spirits of the waking spring.
 How meet that man his gift of homage bring,
 With Nature praise, and be no longer proud !
 Oh, lovely day of rest ! how sweetly thou
 With joys of Heaven canst fill the thirsting soul !
 As out from rocks the gushing fountains roll,
 So from the heart of flinty hardness, now
 Does burst, unbidden, the pure, fervent prayer,
 And, with the morning dew, ascend the viewless air.

K.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY.

SCENE—*An Orange Grove.**Enter MUZA.*

Muza, solus. Hark! heard I not her step, or was it nought
 But Fancy's wild creation? Ah! tis gone,
 And still she's absent. Ye odor-breathing groves,
 Aslant whose dewy bloom the virgin moon
 Pours her mild radiance, what though ye are fair,
 And rich in all the fragrance nature yields?
 Ye bring no balm to soothe my anxious mind—
 But soft! she comes—my Isabel—

Enter ISABEL.

Isabel. Oh, Muza! Muza! pardon, I beseech you,
 This rash, misguided step, that unbecomes
 My virgin modesty and maiden pride.
 Muza, I've erred. Oh let me now depart;
 'Tis not a fitting time.

Muza. Say why not, dear maid? This is the hour
 I've longed, I've prayed for; and thank Allah now
 'Tis come at last. (*Kneeling.*)
 Sweet Isabel, my heart is wholly thine.
 I love thee more than life. Nay, do not turn
 Those lovely eyes away; still let them beam
 With gentleness on me. List, dear one, list—

Isabel. Cease, Muza, cease. These glowing words of love
 Savor too much of thine own sunny clime,
 That makes the tenderest passions of the heart
 Burn with a fiercer flame. But 'tis not meet
 That we should hold such converse at this hour;
 And death awaits thee, Muza, if thou'rt found
 Within these groves.

Muza. Isabel,
 Is then my safety of concern to thee?
 And does the pang of fear thrill through thy breast
 For Muza's sake?

Isabel. Oh yes.

Thinkest thou that Isabel can look with coldness
Upon the brave preserver of her honor?

Thy welfare, trust me,
Shall ever be the object of my care;
And still the tender tie of gratitude
Shall bind my heart to thee.

Muza. Say, dear one, say the tender tie of love.

Isabel. Urge me not, Muza, urge me not too far.
But come, I claim a promise: wilt thou not
Fulfil it now? I long to hear thee tell
The wild, romantic history of thy life;—
For such it must be, if I can surmise
Aught from the hints which thou hast thrown around thee.

Muza. I will obey thee, Isabel,
Though I would rather pour into thine ear
The breathings of my soul, than now recount
A dull detail of cold and lifeless facts.
Know, then, I spring not from the Moorish race,
But Christian blood bounds freely through these veins.
No more I know; the secret of my birth
Is wrapt in mystery;
But yet within my mind faint traces live,
When the paternal hand upon this head
Rested with fondness, and a mother's eye,
Radiant with love, beamed brightly on my heart;
But then, there comes a blank in memory's page:
And next, dark visions flit before my mind
Of bloodshed, death and slaughter, while to view
The swarth and fiery visage of the Moor
Starts up, attended with appalling horrors.
A truce to memory. What I am I know;
Thou askest, and shalt know. A warrior bold
I dwell upon the banks of fair Xenil,
Where that bright river, with its winding stream,
Laves proud Granada's walls. Ask Muza's name
Within Alhambra's towers. 'Tis he whose heart
Is boldest in the fight, whose daring valor
Oft sweeps the plains of fertile Andalusia.

Isabel. Oh, boast not of these actions, where the cross,
The sacred symbol of my holy faith,
Bows down before the crescent. Tell me, Muza,
Does not thy heart reproach thee when this sword
Is stained with Christian blood—perhaps the blood
Of friends and kindred, who would gladly lose
Their lives to rescue thee?

THE COFFEE CLUB.

No. I.

"Of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best;—I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trust to Almighty God for the second."—*Tristram Shandy*.

READER,

SHOULD you, on any one of these gloomy spring evenings, chance to traverse the college yard, between the hours of nine and ten, among the many glowing windows, with which the sombre buildings are then radiant, you may notice two, shining with transcendent brilliancy. Of the situation of these windows, and the occasion of so intense a glow, as to distinguish them from the dull light diffused by the solitary study-lamp, it suits not with our purpose to tell thee more than this: 1st, that they occupy a central position in that building, which, in college mythos, holds the rank of the third heaven; (to south middle we can assign no gentler appellation than *purgatory*;) 2nd, that, in the day-time, they admit the light *to*, and in the night season emit it *from*, one of the most literary, best furnished, and withall best peopled rooms, which our well stocked University can boast; and 3d, that at the hour above specified, within this room are assembled four as merry, yet thoughtful fellows, as your eye (especially if you be a little cynical) would desire to look upon. But to speak of them in the high terms which they deserve, would expose me to the charge of base flattery in the case of three, and arrant egotism for the fourth. Further than this, curious reader, except so far as may serve to elucidate the characters of these *Dii superi*, we shall never communicate.

But, stop—my better judgment whispers me, that 'twould be safer to satiate thy curiosity, at once, than have thee continually peering about and asking troublesome questions. Enter, then, this mysterious room—erect thy crest—quicken thy memory, for it must serve thee in good stead. Thou hast free permission,

'Each corner to search, and each nook to scan.'

Well, you have made your bow with such a trigonometrical flourish, as proves indisputably your claim to a rectilineal descent from the *Angles*—if I intended a pun, may I eat a dinner of cabbage and quicksilver, and then, with my heels higher than my head, take a

siesta beneath a Nubian sun on "Damien's bed of steel;" (Dante would have chuckled over so original a punishment, for the embellishment of his *Inferno*.) Now you are in the room don't open your mouth with such a convulsive gape. Did you never see a classical studio before? Drop your arms by your sides with perpendicular propriety, and, if you wish to note the aspect of the room, and its occupants, do it by quiet, occasional glances, and not by an Hibernian stare. Take a seat—you have done it indeed, and with a most rheumatic grace; one would think you had been studying the 'Poetry of motion' all your days. If you wish to take an inventory of the novelties you see, "*Accipe jam tabulas*"—pull out your memorandum book,—"*detur nobis locus, hora, custodes*"—sit down, and take your time about it, but be careful,—"*videamus, uter plus scribere possit*"—see how fast you can write; that's what my old *pædōtribe* used to call a *free translation*.

But we must hasten to a description of the room, and its contents.

Item. Your infernal extremities are sublevated by a carpet, somewhat homely, but thick and warm, while from an open stove a blazing pile of 'divina Hickoria' (as Virgil would call it) diffuses a salutary warmth.

Item. Abutting upon either window, stand two tall and open book-cases, "filled to the brim of contentment." Beside the dull and thumb-worn volumes of the 'college course,' which constitute but a small portion of their burden, you will find a choice selection from the infinity of books, which the wit of man has perpetrated. The stolidity of wisdom, and the levity of wit, equally find there a place.

Item. In the centre of the room rests a substantial table, around whose broad circumference an astral lamp sheds its fluent splendors upon a literary chaos, where taste and fancy have collected their aliment,

' In embryo atoms

Light-armed, or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow'—

The meditations of Hervey, and the sparkling humor of Butler,—the regal Virgil,

' With the sounding line—

The long, majestic march, and energy divine,'—

the smart antithesis of Martial—the luscious flow of Ovid, and the delicate indelicacy of Terence, and the '*curiosa felicitas*' of Catullus—(the phrase was first applied to Horace.) But we are exhausting our critical knowledge, and thy patience—suffice it to say, that, strown in elegant confusion, lie a motley assemblage—Milton and the Comic Almanac—Coleridge and the President's Message—Kent's Commentaries between the two volumes of Rienzi—Shaks-

peare and John Bunyan—the Yale Literary Magazine and Tristram Shandy, open at the page whence we extracted our motto.

Item. Stretching along the back side of the room, is a sofa, of most dyspeptic virtues—hard by, is an arm-chair, expansive enough for an alderman—and next, beneath a mirror, stands a dressing table, which, besides the appliances of adscititious beauty, *eau de cologne*, and “thine incomparable oil, Macassar,” supports a load of cups and spoons, and other paraphernalia for the fruition of that rich beverage,

‘Which Jove now drinks, since Hebe spilt his nectar,
And Juno swears most bravely does affect her.’

At the same time, on the coals, is sweating and snoring a huge pot, (the *conica tridentata* of naturalists,) like an uneasy slumberer, ‘*flagrantis atroce horâ caniculæ*’—that is, about fly-time. Pray, reader, remark my classic taste, which I have thus thrice developed for your amusement.

We have thus slightly touched upon some of the most striking phenomena which meet your eye. The living appurtenances of the room demand a more careful and individual notice.

Close to one side of the stove, with his feet on the fender, and his body ‘squat like a toad,’ in the easy embrace of an arm chair, sits a singular personage, known to thee, at least, reader, by the fanciful cognomen of Apple-Dumpling. He bears upon his plump visage and stout frame, the impress of sensuality, struggling with, and almost triumphing over, a good natural portion of intellect and refinement. As you see him now, with a cigar in his mouth, and a volume of Lamb’s in his hand—equally relishing the beauties of both—gazing now and then, with pleasant anticipation gleaming in his eye, upon the bubbling, hissing fountain, at his feet—and again with intellectual delight, joining in the keen raillery of his companions—from this short sketch, we say, you may divine his character. His personal appearance is no less queer than his mental organization. He is beneath the middle height, but owing to an odd habit, which he has, of bobbing his head up and down, like a startled bullfrog, his height is incessantly vibrating, between five feet, and five feet six. His hair seems constantly electrified, and points in all directions, like glory in the primer. A low forehead, thick lips, and a dull face, redeemed only by the brightness of his eye, are the only peculiarities, which deserve our notice. The worst thing about Apple is, that he is an inveterate punster, and plumes himself on his proficiency in this execrable art. You can always tell when to expect his artillery of wit. He gives utterance to a sudden, energetic whiff, and knocks the ashes fiercely from his cigar, whilst from his kindling eye there darts a quick premonitory flash. He is frequently placed under our satirical dissecting knife, and is, certainly, at times very ridiculous—yet, with all his oddities and failings, we love Apple, ‘even as the apple

of our eye,' and should as soon think of throwing away our coffee-pot, as of excluding him from our Quartette. Note with careful eye the individual next him. He is an exquisite in personal appearance and mental conformation. What 'Poor Yorick' said of Dr. Slop and his pony, 'that he never saw a better fit in his life,' might with equal propriety be predicated of this gentleman's mind and body. 'Il Pulito'—for such is his appellative, drawn from his own favorite Italian—possesses all the accomplishments of person and intellect, which are essential to the perfection of a fine gentleman in this most fastidious age. He has a *very general* knowledge of ancient literature, and can *talk* fluently about French, Spanish, Italian, and what not; but should one descend to *particulars*, he is most woefully ignorant, or, as he calls it, *forgetful*. Dante, and Tasso, and Schiller, and Richter, are names ever on his lips; but of any just conception of their character, and their works, he is totally innocent. In truth, his high pretensions will hardly bear a strict examination, except in one particular. His knowledge of English literature is thorough and extensive. He has drunk deep of those well-springs of beauty and truth, the 'Old English prose writers,' lingered long about the haunts of our vernacular Castalia, and plunged over head and ears in the muddy pool of 'transient literature.' He is at no loss for an opinion—most commonly a correct one, too, upon Lord Bolingbroke, or Captain Marryatt—gentle Philip Sydney, or Porcupine Cobbett—the cacophonous Chaucer, or the sweetly sentimental 'L. E. L.' With such attainments, and a certain seductive grace in language and manners, Il Pulito is a most agreeable *collabareteur* in our nocturnal toils. Were we to omit altogether a passing notice of his *external* recommendations, and a sly hint at some of his 'labors of love,' he would never forgive us! for on these he prides himself incontinently. I would not hint that all his self-complacency is absorbed in dress—yet he certainly *peacocks himself*, as the Italians say, when he throws back the collar of his coat, displaying thereby a fair round chest, from the middle of whose glossy, *dipectoral* envelope glitters the golden symbol of *craniossal* love. Dancing, music, drawing, and all the other *equivocal* graces of 'the gentleman,' are as 'familiar things' to him. He can give you a masterly criticism on a pretty foot, or a well turned arm, and has caused alarming symptoms of a disease of the heart in more than one of 'Nature's fair defects.' I have often known the fellow fling his dark locks around his brow in clustering beauty, and saunter with *unstudied* carelessness among some half dozen of his fair acquaintance, while the graceful dignity of his carriage, the significance of his tone, and the eloquence of his eye, sent to the innocent young heart a disturbing thrill, and called to the cheek a warm flush of unconscious pleasure. Then, too, how perfect he is at turning a sonnet. Il Pulito is a fine tasteful fellow, with a slight touch of the dandy. In our coterie, however, he keeps his coxcombry, and

his love affairs pretty much to himself; for we would be loth to admit any feminine sentimentalism, to mar our hearty, masculine hilarity.

On the opposite side of the stove sits the immortal Ego. Shall I describe him—i. e. myself? I will, and that, too, in a manner equally free from vanity and familiarity; for I have a respect for myself not much inferior to that of the polite Spaniard, who took off his hat whenever he spoke *of* or *to* himself. But to spare my feelings, which are like the *sensitive Mimosa*—oh! simile most original and sweet!—I must recur to the third person. His name is Nescio Quod. His face when alone is grave and thoughtful; in company, it is jolly and careless, yet crossed here and there by lines of serious reflection, which, on the whole, form the general expression of his countenance. He, as well as Il Pulito, has dipped into almost every thing, and gone deeply into some—he has read extensively and foolishly, and is, very naturally, infected with the itch of quoting. He is apt to mistake strangeness of expression for originality of thought, and when he has revived some obsolete phrase, or brought forth some new-coined word, to which there are already a dozen synonymes, he hugs himself as fondly as if he had struck out a brilliant witticism. He is vague and anomalous—every thing except wise—sometimes misanthrope, sometimes pedant, sometimes a musing poetico-philosopher, but always his own miscellaneous self. He is fond of books, as much from their generic nature, as from any specific merits they may possess, and has always some conclusive reason for thinking the last book presented to his notice, the best he ever saw in his life. Is the book an old one? 'Tis the voice of antiquity—a message from the past. Is the work fresh from the literary mint? It breathes of novelty—its odor is refreshing. He is a very fluent writer, and for this reason, though by no means the most elegant of the four, he has been selected to commit to paper the annals of our doings.

The last of our coterie is called by mortals—no matter what; among the Gods his name is Il Tristo. His soft hair hangs about his face “unkempt” and tangled. His eye is faded, his cheek colorless. Across his uneasy forehead flits momentarily, from dark to light, each shade of passion.

“And o’er that fair, broad brow are wrought
The intersected lines of thought—
Those furrows which the burning share
Of sorrow plows untimely there.”

Now his face is dark with some bitter remembrance—now softened by some tender thought—now lightened by some glorious purpose. Tristo is pure and passionate. But his thin, light frame is too weak for the agitations of his burning spirit. So far as I can learn, he has been from boyhood the child of the feelings—“chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies.” He has lived in an artificial world—a

world of poetry and romance. In spite of his good taste, his excitable feelings and craving wishes lead him to dwell upon fictions of wild and outrageous extravagance. This is not a world for the gentle or wayward in heart, and Tristo's plans and fancies are daily crossed and crushed. Indeed, I sometimes think that his heart-strings have been jarred by a terrible concussion, and will never vibrate more, save in tones of mournful music. When in society, he usually represses his moodiness, and his thoughts come forth with a fluent brightness, which is purified and enhanced by their melancholy tinge. In our company he is more frank and cheerful than elsewhere, and will, at times, by his eloquence of feeling, call forth our sympathies and excite our admiration. He never speaks heartlessly—his literary opinions, his views of society, are all colored by his feelings—and he will condemn a worthless publication, or espouse the cause of a favorite author, with as much earnestness as if he were a party in the case. His vehemence adds greatly to the life of our discussions, and his caustic, yet good-natured wit, to the merriment of our lighter moods.

Thou hast by this time a clear idea of the room, *its* occupants and *their* occupation. Now do the amanuensis.—

"A fine essay that," said Dumpling, as he threw down a volume of Elia, accompanying the movement with a prolonged emission of breath and smoke. "A masterly essay, that upon Shakspeare. (Puff.) Lamb is, or *was*, by far the best critic of the nineteenth century, not excepting Kit North himself. Wilson rants too much. He leads us all over creation for treasures which he might as well have given us at first. But the deep, quiet Lamb—(Puff, puff, puff.) By the way, how advances the coffee, Nescio?" Nescio roared, Pulito stroked his chin and laughed, while a quick, bright smile beamed over the face of Tristo, at the characteristic transition.

"Why," said Nescio, "I think it has reached its maximum of excellence."

"An excellent maxim that remark of yours," said Apple, complacently, thinking he saw a handle for a pun.

Nescio. "Oh! Dumpling, don't be witty, at least in that line. Addison used to say that punning was the lowest species of wit."

Apple. "Addison was an ass. (Puff.) Infund some coffee *instantane*. How beautifully clear! 'Tis pure as Heaven."

Nescio. "Yes! I'll wager my Kent's Commentaries against Nat. Willis's poems, that not the *ordinaires* of London, the *restaurateurs* of Paris, or the *cafés* of Madrid, can furnish better."

Pulito. "Ha! ha! One would think from that long array of 'instances,' that you were really a 'man of travel,' and were perfectly at home in St. James' Square or the Rue de St. Honore."

Nescio. "I have heard of them, which is just as well."

Apple. "Do you know, friend Quod, that we do wrong in drinking coffee so transparent?"

Nescio. "No! how, pray? Instruct us."

Apple. "Why, we ought always to see the *grounds* of what we imbibe."

Pulito. "Oh! spare us, incorrigible wretch. 'Wilt never cease?'"

Nescio. "How long were you loading that gun, Apple?"

Apple. "Rest you content, *fair* sir. 'Twas an *improvisation*—a direct inspiration from Mercury."

Nescio. "The *mercury* must have been some degrees below zero, I should guess."

Apple. "Oh! most miserable! (Puff.) Physician, heal thyself. You are like the man that preached against dishonesty with a stolen shilling in his pocket."

Pulito. "Cease this 'childish treble'—take another cup of coffee, and then tell me what you think of 'Tristram Shandy,' which I have found lying here on the sofa, 'dejected and alone.'"

Apple. "Think of it? (Puff.) What should I think of it, but that it's the finest book in the world? I prefer it to both Swift and Smollett."

Nescio. "Well, now, in candor, I do not like it very much, nor did I ever. I have sometimes stared at his strange conceits, and laughed at his queer conjunctions, and been, in a few instances, actually ravished by his beauty and his *naturalness*. But, then, look at the astounding proofs of his thievish propensities—at his plagiarisms from Rabelais, which were traced out by his English bloodhound; and, whether original or borrowed, look at his tedious and fruitless wanderings, enlivened, it is true, by conceptions as beautiful as they are new, yet putting one out of patience and out of breath."

Apple. (Puff.)

"Cease: no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose.'

I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Quod. You and I must part if you say any thing prejudicial to my beloved Laurence. Shakspeare, Fielding and Sterne are my favorites *par eminence*, and 'let my tongue cleave,' (puff)—'let my right hand forget,' (puff)—if I do not defend them till—my last cigar—that is, in a quiet way, by swearing to my belief, which is as firm as the laws of the Medes, or the determination of a pig. As for logic, hang your silly syllogisms—hem!—I would not *argue* the point, if Sterne were my grandfather."

Nescio. "Well, if you will not defend him, perhaps Tristo will. What say you?"

Tristo. "Oh! There are parts and passages of glorious beauty! The episodes of the Monk, Maria, and the dead Ass—I confess it—draw tears at the bare remembrance."

Nescio. "Yes—but those are in the Sentimental Journey."

Tristo. "Right. It is some years since I read it. I have of late been absorbed in poetry, wild fiction, and idle thinkings. Friend Pulito, however, if you can waken him from his trance, will, doubtless, be glad to enter the list with you—lance in rest."

Nescio. "He must speak for himself. Come, Pulito, what think you of the proposal?"

Pulito. (Musing.) "Why, I have hardly thought, yet, of *proposing*, though she's a deusedly pretty girl—Phoebus! what a face, and what a dewy lip!"

Apple. (Chuckling.) "You and she then might play a fine *dew-wet* together."

Pulito. (Still gazing in his coffee-cup.) "True—she does sing well—and then, such glossy hair, and that eye of jet."

Apple. "From that eye, then, we might expect to see a fine *jet d'eau*." [At this last discharge, Pulito was thoroughly awakened, while the others wished they had been asleep.]

Nescio. "Now you're awake, Pulito, you will, perhaps, answer my challenge."

Pulito. "Your challenge, my dear fellow? I heard none. But, if it related, as Paley says, 'either remotely or immediately' to the drinking of coffee, I'm ready for you 'when and where thou wilt, lad.'"

Tristo. "Pulito is either strangely forgetful, or ridiculously perverse to-night. Let us enlighten the fellow. While your eyes were in 'dim suffusion veiled,' and you were *reversing* upon 'sweet seventeen,' Nescio has offered Apple and myself, pitched battle over Sterne's 'Tristram Shandy.' Apple refuses to fight, being like Knickerbocker's fumigating warriors, more valorous with the pipe, than the sword, while I retire, inglorious, knowing nothing of this 'bone of contention.' Quod, who is determined to have 'war of words,' next offers you the challenge."

Pulito. Your pardon, Quod, for my inattention, and thanks to you, Tristo, for your kind mediation. By the dark-eyed houries of Mahomet's heaven—by the beauty congregated in the harem of the Sultan, (Pooh, interjected Dumpling,)—I never—what was I going to say?—Oh! I never felt better disposed in my life to do literary battle—for I have read the book through, within the last month, and, faith, I believe I introduced the subject myself. I'll uphold the *old* novelists against all gainsayers and Bulwerites."

Nescio. "I do defy thee, stripling. As I myself once said, (rather foolishly though,)

'I wouldn't give the peeling of an onion
For all they wrote, from Fielding back to Bunyan.'

The *old* novelists against Bulwer! Why, man, Bulwer is a genius—the *soul* of Wit, Philosophy, and Poetry."

"Bulwer a poet," said Tristo—"have you read the Siamese Twins?" "Bulwer a wit," said Apple—"in all his novels, he has no more than ten puns to a volume, on the average." "Bulwer a philosopher," said Pulito—"Oh! shade of Locke!"

What further open maledictions or sly hits, the 'favorite of the periodical press' and circulating libraries, might have received is uncertain.—Just then a shout of *Fire*, which rung through the reechoing halls of the building, roused our sympathies, and joining in the cry, we rushed from the room.

Ego.

THE FAIRIES' BOWER.

WHEN the stars are watching high in Heaven,
And silence has thrown, with a magical power,
Her mystic spell o'er the face of even,
Thou may'st not come to the Fairies' bower.

Though the star of thy fate shine lovely and bright,
And smile like a seraph just loosed from its sphere,
Yet visit not thou that bower by night,
For the spirits of evil are hovering there.

Though the seraph smile, and the voice of Love,
Should call thee forth to indulge its dream,—
Oh! go not there! though the moon from above,
Should beckon thee forth with her quivering beam.

For the flowers that grow in that silent spot,
With their lovely hues, are laden with tears,
And the birds that sing in that Fairy grot,
Will hasten away when the evening appears.

And the smile of Love will lose its light,
And the voice of the lover will lose its tone,—
And the stars that lumine the gloom of night,
Will cease to smile from their ruby throne.

And the star of thy fate will cease to shine,—
And the flowers will weep a dewy shower;
And the smile of joy will desert its shrine,
When thou strayest at eve in the Fairies' bower.

Then, go not thou to the Fairies' bower,
When evening is drawing her curtains round;
For the spirits that rule the midnight hour,
Are tripping at eve on that haunted ground.

H.

April 1st, 1836.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORAL FEELING UPON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

ESSAY No. I.

By moral feeling, we mean a recognition of those great principles of right and wrong, which form the basis of our relation to each other as social beings. When it is exhibited in our varied character of members of a community, citizens of a commonwealth, and brethren of the human family, we give it the specific names of benevolence, patriotism, and philanthropy. Since then, these relations are so comprehensive, and so necessarily blended and interwoven with all our habits of thought and action, the influence of this feeling must extend to most, if not to all the powers of the mind. It will be our object in this series of essays, to demonstrate this influence as affecting the pleasures of the imagination.

By the benignity of our Creator, we have been endowed with the powers of taste and imagination, to throw a charm over the ruggedness of human life, and bring in a thousand tributes of enjoyment to cheer our hearts in our journeyings through this 'vale of tears.' These pleasures, as long as the powers themselves are uncorrupted by vice, and their purity free from the taint of unhallowed passions, are of a kind the most pure and innocent. We believe it to be an immutable law, in all the operations of the mind, that the exercise of our virtuous affections, as far as it is carried, induces the highest possible degree of happiness which we are capable of feeling. Our most exquisite enjoyments in Literature and the Fine Arts, will be found to receive their origin from something which most directly calls up virtuous associations; and in the beauties of the natural world, those scenes prove the most delightful, which elevate our contemplations to the infinite perfections of the 'great First Cause.'

We would remark, that the influence of moral feeling tends to heighten the pleasure which we derive from Eloquence and Poetry. The pleasure which flows from these sources belongs to the highest and purest order of intellectual enjoyments. They bear with them a voice that wakes the soul to intense interest, now throwing over its powers the inspiration of sublimity, and now floating around it in tones as mellow and gentle as the last whisper of a summer breeze. Who, as he has listened to the voice of the living speaker, and been borne along on the full tide of eloquence at the will of the moving spirit, has not felt his heart swell within him to a loftier expansion, and his bosom throb with the pulsations of a new and more glorious

intelligence? Who, as his imagination has drank in the sweet and thrilling strains of the poet's lyre, and his own spirit has caught the glow of his burning aspirations, has not felt a yearning to soar above and beyond the cold, sluggish atmosphere of sense, and mingle in the fancied existence portrayed so winningly before him? There is something in the ideal but splendid creations of poetry, embodying in its images all that is sublime, and all that is beautiful in the world of thought and of nature, that must ever strike within us a kindred chord. It bids the dim and far off past roll back its tide of vanished years, and centuries of almost forgotten ages pass again, with their memorials, across the theatre of existence. Palmyra rises before us from her ruin of ages, and her long deserted streets are thronged once more by the congregated strangers from a thousand lands. Rome, too, shakes off the yoke of Goth and Vandal, and resumes her proud title of 'mistress of the world.' Again the lofty Capitol is reared on the Tarpeian rock, the long and splendid triumphal procession enters the gates of the temple of Jupiter, and Rome is once more the 'eternal city.' Then we turn toward the classic shores of Greece, and Athens, the 'mother of the arts,' opens her splendors before us. The stately Parthenon, sublime in its proportions and chastely beautiful in its Doric simplicity, still surmounts the summit of the Acropolis. We roam with Plato through the shades of Academia; we stray with Socrates along the banks of the Ilissus; we enter the crowded forum, and listen to the soul-thrilling eloquence of the 'prince of orators.' We need not waste words to prove, that to the man of sensibility, there is a rich repast of intellectual luxuries in such exercises of the imagination. But rich as it is, there is one thing which can bestow a still higher flavor. It is only when the orator rises in the kindling majesty of virtue, when the soul of a patriot lightens in the flashing eye, when the wrongs of the oppressed pour the flush of noble indignation over his brow, and a nation's voice is heard in the thunders of his eloquence, that we can know the full power of his appeals, and receive our most exquisite gratification. For by the very constitution of our mind, our deepest sympathies can be excited only when the holier and lovelier sensibilities of our being are awakened by the exhibition of moral beauty. There is something so commanding, so godlike, in this subservience of great talents to high and noble ends, that while the graces and the fire of the orator delight the fancy and the taste, all our better feelings are enlisted in the purity and exaltation of his purpose. Thus also with the poet—it is only when a spirit from above has breathed the inspiration over him, and his harp is tuned to the minstrelsy of Holiness,—when in the glories of antiquity, the ravages of time, and the mighty revolutions of empires, he leads us, with tender sublimity of feeling, to trace the wonder workings of that wisdom which 'sees the end from the beginning'—that the imagination revels in the fullness of its enjoyment.

C.

COLUMBIA'S BANNER.

BRIGHT banner of Columbia,
 A fragment of the sky,
 Torn down with all thy glitt'ring stars—
 Angelic blazonry !
 Stream onward, like the fiery cloud
 That hung o'er Egypt's sea,
 Terror and darkness to the proud,
 A light to guide the free.

Bright banner of Columbia !
 Thou glory'st not in blood ;
 Yet, if the foe invade our land,
 The foe shall be withstood ;
 A death-grasp shall his welcome be,
 A bloody turf his pillow,
 And on the battle-wave he'll find
 A tomb in every billow.

Dark banner of oppression,
 Droop o'er thy millions slain !
 All stained with floods of human gore,
 Thou ne'er shalt wave again ;
 Save when the wail of misery,
 The orphan's plaintive cry,
 And the widow's moan amid thy folds,
 Shall breathe in agony.

But thou, my country's banner,
 Unstained by guilt or crime,
 Shalt wave o'er every tyrant-flag,
 Until the end of time :
 For Peace lies nestling in thy wings,
 And each emblazoned star
 Sheds down its sweetest influence
 To heal the wounds of war.

Then wave thou on for ages,
 O'er mountain, lake and sea,
 For God has stamped upon thy folds
 His word—ETERNITY.
 Yet when the earth's by thee forsaken,
 No mortal shall weep o'er thee,
 For the dread Archangel's trump shall be
 The requiem of thy glory.

Then, banner of my country,
 Shalt thou be upward borne,
 To gild again thy native skies,
 From which thou once wert torn;
 For thy earthly mission's over,
 To the dust oppression's hurled;
 Thou'st struck to none but a deathless power,
 'Mid the wrecks of a falling world.

AVENA.

STORY AND SENTIMENT,

OR, CONVERSATIONS WITH A MAN OF TASTE AND IMAGINATION.

No. 3.

A NIGHT AT THE FARM HOUSE.*

IN one of my journeys through the western part of New Hampshire, I chanced to put up for the night at a small farm-house about five miles from the little village of W——, and meeting with a somewhat curious adventure there, I have resolved to record it. My host was a little, fat faced, bustling, bandy-legged fellow, running here and there, studious for my comforts, my humble servant, &c. &c.; and succeeding with his wife, a long, lank, sidling, vinegar-looking creature, he made out to obtain for me the only spare room in his house. Into this I was ushered with due importance, and having taken a survey of the apartment, its nice new bed, newly dusted candle-stand, oak bottomed chairs, and a high huge wardrobe, which from its antiquated appearance I judged to have been an heir-loom in the family for three centuries at least, I tossed my saddle-bags into one corner, kicked off my heavy boots into the other, and slipping my released feet into a pair of soft squirrel-skin slippers, returned again to the kitchen. There I found my host and his wife cosily seated over a sparkling fire, and from the abrupt breaking off of their conversation and half guilty countenances, I concluded they had been talking over the character of their new comer. I was never difficult to please, especially when I had fallen in with any of the peasantry, so to speak, of dear New England, and admitted to the calm content which reigns around their fire sides—so planting myself upon a settle, perhaps a dye-tub, a thing indispensable to a New England farm-house, I entered into conversation with them.

* This tale is in the hand writing of my friend.

I found my host a well bred, sensible fellow, somewhat free in the use of provincialisms, and not wanting in love to a good broad-faced joke; somewhat witty withal, and a memory in which he had stored many an odd story, some good and some bad, which stories he told (when solicited) with a tolerably good grace.

I pause here to record my observations on one of the peculiarities in the New England character—I mean its modesty. Foreigners, and residents of other parts of this widely extended territory may talk of Yankee impudence, but for the life of me, in all my wanderings, I could never find the genuine modesty of a native New Englander. They may cheat you—that is, some of them may, some of their outlawed, who with trunk and tin wagon travel into other States to prey on the unwary; but where turn you and find not some, who do and ever will disgrace the soil that nursed them? For New England I claim no entire exemption; perfection is not beneath the sun: but there is more of it here than elsewhere—and in proof of it I adduce, their superior sagacity, their nobler intelligence. Where intelligence is found, will you find least of the weaknesses of human nature.

But to return: having bid Bessy, a short, flaxen-haired, chubby-cheeked damsel, of about fourteen, the very image of her father, bring him a cup of cider; and poking our chairs close into the fire—so close that the wind which came down chimney, would now and then puff out the smoke and curl it up about mine host's neck and shoulders, making him look for all the world like Vulcan peeping through the clouds of his own smithy—he began as follows.

‘Late last March and on one of the coldest nights in my memory, my wife and me were startled by a loud knock at the door, about nine o’ the clock; and more so by the abrupt entrance of a stranger, who had been as it seems just ceremonious enough to knock, but not sufficiently so to wait until bidden a welcome. Marching directly up to the fire he doffed his cap, and then in a bland, gentle voice, and the language of a gentleman, prayed our pardons for his boldness, and craved our hospitality.

‘Now Biddy here is not the most hospitable in her feelings, but even she was softened by the coldness of the weather, and the soft accents of the stranger. So, bidding him welcome and placing before him such entertainment as we best could, he ate his meal and then sat himself down—right where you are, sir, at this moment—as if for conversation.

‘His age, I should think, was about forty five. In person he was strikingly handsome, yet care-worn; his hair was black—his eyes likewise, and a somewhat cynical curl about his small mouth made you hesitate to address him, thinking he was perhaps a person of strong prejudices. His skin was as fair as a girl’s; a fine set of teeth were displayed when he smiled; in short, his appearance was such that I should have taken him, perhaps, for a scholar; for,

though his dress was rich it was careless, and there was a sort of method in what he said though the subjects were simple, as I am told is ever found in men of education. At first, he was very taciturn.

"You find it a cold air, sir," said I, breaking the silence.

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You've ridden far?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You're come from the south, eh?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

"You're not from York, I guess?"

"Yes—yes, sir."

'Well, thinks I, you may be a scholar for aught I know, but hang me! if I think there's much variety in your talk.

'I took him on another tack.

"You have, at least, sir, come where hearts are warm, and hospitality is proffered cheerfully."

'He started at this; a gentle flush tinged his cheek; and he seemed struck with an ingenuous consciousness of his want of courtesy. Turning to me he took my hand in his, and pressing it, replied—

"An honest heart, sir, is its own reward. Small boots it then, that I add *my* sense of your hospitality to that of your own consciousness. Yet such as I have, I give, and that is but small; for I am one, sir, who cares but for a few, and one who is as little cared for by others. Once I had a heart that—that—yes! that *felt*—in every pulsation *felt* the beauty that is in morals and in virtue. Nothing lived, but it gave me happiness; nothing died, but it gave me pain—*That time is past.*"

'There was something so earnest, yet unstudied; so easy, yet solemn, and 'heart-twining,' to use a phrase of Biddy's, in this, that both she and me began to water about the eyes like two babies.

'Returning the kind pressure of his hand, I said—

"But you are young, sir—too young to feel that life has no claims upon—"

"Too old—too old, sir," interrupted he with emphasis, "too old for earth, and too wise to do any good in it. Some of the world, sir, live faster than others. Grief can crowd twenty years into ten, and care make the vigor of manhood, the tottering imbecility of four score. Believe it not—believe it not; they err, sir, who measure life by years. Events, events notch it right—these notch the chronicle of human life."

"And yet, sir, 'tis man's right to be always happy."

"Aye! and 'tis the right of the singing bird to skim the blue ether, and pour its music in concert with the harmony of the stars—but how many things invade that right! The bird that sings sweetly of a morning, may be jammed into the wallet of the clown, by evening—its music hushed, and its mottled plumes dabbled with dirt

and gore. Man's prerogative to be happy! aye—but *'tis his necessity to be miserable.*"

'This, sir,' said my host, 'may give you some idea of his character. The evening passed off—though not very happily; for there was that about him which took hold of my feelings, and when I shook hands with him for the night there was an ache in my bosom, I could'nt well get rid of.

'In the morning, he was up betimes—breakfasted—and rose to depart. Before he went however, he took from his bosom a paper; and handing it to me, bade me keep it till his return. 'It is a short sketch of some of the events of my life,' rejoined he, as he mounted his horse, 'and though it benefit you not, it will perform at least one good office—make you remember me.' He bowed, and rode away.

'That paper I have now somewhere, and if you wish, sir, I will read it to you.' My host rose, and going to a huge cat-hole, or cupboard in the corner of the room, he succeeded in finding it—not forgetting by the way, to tumble out sundry articles of house-wife memory, such as balls of yarn, woollen stockings, flannels, and night-caps, and strewing them over the floor. Seated again by the comfortable fire, he now put on a huge pair of brass spectacles, blew his nose thrice, and proceeded to decipher—

THE STRANGER'S MANUSCRIPT.

'I pass over my boyhood.

'I had now entered upon my sixteenth spring, and with less unhappiness, perchance, than ordinarily meets us in this world. Sadness I had known, but unkindness I had never felt; nor had a suspicion of how very opposed the heart is to rectitude, found a lodgment in my mind. I was on the point of visiting the metropolis; and I know I felt as boys mostly do on their entering into the great world—elated with the thoughts of what I was to see and meet with, in a scene I had heard so much about. I talked of little else; and when the day came heralded by a morning of unusual loveliness, my happiness almost sickened me. I remember I went out into the fields, and every thing looked gayer and brighter than I had ever seen it. The flowers looked prettier—the dew was brighter—the birds chirped to me as I passed them—and a subtle spirit of life seemed to pervade all things and participate in my happiness. I returned home happy, and strove to while off the hours preceding my departure (for I was not to leave till the afternoon)—but ere that afternoon came, a dingy, dusky atmosphere, spread itself all about the earth, and the very sky looked, as I thought, fiendish—threatening. I shall not soon forget how soon it was communicated to my feelings. My spirits sunk down. A fearful change seemed working itself through my disposition, which amazed and maddened me. I answered those sharply, who interrogated me as to the cause of it. I

gave my orders harshly. I ran from room to room, absent and thoughtful. In fine, all my characteristic amiableness had gone from me, and I seemed transformed into something devilish. I was changed as I suppose those spirits will be at the last day, when they turn half hoping to the judgment seat, and, reading their condemnation there, instantly become fiends.

‘A gentle tap was heard at the door, and my mother glided silently into the room; and seating herself beside me, she laid my head upon her bosom. She parted the dark curls from my forehead, and I felt her lips pressed feverishly upon it, and a tear fell upon my face—one of her tears! I opened my eyes at this and looked her full in the face—O! how she looked—pale—wan—beautiful.

“My son—my son—speak to me!”—Staring her full in the face, I drew my hand half unconsciously over my eyes—then, recollection suddenly returning, I knelt wildly at her feet—

“Your blessing—Mother!” I gasped.

“Bless thee—bless thee—my boy!” I started up—screamed—and fled from the room. It seemed as if I was mad at her—mad even in my idolatry; and I verily believe I struck her, for I heard her groan and fall heavily upon the floor.

* * * *

‘Before I slept I was upon the ocean—and I have a dim recollection that there was a storm—that the green and crested billows hissed angrily as the thunder growled over them—that the ship went forward like a mad horse plowing through whole mountains of water, and shaking off the white surf from her bows in sheets of silver—and I remember that the violence of the tempest seemed to harmonize awfully with the loud passions within me.

* * * *

‘Years had passed. The bright enthusiasm of youth had gone off with them. The glowing thoughts, passions, sympathies, consuming themselves in their own fire—my whole character had saddened down into the melancholy, homeless wanderer. I was no longer the sunny featured boy that had spent so many pleasant hours on the hill side—by the sandy margin of the lake that washed its base and sent up there with every wind that fanned it, a gentle lullaby—by the rivulet that in early days had caught my laughing features as I bent over it to gather water flowers—no! I was that boy no longer. The peace which had once lived in my heart, had become a worthless and withered flower, scentless as a shadow; the innocence which once gave a zest to every thing had gone from me; the gray hairs of premature age were intermingled with the dark ones of my youth—no! I was that boy no longer. I had traveled—but what was travel to me? I had been in the north and south, in the east and west; I had wandered over the solemn grounds of Cor-

cyra, and amid the classic ruins of Italy; I had stood beneath the sky of Africa and sat me down like Marius amid the relics of her better days, and tried to wake in my heart some of that dormant enthusiasm belonging to young minds; but it was like seeking to resuscitate the dead dust in the earth beneath, or to call life into the mouldering mausoleums and temples around me—no! I was that boy no longer.

‘The time of the grain gathering had gone by, and later Autumn had fully set in; for the trees were more than half stripped of that gorgeous covering peculiar to this season; and no music came out from the forest save the whistle of a single quail, and this too in that pensive cadence which is heard only at the close of the year. I was revisiting the scenes of my childhood—a spot I had not seen for twenty years, and during which period I had been a wanderer where no tidings of the weal or wo of my family reached me. It is not necessary to recount the circumstances which had made me thus long a voluntary exile. It need only be said, I parted from home and all I held dear, in anger—angry with self—angry with man—angry with that pure and exemplary being who had borne me on her heart, and by whom I had been so often taught to kneel and pray even before I could myself frame a benediction—‘with her who taught me that God loved obedient children.’ O! that one offence! Any thing else—had it been any thing else, I had suppressed the groans over my nightly pillow, and borne it like a man while it grieved me. But she, she in whose character unkindness had no part—a blow, a damning blow—God! God! this was unmitigated misery. And yet I had suffered—God knows it, year after year, and seen it preying on my health, and felt it withering up all my finer sensibilities—and yet I would not return. I could not. I felt as if a power was upon me, against which my united energies were nothing. I felt as if it was my destiny, and strange as it may appear, I thought it right. I felt it certain that home was not for me, and though I would wake from an unrefreshing sleep, and recount for hours as a miser his gold every early association, it brought the wish but not the purpose to return. Sickness came—O! what a leveler is sickness of all the petty passions and enmities which creep into the dispositions of men! How it tears up the character, wrings out from the hardened heart the bitter gall of contrition, and forces into amendment! Sickness accomplished in me what reason and conscience could not do, and broke down that indomitable barrier which had so long interposed betwixt me and duty. I rose from my bed, a habitant rather of another world than the denizen of this, and my first thought was home. This cherished for a few weeks grew into a passion, and the fear that the grave had closed over all I loved magnified the wish a thousand fold, while every obstacle which now interposed betwixt me and a return sent a chill through me, like that which we may suppose lies on the heart of the dead.

The swiftest speed seemed but delay, and it was only on the last day of my journey and I neared home that my impatience subsided, and my anxiety began to assume another form—something terrible and strange, foreboding and oppressive.

‘The tread of the post horses down the gravelly slope which led directly to the village, roused me from a lethargy I had fallen into, and I sprang to the coach window like a madman. We were opposite the village inn. The same old antiquated elm creaked before the door, and the same old sign board flapped in the blast, and upon the high step stones that led to the main body of the building, sat a human form. A staff lay on the ground beside him—his ragged scrip was at his feet—and his form was doubled up with age. I looked closely—God of Heaven!—*it was my brother.*

‘But my cup was not yet full. We drew up at the inn door, and I heard the guard rudely order the beggar from the spot, and curse him for an idle mendicant. This was too much for my swollen heart to bear, and leaping from the opposite side of the carriage, I took my way forward alone. I came to the small hill which ran along by the side of the village, from the top of which the immediate valley where lay my father’s dwelling appeared in view; and as I paused there for a moment, and memory ran over the thousand senseless objects that lay around me, with each of which I could associate a forgotten happiness, I thought death a boon I could have prayed for. At that moment the village school poured forth its groups of noisy and innocent children. This was as it was wont to be—this seemed natural. But looking nearer, I knew them not—they were strangers. Here and there I thought I recognized a face I had once known, but it was transient and soon passed—all was strange. A celebrated ‘Retreat for the Insane’ was in our village, and reaching the summit of the hill I stood by its walls. The door was closed but not fastened; and I know not why, but an indefinable feeling led me to enter there. I know not but it was the unbreathed wish of my heart to witness some spectacle of human suffering—hoping thereby to lessen my own; perhaps I thought I might soon make it my own dwelling, and I wanted to familiarize the objects I should meet with;—but I entered. Seated upon the ground with scarce a mat to cover them, was a lot of wretched beings busied as their several dispositions prompted them. One was blowing bubbles—he said he was maturing a system of astronomy, whereby Galileo should be forgotten and the world profited. Another was heaping up sand, and hoarding it in his bosom—he called it gold. A third it seemed had been a lay preacher, and now and then he howled forth a torrent of truth and error, interlarded with imprecations and blasphemies the most horrid. And there was one there, a tall and handsome youth, with eyes as black as midnight, and his brow drawn down into the scowl of a demon—He said he was ANALYZING A HUMAN HEART. Sudden my ears were saluted with loud and piercing shrieks that made my whole frame shiver, and betwixt each scream

I thought I recognized the shrill echo of a lash as applied to the naked skin. Another—and an old man came tottering round an angle of the building ; and seeing me, he ran to my feet and cowered down like a whipped hound seeking for protection.

“Curse them for inhuman wretches”—groaned, or rather screamed the old man—“They chain me up like a vile beast—a dog to murder me. They drag me into that black den and shut me there, and say I’m crazed—mad. What is mad? Who?—O! yes,—my children, they broke my heart—one went from me, and the other—Ah! save me—save me”—His keepers came in sight, and in their hands were the scourges they had been using, the sounds of which had rung in my ears so appalling. “O! don’t—don’t—I’ll follow—you won’t whip me, will you master—I’m good—good”—and the old man actually knelt down, and like a beast licked the feet of his tormentors. I fell to the earth senseless.

‘A long and doleful night followed—a blank—a vacancy ; so long, it seemed ten thousand eternities ; so gloomy, it seemed as if the darkness was consolidated. O! what a night is that, when the helm of reason breaks—the unshackled faculties wander forth—and the maddened powers invoke images of horror, only to madden themselves the more by gazing at them! All that is grand—all that is terrible—all horrible, loathsome, fearful images, that the mind had ever while healthy repulsed, then come back on the heart like vultures that have been scared awhile from their prey, whose fangs have only whetted their ungorged appetites. At one moment, I seemed borne through the Eternal void chained to the lightnings ; at another, I was dashing downward towards a tremendous barrier of cavernous rocks, and their serrated pinnacles seemed waiting to embrace me. Now I was tossed on billows of fire, and a tremendous surge would hurl me on a jagged precipice ; then with its reflux suck me down through unimaginable depths, and the hot fires scorched me as they shot into my brain. Again I heard peals of laughter, and howlings of formless, shapeless beings that hovered around me ; they had snakes and basilisks twisted round their foreheads, and the flames that issued from their forked mouths seemed to burn into my very soul. Then came the sense of a release—the gasping, choking, horrible consciousness, that you are struggling on the confines of two worlds, and not knowing which is to be yours—whether earth or death shall have you. Suddenly a fountain seemed tossing its cool spray over me—the fires that withered up my brain went out—the fiends that howled about me passed away—the subtlest life began to dance through my veins—and I awoke!

My first thoughts were true to their mark, and my first words, “Mother, lives she? The rest—father, brother—God of Heaven! why was I reserved for it?”

‘A form stood by me—a little maid. O! how the innocent words and kind attentions of infancy, soothe the pillow of an irritable sickness! We can’t bear the cold studied kindness of such as we are,

we are jealous of them; we fear they will condole with us, curse us with their stunted pity; and that too in the measured phraseology which speaks of the head and not of the heart. But a child, a gentle child—to see its little form gliding about your couch—to feel its little arms about your pillow—to catch its warm breath on your cheek as winds breathed from flowers—and see the kind and touching solicitude of the eye unused to sights of sorrow, yet enduring it like a martyr, and for ourselves too,—these make irritable diseases tolerable—may I not say happy? for the evidence of a pure and devoted affection in a human being, makes a misanthrope (and such I then was) contented with misery. And my disease was of this nature: it was a nervousness induced by excess of suffering, and my faculties had become so exquisite, that the least thing sent a dart through me that seemed tearing flesh and soul asunder.

“Mother! is she—?” excessive weakness forbade me finish the sentence.

“Your mother lives”—but she placed her finger upon her lips in token of silence. I attempted to answer—she laid her hand upon my mouth with a sweet smile, then turned and left the room.

‘Weeks passed, and still was I the denizen of a sick room; and but slowly regaining my pristine energies. My form had shrunk away—my eyes were sunk—my voice was almost entirely gone; and as I slowly paced my apartment and from the window threw my eyes on the dreariness without, (for the year had gone far into later fall, and the loud winds whistled bitterly through the naked poplars) I felt as if I had but little to do in the world, and would as lief go from it. But yet, one thing held me back, one thirst, one burning desire—the wish to see my mother. She I had not seen, and for reasons I could not unravel, her name was never mentioned. And though I was told she was in the house, I was not suffered to visit her. She was sick, but not dangerous—received my messages of love daily—returned them—this was all.

‘One dark night (I shall not forget that night) I was sitting up in bed, and counting off the weary hours as they limped laggingly by me. A weight had been on my heart all day, and racking fires had seemed scorching my brain; and so acute was the suffering, as if a band of hot iron were riveted closely round my forehead. I sat thinking—thinking of self—of my sorrows—of my strange destiny; and then there came back to me the remembrance of other days, and with them my mother—her care, love, and early tenderness, until my eyes were suffused with tears. Sudden I was startled by a low sigh breathed as it were close in my ears. I thought it delusion, but was soon undeceived—for it was repeated, and that too so audibly I could not mistake. I turned my eyes in the direction from whence it came. Again I caught it, and a strain of music rose soft and sweetly as if an angel sang it, and I saw indistinctly a shadow gliding past me. Then my name was distinctly sounded, and in a voice I knew too well. Terror had chained the powers of utter-

ance, and I only gazed at vacancy with all the horrors of some dark, indefinite foreboding. The same sigh was repeated and the name, and then as a cloud passed over the moon, a figure stood in the apartment clad in the habiliments of the grave. It smiled sweetly upon me—it was my mother! I knew she must have passed from this to a better world, and the truth came over me with a cold sweat while the palsy of my limbs made the very bed tremble. I spread out my arms in agony, and wildly clasped the air. There was another sigh, the repetition of my name—and the figure vanished.

‘I rose and threw my night garments round me, and grasping my own flesh to be sure I dreamed not, I took the light from my table and commenced a search to find—what? my mother’s corse! for such I felt I must find her, if at all—the warning was not for nothing. I traversed room after room—met no one—and came to the wing of the building where I had ever deemed she lodged; and leaving the light at the door, I slowly lifted the latch and entered the apartment. *On a bed in the centre of the chamber, she lay lifeless.* There was no light there, but the moon broke forth at the moment, and I saw she was shrouded for the grave.

‘O! death!—death!—how solemn thou art! How awful, when thou comest on those we love! How thought at such moments crowds on the living! How the words that once issued from the lips that lie there, come up to recollection! How the eye that looks so chill and glassy, gleams again—and the face marble-cold and as expressionless, radiates with love, hope, happiness! There she lay dead, dead—and I not forgiven. She was gone. I had not heard her say, ‘I forgive thee, boy.’ Not a word—not a look—not a blessing—God! God!—what next! O, what next!

‘I crept up to the bier and laid my cold face down to hers, and moaned in all my heart brokenness of sorrow. I kissed her—I shrieked her name—I stamped—I threw myself upon her corse. There was no Promethean heat that could reanimate it—and I *felt* I was alone.

‘Had I heard her say, ‘I forgive—I bless thee, child’—life were tolerable, and I would have breasted the forceful waves of misery as they came tumbling in upon me, like a man. This was denied me, and in its place is blazed in shapes of fire—**THAT ONE OFFENCE.**’

* * * *

The evening wore away, what with the reading of the manuscript and my many inquiries concerning the stranger, and my host now showing me to my room, where with many expressions of his happiness to wait upon me, &c. &c. he bade me good night, I jumped into bed. In the morning I met him again and tried my hand with him at a good, honest, hearty, New Hampshire breakfast; afterwards I shook hands with his family, mounted my horse, and continued my journey—and such was my ‘Night at the Farm House.’

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY SINGING, AND WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF HER MUSIC BOOK.

It hath been said that music is a dream,
 A soft creation and a witchery
 Made for earth's happier climes, where peacefully
 Men's thoughts go by as goes a pleasant stream:—
 It hath been said too, that the favored
 And bright ones who so sing us into bliss,
 And witch out from our souls unquietness,
 And place a Sabbath softness in its stead—
 It hath been said that these not mortal be,
 But are of the same nature with the sky—
 Ethereal, volatile, as clouds that play
 About the sinking sun at shut of day:—
*But sure they lie—for this soft hand in mine,
 And this soft strain I hear—why, both are thine!*

*

 REVIEW.

The Culprit Fay, and other Poems; by JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.
 New York: George Dearborn, Publisher. 1835.

OVER the grave of a highly-gifted and a youthful poet, gathers many a delightful and yet saddened reminiscence. It should ever be regarded as a consecrated spot—crowded with associations of no ordinary character—hallowed by the deepest and the tenderest of feelings. It is *holy* ground,—better fitted, it may be, than any other to allure us to reflection,—to summon into active exercise each deep emotion of the heart,—to draw out into living forms of beauty each hidden power, each finer sensibility,—and to leave us, better, purer, nobler, for its warnings and instructions. And yet, why should it be so? The grave even of the young, the gifted, and the beautiful, differs not in outward fashion or adornment, from the many which surround it. It is hollowed out from the same earth with them—closes over the same lifeless and decaying bodies—furnishes the same victim for the worm, the same banquet for corruption. The sculptured stone that marks it, is as soon to sink or crumble as another—the grass grows over it no greener—the steps of the idle and

the thoughtless fall not round it with a lighter tread—and the flower that blooms upon it, is as soon to fade or wither.

The grave of a youthful poet is indeed a holy spot, but it is so not alone in reference to the moldering body it enshrouds, or to the impressive comment that it reads on death. That grave is sacred, rather as a remembrancer of intellect. That body was the outward vesture of a mind. It was the drapery that imprisoned in its folds a restless and a struggling spirit, burning with the fires of heaven, yet amid the gloom of earth, and was thrown aside when tarnished, as unfitted for its purpose. In the departure of that spirit, who can tell our loss. How brilliant, yet how rapid, has been its career. Meteor-like, it has vanished from our sight, while the hopes that we had cherished have gone down for ever.

The volume, whose title we have placed at the commencement of this article, and whose merits we propose to examine with our readers, is a beautiful memorial of departed genius. The perusal of its pages has naturally led us to indulge in those reflections we have hitherto pursued. The memory of Drake—his early and untimely grave—has tended to associate with his, the same sad fate of others. We have thought of Sands, of Wilcox, and of Brainerd. Of the former, it is true, we know but little—nothing more than a few casual examinations of their works afford us. Of the latter, we know more. We delight to speak of him, not only as a poet—and as such he had few equals—but still farther, as a friend. In the first of these characters he has now been long before the public, and has gained from their decisions a conspicuous distinction—a rank higher we believe than his own expectations, although one of strictest justice and commensurate with merit. To us it is a matter of no slight regret, that a mind so richly-gifted, should have garnered up its beauties, and have been so very sparing of its splendid treasures. Brainerd was distrustful of his own abilities. The hope of approbation, was with him no motive to exertion. He cared not to lay bare the workings of a heart, perhaps too warm and sensitive, or to send abroad those finer feelings which might meet no kindred sympathies, and return to him companionless from contact with the world. It was only in those moments given up to the full flow of friendship—to the interchange of sentiments with more intimate associates—that the noblest of his qualities became developed. As a poet, he reminds us forcibly of Burns. His was the same appreciation of the charms of nature—the same exquisitely tempered sensibility—a like generosity of disposition, and as much of poignant wit and versatility. The tribute paid to the memory of Burns, may with equal justice be applied to Brainerd.

“His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak—
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek.

And his that music to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time,
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime."

When an edition of Drake's poems, containing many pages hitherto unpublished, was announced as nearly ready for the press, we received the information with great pleasure. We expected much, and we are glad to say our expectations have been realized. The first thing which arrested our attention was the dedication, and it struck us at the time as unusually appropriate. It is a happy testimonial of respect, from a daughter to her father's friend—to one who, perhaps, above all others, best deserved the appellation. To whom should it have been dedicated, if not to Halleck? To the community at large the loss of such a man as Drake may be regarded as a great calamity,—but to the cause of literature it is still more. It is taking from the latter one of its highest ornaments, and leaving a wide vacancy, which time may never fill. Of his general merits, as a writer, there can be but one opinion. The precise rank to which he is entitled we propose not to examine, or to venture on comparisons with critical minuteness. The exact extent of his abilities, or the results to which his genius might have led him, we would leave as questions to be settled by the taste of his admirers, and proceed to mention some of those peculiar features which stand out in his productions. In our view, his poems are distinguished for uncommon ease of diction, and the richness of their imagery. Over the wide realm of imagination our author seems to hold unlimited control, and to gather from it beauties, which he scatters with profusion. In whatever spot his fancy may detain him he is found at home, lingering around each scene with the familiarity of long acquaintance, and a perfect knowledge of each object and allurement. He is ever changing, too, in the visions he presents us. Now, he is hovering over an ideal land, sweeping forward with a wing, which, like that of the untiring Huma, is not folded upon earth. Now, he leads us forth to gaze upon the witcheries of nature,—to view the gorgeous colorings of her varied landscapes,—to break the silence of her forest solitudes,—to tread the mountain height, or to repose beside the streamlet that runs whimpering at its base. Again, he summons up our energies for a still bolder flight—carries us away to the bright fields of upper regions, onward and still onward, till our world is lost in distance, and we walk upon the star-lit plains of heaven. Anon,

"Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
 Or sea-roc rides the blast,"

he plunges with us far within the bosom of the heaving deep, where the wrath of the storm spirit is unheard—down to the coral towers of "snail-plated" warriors, or around the amber beds of ocean sylphs and mermaids.

But exuberance of fancy, though perhaps the most prominent, is not the only quality inherent in these poems. We have before alluded to the beauty of their rhythm. This we regard as almost faultless. There is a fitness in the choice of each word, and a care in its location, which imparts to every sentence a high finish and proportion. Each line seems flowing onward, with a light and rapid motion, as it were to blend in union with a graceful whole. There are no rough corners that can meet us at the turn of each expression. The eye reposes upon nothing but a surface of unbroken symmetry, and the ear drinks in a music grateful as the murmurs of some meadow stream. We may deny it, if we choose, but there is a "charm in numbers," and the one who holds it lightly is deficient in his judgment. The profoundest argument that man can frame, or the proudest monument of pure mind that he can offer, derives much of its impressive force from the garb in which it is presented. Unadorned it is the naked statue, modelled thus far by the youthful pupil, and that needs a master's polish to display it in perfection. The materials for this statue, abstract intellect may, indeed must furnish, but it yet demands the touches of a cultivated taste. That education which has taught us how to reason has done well, but a different knowledge should be added ere we reap its full advantage. He who has cast loose from the firm rock of thought, that his bark may toss on summer seas to fancied shores of pleasure, has exposed himself to shipwreck—but as sad may be the fate of him, who, relying solely on the native strength of his entrenchment, has erected there no battery to render it impregnable. It would be a source of satisfaction, did our time allow the privilege, to trace still farther the idea which we have started, and to make its application to a multitude of cases, but we leave it, with reluctance, to complete our undertaking.

As specimens of graceful diction, and an almost boundless play of fancy, there are many of Drake's pieces which remind us of the brilliant compositions of another poet—one whose harp has breathed forth strains than which there are none sweeter, and whose life has been one revel around sentiment and song. Who of us can say, whether the young poet of America might not have been to her what Moore is now to Ireland—that he would have loved her with less fervor of devotion, or have sounded forth her praises with a feebler lyre. His would have been a soul to dwell upon her charms with rapture, who when pleading for his parent soil exclaims,

"Shame! that while every mountain, stream and plain
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
No *native* bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand,
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveliest land."

From the numerous pieces which compose the volume, we select the **CULPRIT FAY**, as best adapted to exhibit the true merits of our

author. It is, to say the least, an elegant production—the purest specimen of ideality that we have ever met with, sustaining in each incident a most bewitching interest. Its very title is enough to kindle the imagination, and to send us wandering amid the bowers of elfin land, reviewing the traditions of our boyhood years. We recall to recollection many of those “old world stories,”—tales of brownies and the bogle burns of Scotland,—of the elves and sprites of merry England, or the mystic Wasser Nixen of the German fable. We trust ourselves with pleasure to that guidance which once more will introduce us to this region of enchantment.

The poem opens with an elegant description of the spot our author has selected for his “spell-bound realm.” It lies beside the waters of the lordly Hudson—a river whose whole shore is rich in scenes of beauty, and many of whose deep receding bays and jutting headlands have derived a lasting interest from the pen of Irving. The time is midnight—we stand upon the summit of Cronest, gazing upon a cloudless sky—every thing around us is now lulled to sweet repose—

“The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill,
But the cricket’s chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katy-did.”

Suddenly the voice of the sentry-elf, awakened from his slumbers, (how he came to be asleep our author does not tell us,) breaks in upon the stillness, as he hastens to announce the dawning of the fairy lay—and crowds of tiny Fays fly answering to his summons.

“They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen’s velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird’s downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o’-clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!”

It is not, however, to the dance or revel that we are invited. No wild gambol is to rivet our attention. We are summoned to the trial

of an erring ouphe. Before us stands the throne of judgment, supported on its pillars of the "mottled tortoise shell," and covered by a curtain of the "tulip's crimson drapery." Upon it sits the fairy monarch, surrounded by the nobles of his realm—before him is the culprit Fay. Weighty is the crime alledged against the prisoner. Unmindful of his vestal vow, he has dared to love an earthly maiden. He has

—"left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played with the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest."

His condemnation follows. The loveliness and purity of her for whom he had thus sinned, go far to mitigate the punishment to which he is obnoxious—a punishment than which none could be severer or more terrible. His sentence is pronounced.

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand,
Where the water bounds the elfin-land,
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might,
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight."

With this explanation of the nature of his penance, we leave the sentenced Fay to enter on his toilsome journey and meet us in its progress at a different quarter.

We have heard often of the circumstances which led to the production of this poem, and of the astonishing rapidity with which it was composed. How this may be we know not. Judging from the beauty of its several parts, and still more from its finish as a whole, it strikes us as the result of long continued labor, polished and perfected with a scrupulous attention. The subject which our author has selected, is one admirably fitted to display his genius. It is one, however, that demands unceasing effort, and requires the constant workings of his brilliant fancy. From the ordinary range of illustration he is certainly excluded, while the path to the attainment of his object is both difficult and devious. He has drawn around himself a magic circle, into which no human form can enter. Nothing earthly is to mingle in the scenes to which he calls us. Each action,

in its origin, continuance, and termination, must be fitted to the beings he has chosen for his actors. With this view of his undertaking, we may fear for the result, and watch with much anxiety its full accomplishment. It is not long, however, that we feel this apprehension. We soon discover that our author is prepared for each adventure—that he gains a ready conquest over every opposition, while his flight continues onward with an undiminished ardor.

Here again we are to greet our pilgrim fairy. Long and wearisome have been his wanderings. Hour after hour has he toiled amid the passes of the mountain, and fearful are the perils he has been compelled to meet. He has followed out a dangerous track,

“Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dorn,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake,”

till he has reached the spot appointed for the trial of his courage. He has found the treasure that he sought, protected by the warriors of the deep, and been baffled by their forces in the efforts he has made.

It is in this crisis of affairs that we meet with a deliverance as ingenious as it is successful. It is necessary, for our author's purpose, that his hero, though thus far defeated, should yet gain his object, and with that intention he has brought him to his present situation. The events which we have compressed into the narrow space of a few lines, have been presented in detail up to the period in which the Fay, driven from his purpose, stood despairing on the river's brink. It is thus the history continues,—

“He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple muscle shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern, and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm blue deep.”

Guarded in this manner from the machinations of his enemies, whose power was bounded by the wave, our adventurer holds on his course uninjured, and effects his purpose. His return, surrounded by a

crowd of ocean nymphs, is beautifully represented. We refer our readers to the volume for the passage.

Here the scene of this poem changes, and we find our Fay is still destined to another duty—one far more difficult than any he has yet accomplished. The remainder of his sentence now demands attention.

“Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!”

To the execution of this last injunction all his powers are now directed, and we find him thus equipped for this most daring enterprise.

“He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down:
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.”

From the passage above quoted to the close of the poem, is extended a long series of most exquisite description. Each instant of our flight, unfolds to our enraptured vision scenes ever changing, and increasing in their splendor. Already have we hurried by the misty region of the cloud.

“The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The sphered moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.”

We rest not till we stand beside

—“the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue,”

surrounded by the brightness of celestial realms.

As specimens of fanciful illustration, we give a description of the palace chosen for the empress sylph of heaven, which our author introduces by way of episode before proceeding to fulfill his purpose.

"Its spiral columns gleaming bright
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush,
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
The white and feathery fleece of noon."

Again, we have a notice of the queen's apparel.

"Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star."

In looking back upon the numerous quotations we have made, we fear that we have trespassed, it may be too long, upon the patience of our readers. To analyze the poem fully—and such was our first intention—would conduct farther than our limits will allow. We shall therefore hasten to a close, and from several passages which still remain unnoticed, select one most distinguished for the richness of its coloring. It contains the greater part of the address of the queen sylph to our wandering Fay, when endeavoring to detain him in her presence, she draws a glowing picture of prospective bliss.

"Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orb'd moon!
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

The emotions which this burst of burning passion excited in the doubting Fay, are well described. The remembrance of his earthly

love, joined to the recollection of a sentence unperformed, enables him at last to utter a reply declining even such enjoyment. The impassioned queen, too generous to enforce her wishes, surrounds him with a spell that guards from every evil, and then bids him a reluctant and heart-felt adieu. Rapid is his progress to the termination of his labors. The conflict is soon over, and the prize is won. Already is he on the confines of his native land, and we listen to the music that proclaims his welcome. Gladly would we follow him still farther.

“But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry elf his call has made,
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning’s spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed and the Fays are gone.”

THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TALE FROM SPANISH HISTORY.

No one, save he who has witnessed with a heart all susceptible to the beauties of nature, can even picture to himself the delightful scene of a summer’s evening in the fair region of Granada. The mellowed tints of the declining sun gilding every object with a fairy brightness; the gushing fountains sending forth their drops of ruby light; the thick groves of citron and pomegranate, casting their deep shadows in the distance, seemingly inviting to repose, almost transport with rapture an inhabitant of our northern clime.

It was on such an evening, that a betrothed pair sat beneath the marble arcade at the dwelling of the Alcalde of the district. Their hearts seemed in unison with the delightful scene around them; their words were music to each other’s ears; their thoughts were of bright joys of the future,—and no one could have looked upon their innocent embrace, or listened to their words of love, without deeming their happiness complete. The youth rose to depart.

‘Nay, Muza, do not leave me yet,’ exclaimed the happy girl, as she turned her bright, half-smiling, half-imploring eyes, upon her lover; ‘but a short hour have we been together, and wilt thou leave me so soon?’

‘Leave thee, Zareda? nay, I would never leave thee.’

‘Why then dost thou look thus anxiously towards Hafiz, as if waiting but for thy steed to depart?’

‘Love, art not thou ever with me, as well in the raging of the conflict and in the exultation of victory, as when, side by side, we sit beneath the overhanging bower and by the cooling fountain? Am not I still with thee; and do not the thoughts of thee lead me on to glory? Allah be praised, that he has given me such a presiding angel.’

‘Thy praise is far too high, Muza, else, why shouldst thou not be willing to pass some longer portion of thy time in the immediate presence of such an angel?’

‘Love, think of our race, and lament not these too short moments of bliss; our race, scorned and trampled upon by the Christian, fast falling into the chains of slavery, and compelled to toil for him;—shall we endure it? No! rather let the desert be our home,—the home of our ancestors,—barren and desolate though it be, still may we breathe the air of freedom.—Yes, my country needs my sword, my country and my love. Do not then grieve for this short interview; am not I wholly thine,—and will not to-morrow join us never more to part? Farewell then, for a few short hours, made doubly brief by thoughts of thee.’ So saying, Muza sprang lightly upon his horse, which his faithful attendant had already led forward, and soon disappeared behind the trees that o’erhung the path. Zareda stood gazing in the direction, so long as the sound of trampling hoofs was audible, as he flew over the plain, and then, full of bright anticipations of the morrow, retired to her chamber.

That what follows may be readily understood, it is necessary to state, that the incidents of the present sketch occurred about the year 1450, when Mohammed X. ruled over the kingdom of Granada, but who, together with his people, was in turn experiencing the ill fortunes of war from the increasing power of the Christians, as had, nearly eight centuries before, the Goths from his predecessors. Though, at the time of which we write, the army of the Christians was not in force against them, still, a kind of partizan warfare continued,—sometimes, indeed, to the temporary triumph of the Moors, but always, eventually, to the permanent advantage of their enemy. The Christian leaders, attended by a few hundred followers, were continually ravaging the country; and one of them, Fernando Narvaez, with less than two hundred men, had more than once spread alarm to the very gates of Granada.

It was on the eve of an expedition of one of these partisan bands, as some twenty cavalry were scouring the country, seizing upon such travelers as were so unwary, or rather unfortunate, as to fall into their hands, that upon turning an acclivity rising abruptly from the road, and skirted by a grove of citrons, they came full upon a young Moorish horseman, riding leisurely forward, as though unconscious of danger. He appeared to be just in the prime of manhood; in stature rather above middling, yet finely proportioned. His noble bearing, together with the richness of his dress, proclaimed him a

person of distinction and a warrior ; his turban and scarf were wrought of the most costly materials, and spangled with jewels, whilst a sword and buckler of exquisite workmanship hung by his side ;—his horse was in every respect worthy of his rider. No sooner did he perceive the band of the enemy, than he turned in flight with the speed of the wind ; winding rapidly round the edge of the hill, until, for a moment, he was obscured from sight, he dashed headlong into the grove, trusting to art and his knowledge of the country to elude their pursuit. But escape was vain. They hurried eagerly forward, piercing the grove in every direction, following each winding path, and seized upon him as he was emerging from the opposite side. Resistance he saw would be useless ; but he deigned not a word to his captors, and there was nought betrayed emotion, save a slight curl of contempt upon his lip as he delivered his arms into their hands, and quietly took his station, as he was bid, between two of their number. They continued about an hour reconnoitering the country, but no enemy appearing, returned to their quarters, bringing with them their prisoner.

During this interval, the young Moor had had leisure to reflect upon his situation. He was a brave warrior ; and like every one who is truly brave, he possessed not only a spirit of boldness and daring during the raging of the battle, and in the hour of triumph, but could yield to disappointment and defeat, and meet the reverses of fortune with equal fortitude. So now, though he knew from the first that slavery would be the mildest lot for which he could even hope, nevertheless, he willingly yielded to necessity, and seemed to the observer, as if regardless of his situation. But this appearance was not long maintained ;—a tinge of melancholy stole over his countenance ; the stern and fearless look of the warrior was changed to the appearance of thoughtful anxiety and inward grief ;—some more powerful emotion, and apparently unconnected with the feelings of a soldier, was working at his heart. Such was his situation as they arrived at their quarters, and conducted him immediately to the presence of their leader.

All the decision and sternness of a Spanish general was depicted in the countenance of Narvaez. His authority was usually severe, and his will not to be questioned ; but, at times, he would exhibit a natural disposition of kindness and benevolence, which endeared him to his followers, and rendered him none the less fitted to command.

‘Who art thou?’ said he, as the prisoner was led before him, ‘and whither wert thou going, thus unattended, through a hostile country?’

‘Christian,’ said the Moor, as he endeavored to assume an appearance becoming his rank, but which, it was evident at the time, cost him no slight exertion,—‘know that I am the son of the Alcalde of Ronda ; and I was going, this very night, to claim—’ but the effort was too much for him ; he burst into tears.

‘Thou astonishest me!’ cried Narvaez,—‘thy father I knew well, and, though an enemy, yet will I acknowledge him as brave a warrior as ever crossed a lance; but thou weepest like a woman! Seest thou not that this is but one of the chances of war; one, which thy noble father would have met, had fortune so ordered, with as calm a brow as if greeted with the tribute of success? Is the son so far degenerated from the sire!’

‘Nay, Christian,’ answered Muza, for it was he, ‘I hope in all things to be worthy of the fame of my father; and among my own people, the name of Muza ben Hassan is not spoken with contempt. ’Tis not for the loss of liberty that I grieve, but for something a thousand times dearer than that, of which I must be deprived;’—and as he concluded the sentence, his spirit, which for a moment had been aroused by the taunting allusion to his degeneracy, sank again. But Narvaez saw the marks of a noble mind within, as he drew up his manly figure to its height, displaying to the best advantage his finely proportioned limbs, whilst his brow contracted with a look almost of defiance. He saw that there was something more than his present misfortune which so powerfully affected him,—and at once he became deeply interested in the youth.

‘And what is that,’ said he, as he saw him a little more composed, ‘which thou valuest at a price so much dearer than liberty?’

‘Know then, since thou wishest it, that I have long been in love with the daughter of a neighboring Alcalde; that love was crowned with success, and this very night was to have made her mine, but thy arms have detained me. She is even now waiting in suspense, or perhaps accusing me of inconstancy,—wretched, wretched fate! would that I might see her yet once more.’

‘Noble cavalier! if thy wish is granted thee, wilt thou promise to return before to-morrow’s sun?’

‘Allah bless thee, generous Christian!’ exclaimed Muza, overjoyed at the proposal, ‘upon the word of a Moor, whose word, when sincerely given, has never been broken, I promise faithfully to return. Generosity, I see, belongs not to one race alone.’

‘Go then,—and remember thy promise,’ said Narvaez, as he gave orders to permit him instantly to depart.

Let us change the scene, and introduce once more the fair lady of our tale, whom we have already too long neglected. Throughout the day all had been bustle and preparation in the house of her father. The halls had been richly hung with tapestry, and put in readiness for the giddy dance; the tables were loaded with the choicest productions of that fruitful clime for the marriage banquet. Zareda had been all gayety and happiness; but towards evening she appeared more thoughtful, and her accustomed laugh and words of mirth were no longer heard. She expected to have seen him ere this, and to have met that embrace, which would crown all her love. An hour passed away, yet still he came not:—her watchfulness was

fast verging to anxiety. Another long half hour is gone—in gloomy sadness she sat herself down 'neath the arcade, where they had so often met together. 'Why comes he not?—has any mischief befallen him?—has he fallen into the hands of any marauding company of the enemy? has he—can it be, that he has deserted me?—away, ungrateful thought! it cannot be; some accident surely has overtaken him.' As these, and various like reflections, were passing in her mind, a song of plaintive melancholy fell softly on her ear.

The rainbow's brightest tint
 Soonest fades away;
 The tenderest floweret's bloom
 Quickest meets decay.
 The first bright rose of spring,
 That exhales its morning breath,
 Returning dews of even
 Strike with the chill of death.

So I, my love, must soon
 Ne'er meet with thee again,—
 Our marriage tie is changed
 To slavery's cruel chain.
 Thy ruby cheek will fade,
 Tears dim thine eye of blue,
 For I, my love, must bid
 A long, a last adieu.

So deeply melancholy was the strain—so much in unison with her own increasing fears, that Zareda recognized not the cheerful voice of her Muza, till the song was finished, and he himself stood before her.

'Muza, is it thou?—thanks to Allah! now will we indeed be happy. But why so late? Is this the eagerness with which to meet thy bride?—or why didst thou fright me with that gloomy song?'

'Zareda, I am a prisoner; perhaps a slave—two hours ago I fell into the hands of the enemy, and I am now to behold thee for the last time.'

'A prisoner! how so, even if thou hast been with the enemy, since thou now standest here free before me? Thy bonds are loose for a Christian's hands to inflict. Oh Allah! hast thou too proved faithless to thy country! art thou a—'

'Traitor! and from thee! Zareda, hear me: accuse me not of faithlessness either to thee or to my country. Though I am now before thee, still am I no less a prisoner; I must return before to-morrow's sun—my word is pledged. Then doubt me not, but take my last farewell. Would that I might see *thee* happy; then would I be content.'

‘I will not doubt thee, Muza. Oft hast thou given me proofs of thy love, but this surpasses all.—Nay, thou shalt not say farewell; I will go with thee, perhaps they may listen to my prayers. I have wealth and jewels,—they shall purchase thy freedom, or together we will share thy fate.’ Muza saw that to oppose her wishes would only increase her zeal; and, though he had no hopes for his own freedom, he knew that to her at least no injury would be suffered by his enemies. Zareda was soon in readiness to depart, and long before morning they had arrived at the station of their enemy. Narvaez was ready to receive them.

‘Ha,’ exclaimed he, as Muza again appeared before him, supporting on his arm the trembling Zareda, ‘thou hast brought thy mistress with thee, to cheer thy spirits, and soften the ills of confinement?’

‘Christian,’ said Zareda in a faltering voice, falling at the feet of Narvaez, ‘if thou hast an eye to pity, a heart to feel, do not separate us. Here is money: here are jewels—take them all, but let *him* go free.’

‘Generous maiden, fear not;’ and he raised her gently as he spoke;—‘thy devotedness is worthy the fidelity of thy lover. Cruel should I indeed be, had I the heart to mar such happiness as is in store for thee. Go, and may ye both live long to enjoy your happiness.’

But the goodness of Narvaez was not alone manifested in words. He loaded them with presents, and furnished an escort to conduct them in safety to Ronda. And long was the name of Narvaez celebrated in song and romance, as the *generous-hearted Christian*.

J.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. III.

BLESS thee, reader—Let us live and love, since brief is our time for either. *Of course*, I wish to please thee. I might make a huge boast of independence: but the boast would be as false as foolish. I might feign contempt of thee, and of the public: but it would be a wicked lie. So far as I am an author, *thy* smiles, and *their* favor, are my life. I may read, think, act, to please myself; but it is clear that *I write* to please thee. This blows sky-high all scornful prefaces, such as some modern authors paste on the foreheads of their little bantlings, which they send forth to angle for favor in the muddy and shifting stream of popular applause. How mortified are these scribbling autocrats, when their very *cartels* of defiance are unanswered, and unread! Yet, on the other hand, is there something of courtesy,—nay, of indulgence, due to him, who neither assumes, nor dictates, but offers, in the words, and with the spirit of humility, what he hopes may please, and possibly instruct. I steal not—I

borrow not. Scanty though be my cloak in breadth, and coarse in texture, yet I wove it in mine own loom, and with mine own hands. Whatever I give is mine, or rather, *was*—for it is *thine* now. It is all I have—the widow's mite—and, as such, receive it. I would not bring a "vain oblation" to the literary altar—that blood-stained shrine, on which so many a helpless victim is dissected by unfeeling butchers. I have not time to give thee much, (I fear me thou art not sorry,) nor can I 'lick into shape' what I *do* give.

I have thought of essaying a few remarks on the principles of translation, and the practice of translators, that thou be not inordinately surprised, if on comparing my version with the original, thou dost not find in both *all* the same words, and in the same order—meeting, tooth to tooth. I do so to satisfy the scruples of the well-disposed, and not to blunt the arrows of small-beer wit, or to elude the aim of pop-gun ammunition. "Out! out! brief candle!" says the immortal Shakspeare. "Get out! get out! you short candle!" says the spruce Frenchman. The Frenchman was *literal*; but he had better have understood the *spirit* of his author, and given that, though it were with a periphrasis. The truth is, you cannot render any passage in a Greek or Latin poem *religiously* into English—preserving the precise form, attitude, expression and size—if you attempt the absurdity, you present to the eyes of your readers, not a living body, but a lifeless corpse. All, that can be done with works written among nations at so wide a remove from our own in age, character, customs, and religion, is to breathe the spirit and manner of the original into English as elegant, yet close and strong as possible. Their works are full of phrases and allusions, which, with us, are dry and barren, while to them they were instinct with poetry, and eloquent with meaning. To the heart of the Grecian the history of his country was sanctified, and made dear by a long line of traditionary glories. Familiar to them, though lost to us, were a thousand memories of mystic interest, and patriotic pride—tales of the gods and heroes, who had lived and moved in their land, amid the days of its splendor—histories woven from facts, but tinged in the multitudinous colorings of fancy—fables, that stretched far back through the haze of ages, from wonder to doubt, and from doubt to darkness. Here had Jupiter been cradled in the mountains—there gushed a fountain from the foot-print of Neptune's charger—here, from the sown teeth of the slaughtered dragon, sprang to life and fell in battle a field of steel-clad warriors—and there had Orpheus charmed the stones to life, and made the forests dance in chorus to his lyre. These were so many chords of interest, which the poet had but to touch, and the souls of his readers responded with a thrill. Now all these springs of passion are sealed to us—for, in the first place, the history of another and a buried nation excites but a feeble sympathy, compared with that which ponders and glows above our own—and, secondly, we rarely feel deeply what we do not thor-

oughly believe, or fully comprehend. Deprived, then, of these advantages, unaided by fancy, and unadorned by language, a translation would be about as *touching* as a table of *tangents*. And this is what has made English translations so insipid compared with English originals, and has induced in some the belief that even the master-pieces of antiquity are poor and pointless—the fondled god-children of pedantic book-worms. This deficiency the translator must labor to supply. It is to be supplied—not by stripping the original of its *nationality*, and making it apply as well to New England as to Greece—but by preserving it bold, free, and spirited, as it is in its native language—by clothing it in words sufficiently glowing and graceful to arouse sympathy, yet exhibiting, through all, the body of the original, like a lamp flame, shining through its glassy vase—in short, by having it still Greek, but English-Greek.

This accords with the practice of all the best translators. No translator ever gave, or intended to give every word, or even shade of idea, that he found in the original. I appeal with confidence to any page in Dryden, or Cowley, in Addison, or Pope. They have, I acknowledge, generally carried their *liberality* to a fault—still, if *they* do not translate correctly, who does? Open at any page of Pope—say the last four lines of the *Iliad*. Read the simple original. “And after having heaped up the (sepulchral) mound, they went back. And then, happily assembled, they banqueted upon a very splendid banquet in the dwelling of Priam, Jove-nourished king. Thus did they attend to the burial of Hector, tamer-of-horses.”

“All Troy then moves to Priam’s court again,
A solemn, silent, melancholy train.
Assembled there, from pious toil they rest,
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast.
Such honors Ilium to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade.”

Too wide, I grant—yet it is Pope, the king of translators.

Addison, dear reader, was not a bad translator. Yet take his rendering of that grand Horatian—the third of the third book. “Not the heat of the citizens, commanding crooked things, not the countenance of an urgent tyrant, shakes in his solid mind the man just and firm to his purpose.”

“The *man*, resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to all and obstinately *just*,
May the rude *rabble*’s insolence despise,
Their senseless clamors, and tumultuous cries:
The *tyrant*’s fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.”

He has rendered literally but four words, and them I have italicised. Is it, therefore, a bad translation? No. It is good—though, with all due deference to thy shade, Oh! Joseph, I must think it a *little* diffuse—still, it is good, because it expresses the spirit and manner of the original in fine, forcible English. I give thee a literal translation—not that one better and as close might not be made—but to exemplify the difference between transfusing the *spirit* and the *words* of an author from one language into another.

The upright man, *who* to his purpose clings,
No rabble's heat, commanding crooked things,
Nor urgent tyrant's countenance can shake
In his firm mind—

Almost perfectly literal, and—sweet reader—how spirited! I might *multiply* my remarks, were I not loth to *divide* thine attention.

I give thee two or three things—such as an aching head and sleepy eyes made them.

By Lucillius, to Nicylla.

Those, who affirm that thou dost dye
The ringlets of thy jetty hair,
Can easily be proved to lie—
Thou *bought'st* them black as now they are.

By the same, to a Miser.

Thou hast, indeed, the rich man's pelf,
But dost possess the beggar's soul,
Oh, thou, who starvest for thyself,
And for thine heirs in wealth dost roll.

By the same. Envy.

When Flaccus on the gallows swung,
And chanced to see a brother-thief
Upon a loftier gibbet hung,
He grinned, and died in envious grief.

A quodam, miki ignoto.

A man, that once before has married,
And longs again the *noose to splice*,
Is one, that has at sea miscarried,
And wishes to be shipwrecked twice.

Be this a *caveat* to all amorous widowers.

HERMENEUTES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Charles K." is a well written tale, and, as it is apparently founded upon facts, would undoubtedly interest those personally acquainted with the scenes which it describes ; but, unless we misjudge, it would strike others differently.

"Evening Thoughts," an article on William Wirt, and a "Sonnet," are declined.

"The Seminole," with some metrical alterations, may appear in our next.

"A Rhyming Mood," is accepted.

The author of "Niobe," and "Spring," (we suppose them both from the same pen,) would do well to use the '*file*' a little more freely, and also, read, at his leisure, a chapter or two of some treatise on *Perspicuity*.

"My Village Home," "The Pleasures of Innocence," and "The Future," (which, from the *paper* and chirography, we judge to be the productions of one and the same intellect,) might, perhaps, be creditable to the powers of an Infant School poet ; but, *Dii Immortales!* can it be possible they have been perpetrated by any one of riper years? Take a specimen or two.

"But ah! where's now their boyish pranks
Since last I saw those sloping banks;
Time's stern mandate, bid to hardy toil,
Some with Fame—the rest on Nature's soil."

"Oh! 'tis that off distant hill
By the shady grove, all leafless—still
Where I'd seek an humble place
To lay low my care-worn face."

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THE
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NO. 4.

TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? "Truth," says a standard logician, "signifies nothing but the joining or separating of signs, as the things signified by them do agree or disagree with one another;" that is, in making propositions. These are divided into mental and verbal. Truth then consists in ideal or verbal sentences, or, in other words, in a certain arrangement of ideas and words. This view of the subject may answer for a mere definition; but it is not satisfactory. We are disposed to make truth consist in *things*, and not alone in their representatives. It is the reality of things; using the term thing as it is, the most universal of any in the language, including every object of sense or conception, objects past, present, and future, objects terrestrial and celestial, objects of all space and all duration, objects possible and impossible; in a word, every-thing. There are propositions concerning things; we have ideas of things, and things themselves exist independently of both. The verbal statement, and the mental apprehension, may accord with the reality of the thing, and be true, or figuratively speaking, the truth. But can it be strictly said that the truth consists in them, and them only?

But this train of remark avails little in resolving the momentously practical question, What is truth? To give this a reply worthy of itself, would lead us beyond our present design, and each reader must be left to judge for himself.

"Truth is consistent with itself." This is a common saying, and regarded as axiomatic in its nature. It is not intended for the identical proposition, Truth is truth; but that whatever is truth in one subject, can in no way be rendered nugatory or false, by what is truth in any other subject; and that one truth in the same subject is not weakened or diminished by any other truth in the same subject. Truth, as before intimated, may be considered in a three-fold aspect; in itself; in regard to the verbal propositions embracing it; in respect to our own conceptions of it.

In itself, in its own nature, it may be consistent with itself. But of the many truths with which our acquaintance is imperfect, we cannot judge whether they agree, or disagree, among themselves. In regard to some others, of which we are better assured, it is difficult to say that there is no contradiction.

In propositions there is certainly great discrepancy ; owing partly to the barrenness of language, and to the ambiguity of terms ; also to the different impressions which different authors of the statement may possess, and which the same man may have at different times. The propositions may be too brief, or too ample ; in many ways they are made to disagree one with another, and as they are the representatives of truth, for all practical purposes truth itself is often found inconsistent with itself.

We find our own conceptions of truth exceedingly contradictory ; which is attributable to the limited nature of our faculties, and narrow extent of our observations. It is only the *ends* of truths that we see. Their remote extension, and multiplied relations, we cannot ascertain. There *appears* to be much disagreement. In theology the doctrines of decrees and free agency are both true, but who can reconcile them ? This apparent inconsistency of truth is the origin of scepticism, and is the occasion of many unhappy dissensions among men.

“Great is truth, and it will prevail.” The harmlessness of this declaration has permitted it to pass unmolested. It certainly is a pleasing prediction, and in the prospect which it unfolds, has inspired many a languid heart with fresh vigor in the cause of truth. From the implicit reliance which most men place in its verity, and from the wish of all for its fulfillment, is manifested the confidence which each reposes in his own integrity, and also a secret admiration of truth in the minds of all. But the sentiment is perhaps more flattering to the nobleness of our nature, than accordant with our constant experience. That some truths will prevail, is certain. But in respect to others—for instance, the thousand and one litigated points in history, how shall the truth ever be ascertained. If the facts were noted at the time of their occurrence, prejudice operated to distort them. If not till years had elapsed, it was the effect of remoteness to obliterate, or obscure them. Years and centuries are bearing us still farther from the period of their transpiring, and how is it possible, that, without a revelation from heaven, the truth shall ever be disclosed ?

In metaphysics are many points equally indeterminable. Here a man’s own mind is the field of observation, in every part of which the most rigid, extensive, and patient scrutiny, and the most careful comparison have been made by the most profound thinkers, and with the best lights ; but up to this time there are many points unillustrated, undecided. Will they ever be made more plain ? Who does not feel that there are doubtful points in himself that he will never understand, at least this side of the grave ?

In the sciences, which suffer less from prejudice than most subjects of investigation, the want of facts will prevent the discovery of truth on many points; while, faster than old questions are settled, new subjects of discussion are advanced.

With respect to the active duties of life, temperament will continue to influence our views of truth, as it always has done.

Prejudice, which is the great barrier to the entrance of truth into the mind, must, while man exists under his present mental and moral constitution, retain the influence it now exerts.

There are many truths of which the highest order of human intellect can only catch a fleeting glimpse, and the amount of knowledge is graduated downwards, corresponding with the ability to grasp it. Many points lie equally balanced between truth and falsehood.

We do not then seem to be sufficiently warranted in the opinion that truth, i. e. all truth, will prevail.

"Men are more willing to embrace error than truth." No one will admit this imputation in his own case; but by an easy generalization, each one applies it to all other men.

It may be doubted whether a love of truth or of error, for *their own sake*, is a primary principle of our moral nature. A love of one's own happiness, or interest, or reputation, in a word, of one's self, is primary. Truth and error are regarded with complaisance or aversion, accordingly as they oppose or favor the interests of men. If there were but one being in the universe, it would be of little moment whether he passed his existence in truth or falsehood. In society, he, whose basis is falsehood, is derided by his fellows, and his interests are endangered. As truth, on the whole, is most conducive to the interests of men, it is most generally sought after. Few are willing to oppose a fashionable error. There are portions of every man's whole life, which he passes in error, without being in the least concerned. Many minds are so preoccupied, that they *cannot* examine the evidence requisite for the admission of a new truth. More are so prejudiced that they will not. With many men a fear of results is stronger than love of truth, and they are induced by a prospect of consequences, to abandon the pursuit. An entire devotion to truth itself, to truth for its own sake, is a rare sight, and one of high moral sublimity.

A FATHER TO HIS CHILD.*

I CANNOT say, I cannot say, my beautiful and wild,
 I've ever seen so fair a one as thou my pretty child—
 A form so full of elegance, a cheek where roses blow,
 And a forehead where the glossy curls seem braided over snow—
 A lip whence sounds of music gush, that might with ease unsphere
 Some spirit from its airy halls and witch that spirit here.

When first thy mother gave thee me, my beautiful and wild,
 And others sought to gaze upon and bless the pretty child,
 And thy soft lip to mine was press'd, and thy soft hand I felt,
 And felt all of a father's heart within my bosom melt;
 I know I heaved a sigh, for there was sadness in my joy—
 Thou wert so very beautiful, my smiling little boy.

Where'er thou go'st, there seems to go a gladness, and a life,
 Which all unfitted is for this dark world of sin and strife;
 Thou dost remind me of the flowers that are when Spring comes on,
 Thou dost remind me of the light when comes and goes the sun;
 Of brooks, and falling waters, when they with the pebbles toy—
 Of all that's gay and beautiful, my smiling little boy.

I mingle with the busied world, and when I find it vain,
 I turn me to my happy hearth and little boy again;
 I love to have him shout to me, I love his airy call,
 I love to hear his little step go patting through the hall;
 I love to take him on my knee and fold him into rest,
 As doth the parent bird the dove she shelters with her breast.

Thy kind complaints, thy boyish talk, thy merriment, my boy,
 Crush all that's base within my heart, and smooth the day's annoy;
 Where'er I go, if ills assail, and passion plays her part,
 And dark Ambition spreads her gauds before my eye and heart,
 And I one moment list the voice that proffers me the crown—
 I think me of thy looks my boy, and bid the tempter down.

* A friend of mine thinks he has seen a poem somewhere not altogether unlike this. Whether such a poem there is I know not, nor have I, after hunting over pamphlets and periodicals, been able to find one. If the reader shall be more successful, he will please give the writer of any similar production as much praise as he chooses, and subduct the same from me. An author *ought* to know if he is guilty of plagiarism; and though I may err, it is my opinion, that among the many who have written upon this subject, though I may not boast of as much beauty, I may at least have been as far from stealing as the best of the rhyming tribe. These are indeed days of barter—still I would live on my own capital.

Yet there will sometimes come to me a thought of sadness given,
 As the dark cloud streams athwart the flush that tints the sky of even,
 When I look at thee, and think of thee, in all thine artlessness,
 And think how flowery is the path which thy young foot doth press—
 For I know that eye which sparkles now may suddenly be wet,
 And the earth which looks so lovely too may be a desert yet.

Ah! yes, I tremble for my boy with fears he cannot know,
 Lest he take the path which I have ta'en, and find it leads to wo;
 I tremble lest the Circean cup may yet be given him,
 With roses decked and myrtles crown'd and sparkling to the brim;
 For O! his foot hath not yet tried the path which mine hath trod,
 Nor hath his young heart framed a wish he might not give to God.

And yet I will not think it—no! it will not, cannot be,
 That fate shall ever fling its shroud of blackness over thee;
 Thou art too like thy mother, child,—she would not harm this breast—
 And all thy days have been too like the holy and the bless'd;
 Thou can'st not other be to me than this, my cradle joy—
 Thou wilt not grieve thy father's heart, my smiling little boy.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S WORKS.

Lib. Old Eng. Prose Writers—Vol. 9.—Boston, 1834.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY, under one form or another, is the predominant vice of the present age. A disposition to neglect the gathered wisdom of former times, and to deny all reverence to customs and institutions from which our fathers deemed it inseparable, and to go forward rejoicing in *our own* strength, is becoming more and more apparent. And whether we regard this sentiment as the fool-hardiness resulting from ignorance, and as 'the pride which goeth before a fall,' or, which we are more inclined to do, as the exultation of conscious might, and the prelude of more glorious achievements—still it is a vice, and requires the most vigorous exertions to check its further progress. These remarks are most obviously applicable to political matters, but they are not without meaning in reference to *literature*. Even in this department of knowledge, there has become manifest a proneness to circumscribe curiosity and inquiry within the narrow circle of cotemporary writers, to extol our popular authors, as the only ones deserving our attention, and as uncontestedly superior to all who have gone before them. It is difficult to determine whether this feeling is more unjust to those great lights of learning, who laid the *foundations* of our literature, by defrauding them of their merited homage, or more unfortunate for ourselves, by

depriving us of their illumination. Nor is it less *absurd*, than it is unjust and unfortunate. For if we are indeed at the culminating point, whence beams of light and beauty shall fall on succeeding ages, the closest investigation can but confirm the truth; but if we are *not*, by timely consideration we may be saved from the error of those ancient astronomers, who assumed this little earth to be the center of the universe, and *therefore*, at each supposed advance, plunged deeper in error and perplexity. And those, who, in utter ignorance of our older writers, are ever asserting the preeminence of Byron and Bulwer and Irving, should be careful, lest, with those who have traveled further in the world of letters, they may incur the charge of weakness, no less ridiculous than that of the vain Chinese, who imagine *their* land, the only radiant point in a world of darkness.

Nor would the results of a candid and thorough examination of the early English writers, be really prejudicial to the reputation of cotemporary works; for though we might return from our researches with a less extravagant complacency in the productions of living authors, it would be more strongly established. We should meet with opposite merits and opposite faults. If our current literature is more frivolous, theirs is more prolix; if their thoughts are more sound, and their style more simple, our reasoning is more pointed, and our expression more sparkling—if we are more disgusted here with spurious originality, we are oftener wearied there with staid monotony.

We have been led into these reflections, by the perusal of several volumes of 'the Library of Old English Prose Writers.' Among the many series, which have of late appeared in England and this country, under the specious name of 'Libraries,' there is none so truly deserving as this, of the approbation and support of the educated and intellectual portion of the community—and to them, from its peculiar character, it must be almost entirely confined. Other publications, appealing to the interests or the love of novelty and excitement of the 'reading public,' meet with a ready support. But this series, whose design and tendency is to correct this corrupt taste, and chasten this morbid partiality to the matter-of-fact, or the romantic, cannot expect a promiscuous patronage. It is emphatically the *literature of literary men*, and all such, if they have any sympathy with 'sober thought, in simple language dressed,' nay, to appeal to selfish motives only, if they have any regard for the improvement of their taste, the strengthening of their own minds, or the purifying of their own style, will not fail to search out and drink deeply of these 'healthful wells of English undefiled.' We would gladly ramble through the several works of which the 'Library' is composed, but time does not permit, and we hasten to the consideration of the last of their number, with the simple remark that the plan of the undertaking is so praiseworthy, and the manner of its execu-

tion thus far has evinced so correct a judgment, and refined a taste, that we cannot but regret that any circumstances should for a moment delay its progress.

The fame of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* must be familiar to every ear. Its authority as a classic is so high, quotations from it are so numerous, and allusions to it among literary, political and metaphysical writers, are so frequent and eulogistic, that no one who has passed beyond the first lisps of polite learning, can be presumed ignorant of its general character. But a much smaller number, probably, are acquainted with it from actual examination and study. Before the appearance of this edition it had long been out of print in this country, or excluded from general circulation by being buried in an expensive and cumbrous volume, among the ponderous controversial writings of its author; and in rescuing it from its unfortunate companionship, the editor has conferred no slight gratification upon the lovers of serious thought and quaint style. A clear view of the design and plan of the work, cannot better be obtained, than by a brief analysis of its contents.

The author, for the convenience of setting forth his ideal of a perfect commonwealth, in a plainer and bolder manner than the jealousy of the government and the church would allow, feigns the existence of an island, *Utopia*, in a remote quarter of the globe, unknown to the people of Europe, and recently discovered by the celebrated navigator, Vespucci. Raphael Hyllleloday, a philosopher, who accompanied Vespucci in his voyages, through curiosity, to examine the condition of the new-found nations, having become intimately versed in the history and manners of the *Utopians*, conveys a lengthened and minute account of the same to his friend More, at that time employed in the 'king's embassat' in Flanders.

Upon this hypothesis, the philosophical romance is founded; and under the form of historical narrative, the author unfolds his views of the manners, customs, pursuits, government and religion, which would obtain among a perfectly happy people. He condemns with severity, and ridicules with sharpness, the policy, both temporal and spiritual, which was pursued by the governments of Europe, and the whole system of social relations, which prevailed among the people. He exposes with equal fearlessness, the folly and wickedness of royal tyranny, prelatical intolerance, and private avarice. He pictures in earnest simplicity, the advantages of equality of rank, temperance in living, freedom of opinion, and general education; and much more than anticipates in theory, all the advances which have actually been made, in more than three centuries. In order to feel the full admiration, which the perusal of the '*Utopia*' should legitimately excite, the reader must constantly bear in mind, the period at which the author wrote. Many positions, which to us appear obvious and common place,—because we have been familiar with them, as undoubted truisms, from our childhood—evinced in our author surpass-

ing vigor of thought, and boldness of purpose, joined with a sagacity almost prophetic. The extent to which he pushed his liberality in religion, in an age distinguished for its bloody bigotry, may be learned from the following extract. (p. 159.)

"For this is one of their most ancient laws, that no man ought to be punished for his religion. At the first constitution of their government, Utopas having understood, that before his coming among them, the old inhabitants had been engaged in great quarrels concerning religion, by which they were so divided among themselves, that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since instead of uniting their forces against him, every different party in religion fought by themselves; after he had subdued them, he made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions; but that he ought to use no other force but that of persuasion, and was neither to mix with it reproaches nor violence; and such as did otherwise were to be condemned to banishment or slavery."

To affirm that all the maxims and institutions in this fictitious system of politics are unexceptionable, and would be desirable if *realized*, would be foolish eulogium—indeed, in some very important features, (we would refer particularly to the chapters on 'the Manner of Living,' on 'Slavery,' and on 'Marriages,') the progress of political science and moral philosophy, has shown that there is much that is erroneous and defective. The grand error is, and it is a very common one among theorists, in allowing to corrupt human nature a higher degree of moral perfection, than it has ever yet vindicated its claims to, and, resting upon this unsubstantial basis, must fall to the ground. The candid reader, however, cannot fail to admire the acuteness and honesty of the reasoning, and to wonder at the nobleness of the sentiments upon the great subjects of civil and religious freedom, when he reflects that the author was a courtier under the despotic Henry VIII, and was a tenacious Romanist, amid the fierce struggles of the Reformation. He will also be highly pleased with the simplicity of language in which the profoundest truths are conveyed, and will often be provoked to a smile, as he detects, under the modest guise of our author's graceful style, many a thought, which with pompous epithet, and startling antithesis, has been brought forth as the offspring of the 'wonderful advance of mind in the XIXth century.' And if he should be ready to point at some passages as absurd, and at others as childishly simple, let him remember, that according to competent critics, the prince of ancient philosophers, Plato, is not free from similar crudities. The most valuable portions of the work, are those which are employed in the discussion of permanent moral and political principles, though the most curious and amusing, are the descriptions of the island, and of the domestic and civil habits of its citizens. There are, here and there, some positions of even ludicrous extravagance, which the author, it would seem, intended to serve him as a refuge from the charge of heresy, by giving his book the aspect of an idle and humorous fiction.

The latter half of the volume is occupied with the 'History of King Richard III'—and though it does not possess the intrinsic value of the *Utopia*, it acquires even a higher interest from the circumstance of its being the *earliest specimen* of English prose, intelligible to readers of the present day.* It is also deserving of great attention, as the original chronicle of that troublous and tragical reign, written while several of the actors in its scenes are yet living. It is in this light, as the 'Father of English Prose,' that the character of Sir Thomas More appears most interesting. He was the first to break loose from the prevailing custom, which confined all learning and philosophy and history, to the constrained medium of a dead language, and commenced those efforts in the living English, which have resulted in giving us a vernacular prose literature, unequalled by that of any other language in the world. He was fortunate too in living just at that period, when the language had acquired sufficient elegance and copiousness, to render it in a great measure permanent. The tasteful reader will be tempted to wish that our native Saxon had been suffered to retain its pristine vigor, unencumbered with such ponderous accumulations, as it has since received, though it had remained less magnificent in its periods, and less fertile in synonymes.

The principal points worthy of notice in this venerable composition, are, the honest straight-forward course of the narrative, the discrimination in the portraiture of character, and in tracing outward actions to their secret causes, and the nature and individuality shown in the speeches, which, in imitation of the manner of Livy and Sallust, he puts in the mouths of his personages. We were much struck with the *perfect* coincidence with this authentic chronicle, maintained in Shakspeare's drama of Richard III. It is exceedingly thorough and minute, and affords gratifying evidence that the efforts of the imagination may with success be made subservient to impressing and illustrating historical truth. As an instance of this resemblance, as well as for the purpose of exhibiting our author's *original* style, we quote as follows. (p. 302—304.)

"And thus, as I have learned of them that much knew and little cause had to lie, were these two noble princes, these innocent, tender children, born of most royal blood, brought up in great wealth, likely long to live to reign and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken, deprived of their estate, shortly shut up in prison, and privily slain and murdered, their bodies cast, God wot where, by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his spiteous tormentors. Which things on every part well pondered, God never gave this world a more notable example, neither in what unsurety standeth this worldly weal, or what mischief worketh the proud enterprise of a high heart, or finally what wretched end ensueth such spiteous cruelty. For first, to begin with the ministers, Miles Forrest at Saint Martin's piecemeal rotted away. Dighton indeed yet walketh on alive, in good possibility to be hanged ere he die. But Sir James Tyrrel died at Tower hill, beheaded

* *Utopia* was written in Latin. The current translation was made by Bishop Burnet.

for treason. King Richard himself, as ye shall hereafter hear, slain in the field, hacked and hewed of his enemies' hands, harried on horseback dead, his hair in despite torn and togged like a cur dog. And the mischief that he took, within less than three years of the mischief that he did. And yet all the mean time, spent in much pain and trouble outward, much fear, anguish and sorrow within. For I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done, he never had quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure. Where he went abroad, his eyen whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one alway ready to strike again; he took ill rest a nights, lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometime start up, leap out of his bed and run about the chamber; so was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable deed."

The character of Sir Thomas More is one of the noblest that the whole circle of history can present, and his whole career was as glorious, in the highest sense of that term, as the loftiest aspirations could desire. His fame rests not on the adventitious distinctions of rank or political authority, or on the short lived eminence, conferred by popular idolatry; for, though he was placed high in office, though he was courted by his sovereign, beloved by his equals, and worshiped by his inferiors—the native power of his intellect, and loftiness of his spirit, shed the proudest luster upon his name. We have already had occasion to notice some points of his greatness, in the review of his works. In his *Utopia* we found him a subtle reasoner, and bold asserter of the rights of man; and in his history, we met with an honest annalist, and skillful pioneer in the untraced paths of English literature. In many other respects he was no less gifted by nature, and favored by fortune. He was the first *lay* chancellor of England, that high station, before his accession, having been entirely monopolized by churchmen. He is the *first* person in English history distinguished for senatorial eloquence, and the earliest champion of parliamentary liberty. He was the first, as speaker of the House of Commons, to teach that body the use of that power, which, as keeper of the purse of the nation, it possessed, and which, in later times, it has exerted with so overwhelming an influence on the destinies of the nation. In a word, he was the *first* of British ministers, who deserved, in all its breadth, the title of a *statesman*. His personal character was no less lovely, than his public career was commanding. The sweetness of his disposition, the mirthfulness of his temper, his reluctance to engage in the stormy contentions of political ambition, the depth of his learning, and the order of his piety, are alike conspicuous—and the manner of his death has associated his fame with that of the martyrs to tyranny 'for conscience' sake.'

W.

I LOVE THEE.

'Tis sweet, when first the infant's voice
 Lips to the parent of his joys,
 Words like no other;
 And says,—as a bright, radiant smile
 Lights up his countenance the while—
 “I love thee, mother.”

'Tis sweet, to watch that mother's eye
 Beam, like a star in yonder sky,
 Radiant, though mild;
 To hear her speak the glad reply,—
 Her joyous bosom heaving high—
 “I love thee, child.”

'Tis pleasant, when at midnight hour
 Beneath some fragrant myrtle bower
 With flow'rs inwove,
 The happy swain, with trembling tone
 Reveals his heart to *her* alone—
 “'Tis *thee* I love:”

And then, to mark the rising sigh,
 The blushing cheek, the laughing eye,
 In *turn* appear;
 The swelling breast, the *throbbing* there,
 The playful struggle—*all* declare,
 “I love thee, dear.”

* * * * *

'Tis sweet, when man doth contrite bow
 Before his God, his spirit low,
 And seek His favor.
 With deep submission as he kneels,
 He speaks the joy his bosom feels,
 “I love thee, Savior.”

But sweeter far, when *God* hath said,
 “The offering which *I* have made,
 Thine heart hath won.
 Through *Him* will I now hear thy cries,
 Through that ‘*atoning sacrifice*,’
 ‘I love thee, *son*.’”

THE COFFEE CLUB.

No. II.

"I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up, catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me.

—I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought, which Heaven intended for another man."—*Tristram Shandy*.

READER;

LEST, from the fact that we have hitherto drawn our mottos from "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," the suspicion may be festering in your brain that poor Nescio Quod has confined his reading among the older English writers to this single work, it may not be amiss to adduce such evidence, as shall set at rest so unjust and injurious a surmise.

For instance—had he wished to be sarcastical upon himself, and thus, by a common artifice, predispose his critics to clemency, he might, in reference to the multitudinous array of *shadowy* jests—flitting around the brightness of the reader's fancy, like moths around a candle, to their own destruction—have cited this keen retort of Fuller—"It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting."

Or, in allusion to the somewhat pedantic display of information, varied, but worthless, he might have adopted from the same author a complaint at the frivolous attainments of the idle and riotous student—"Yet, *perchance*, he may get some *alms* of learning, here a snap, there a piece of knowledge, but nothing to purpose."

Or, in a mood of preeminent self-complacency, he might have imagined that the reader's feelings towards him, maugre his faults and his prolixity, might be fitly expressed in the language of the Spectator (after Martial.)

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee."

Or, in defense of his desultory style—half-way between the frisking pirouettes of Harlequin, and the staid pace of the moraliser, he might have borrowed a circumlocutory sentence from the bungling Locke—"I would have him try whether he can keep one unvaried, single idea in his mind without any other, for any considerable length of time."

Or, having in his mind the stolidity of those, who condescended gravely to condemn so trifling a *jeu d'esprit*, he might have taken to his aid a sarcasm from Smollett—"Some formidable critics declared that the work was void of humor, character, and sentiment."

Or, revolving in his thoughts the mystery attending the appearance of the first number, and the pining curiosity excited to unveil its paternity, with flattered pride, he might have quoted a splendid sentence from Count Fathom—"Over and above this important secret, under which he was begotten, other particularities attended his birth, and seemed to mark him out as uncommon among the sons of men."—These "*ancient instances*" will suffice, my reader, if you are in a yielding mood, to convince you that, if Tristram is called upon somewhat often, it is less a matter of necessity, than of choice. I am doubting whether it would not be a most Machiavelian stroke of diplomatic wisdom, to persuade you that I perceive all my failings. Surely your admiration at my frankness would outweigh your anger at the repetition of my sins. I am sometimes affected, and, now and then, I perpetrate a *verbicide*. I like to make new words—I feel for them the affection of a father. I am slightly tinctured with the sin mentioned by Boileau. (*L'Art Poétique. Chant Troisième.*)

"Souvent, sans y penser, un écrivain qui s'aime,
Forme tous ses héros semblables à soi-même."

Which lines the *Il-literati* are to know mean, "A self-complacent writer often inadvertently draws his heroes like himself." Thus I, forgetting the precise terms of the *conversators*, (there *ought* to be such a word,) make them parley in a brogue very like my own. I am, moreover, somewhat vain, though less so than Ovid, or Horace, (*Vide Metam. lib. 15. in fine. and Hor. 2.20 3.30.*) or than that Etrurian Spurinna, whom Valerius Maximus cites as an instance of modesty, though he was rather an example of uncommon self-inflation; since he thought himself so *killing*, that he disfigured his face, lest he should unwittingly seduce his fair country-women!

I would that I could affirm with Falstaff in the play, "I am not only witty in myself, but I am likewise the cause that wit is in other men." But the protasis will, I fear, be doubted by the judicious, and my own observation tells me that the apodosis is false. I am naturally neither contemptuous nor malicious, but when I look around me, and behold so many with but two ideas, "one for superfluity and one for use," and reflect that I may myself rank among that soulless number, I become almost a misanthrope, and quite a scorner. "*Les diseurs des bons mots*," says Pascal, "*sont mauvais caractères.*" "The perpetrators of witticisms are bad men." Yet the same author observes, that silence is the severest punishment, and, since novelty is all that can gain one notoriety at the present day, I know not why I should not attempt to be new, at least, if not

witty. I sometimes think I would rather give utterance to a brilliant error than a stupid truth, and, like Tully, espouse falsehood with a Plato, rather than be right with the rabble. "Had the nose of Cleopatra been shorter," remarks an eminent writer, "the face of the world had been altered." (*Her face would have been, at any rate.*) Had I, too, been born at an earlier era, before the fingers of a million had compressed every square inch of this vast globe's surface, till it is as dry and hopeless as the peel of an eviscerated orange, I, too, might have been at once original and wise. But all truths have of late become *truisms*, and to reiterate them would be like praising Shakspeare. Sufficient be it for me, (you will find the thought somewhere in Irving,) if, like a skillful physician, who gives you a pill enveloped in some palate-tickling sauce, I now and then, under the guise of folly, pop down your throat a sound moral, or a wholesome truth. My writings, if less grave in appearance, will be more healthful in effect than Bellamy's learned computation of the earth's inhabitants during the millennium, (whom he makes so numerous that they would be compelled to lie in *strata*,) or the labored inquiry of the ingenious Spaniard, whether it be more certain that a *cause* will produce an *effect*, or that an *effect* must spring from a *cause*. Pardon these patch-work prolegomena—remembering that it is my fashion to place my thoughts in *Mosaic*—and pass on to my compeers of the club.

Apple. "Well, Pulito, time flies, or," (looking learnedly,) "*tempus fugit*, as the Latins would say. If Quod and you are coming to the point, I'll e'en light my cigar, and listen with elongated and *patent* ears." (Here, after a series of wicked bantering, Apple was forced to explain that *patent* meant *open*—he then continued pettishly,) "I really thought you could see through a joke sooner—but if you are not about to discuss, I'll read to Tristo a few chapters of my Psychological Autobiography, in which I have shown by induction that *punning* may become a second nature, and that in numerous consecutive instances—"

Tristo. "Enough, good Apple; I perceive the plan of your work, and doubt not that it is profoundly amusing, and amusingly profound. But why wish to read it to me, rather than to Nescio, or Pulito?"

Apple. "Because you are melancholy, and something light and trifling might—"

Tristo. "No, Apple, no! When I am sad, which is but too often, I find no relief from the ludicrous, or the gay. I should sooner look for an antidote to melancholy in the deep thought and earnest style of Coleridge, than in the levities of Swift, or the whimsicalities of Sterne. And an evening walk in the solemn starlight would quicker soothe me than a merry ramble among the green hills in the brightness of the morning. When the soul wanders through its airy chambers in solitary sadness, let it not flee for refuge to the comic

page, to laughter, or the song. Let it dwell upon scenes and objects, more wretched than itself, till the sigh of sorrow burst into the tear of pity. The descriptions of Crabbe, so gloomy, so powerful, and so true, bear me away from sadness to solemnity, and the deep conceptions of Foster lift me from solemnity to a high and tender elevation."

Apple. "Fool as I am, these bright spring mornings always make even me serious."

Tristo. "Fools as we *all* are, there are times when the cup of pleasure is as nauseous to the soul, as is wine to the sated palate of the morning reveler. Why is it, Apple, why is it that the first gay breath of spring is so saddening in its influence? Nature seems then to burst from her winter's sleep, like a resurrection from the grave. The jocund earth puts on her brightest robes, as if soon to celebrate her nuptials with heaven. The pulse of existence beats high with new-born vigor, and the warm, bright blood runs riot through the renovated veins. Alike in the open fields, and the crowded city, throughout the glorious works of God, and the petty creations of man, there is a newness of life, which, it would seem, *must* fill every heart with bounding ecstasy. And so it may be, for aught I know, with the busy and the riotous. But with the idle and the thoughtful, the approach of spring produces, I am persuaded, far different effects."

Apple. "Physicians would tell us that the balmy breeze bears on its wings a subtle, penetrating fluid, which dampens the spirits and enfeebles the energies."

Tristo. "No. While I allow that these early gales of spring, which breathe life and vigor into all the rest of animated nature, unbrace *our* nerves, and through those media of sensation, lower the tone, and lessen the elasticity of the feelings, yet, for the main cause would I look deeper—even in the mind. There are certain periods, as we all know, when we are *forced to reflect*. Such periods are, every serious change in the world without—the recurrence of a birth-day, or the revisiting of home; and sometimes the sight of a long-neglected volume, through whose pages I have strayed in pleasant intercourse with an absent, or a buried friend, has brought paleness to my lip, and sadness to my heart. And such an occasion, preeminently, are the early days of spring; for spring (as the Germans say) is the cradle-time of the year."

Apple. "The calendar, though, says otherwise. But go on."

Tristo. "Then are we summoned to look forward to *another* year, with hopes less wild and free than they were at the commencement of the last; and we look backward, also, with a longer and a sadder retrospect: and you know, Apple, that the memory of a student is but a shadowy maze, where the forms, which, in *prospect*, were gilded with glory, and girded with magnificence, to his *backward* gaze, seem airy nothings, or shapes, palpable, indeed, but

unsightly—fiends, mocking at the vanity of his hopes, and the folly of his grief. And thus the bland breath of the reviving year becomes, through the mysterious principle of association, an instrument of keenest anguish to the sensitive mind. This annual birth of nature is a mile-stone, that notches our progress from the cradle to the grave: the figures are surrounded by bloom and greenness, but they are graven by the finger of Death.”

Apple. “I think such brilliant days make us feel *too* well.”

Tristo. “They do. They kindle sensations too delightful for continuance—our systems are too coarse, too frail—it seems as if an electric finger were laid invisibly upon each shrinking nerve—a balm circumsfuses and permeates the heart, strange, ecstatic, overpowering. The change, too, is often so abrupt as to cause an unpleasant revulsion—the process (so far as regards the action of the mind) is not unlike that by which we pass from the stern winter of our existence here, to the bright and unending summer of the future life.”

Apple. “Well, Tristo, though I could not succeed in making you merry, you have well nigh rendered me as sad as yourself. And Quod and Pulito have stopped their wrangling to listen to your melancholy.”

Pulito. “Yes, Tristo, you are unwontedly depressed to-night, and Dumpling has scarcely made a *pun* since we came together. However, the coffee is ready, that will revive you both.”

The first cup sufficed to set Apple on his *legs*, (speaking intellectually,) which he evinced by commencing a *running* fire of puns and jests, too rapid for transcription; while Tristo, more slowly, but not less surely, owned the mild, exhilarating influence. In the mean time conversation lagged, and finally ceased, while they gave themselves up to the more *sensible* pleasures of the palate. After a while, Pulito, who appeared to have been collecting all his energies for the onset, seized a moment, when Apple was poring over his Autobiography, Tristo with a pleased smile was dipping into Little’s poems, and Quod, as *magister morum* for the evening, was resetting the coffee pot on its uneasy bed, and broke forth in a most oratorical tone with the following introduction to the debate.

Pulito. “On whatever principle you may compare the writings of the older novelists with the works of Bulwer and his school, whether as to their effect, in instructing the mind, or improving the heart, quickening the moral sense, or conveying useful information, or even for mere interest, or whiling away the time in rational amusement, (which last is but the lowest commendation of a good novel): in any of these points of comparison, I maintain that the older writers have a decided and manifest superiority. I might appeal, for the support of this position, to the concurrent testimony of literary men, to the fact that they have outlived contemporary criticism, and are still classics in this fastidious age, and furthermore”—

Apple, (looking up from his manuscript.) "What book is that you're reading out of, Pulito?"

"The book of my own intellect, as yet unpublished, Mr. Impertinence," said Pulito, somewhat disconcerted.

Apple. "Indeed! As I was looking down, I thought from the rapid and mellifluous flow of words, the elegance and profoundness of the thought, that you were reading loud from some one of the British Essayists. No insinuations, however," and he chuckled at the effect, while the others smiled at the harmlessness of his sarcasm.

Nescio. "Don't suppose, Pulito, that because I prefer the modern to the ancient school among the English novelists, I therefore deny all merit to the latter. It would be strange, indeed, if men, who were admitted *unâ voce* to be the wits and geniuses of their age, should not have displayed many, and great, and varied excellencies. But won't you allow that the incongruous mass, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, has gained its greenest laurels from its outrageous oddity? Its eccentricity is so astounding, so far beyond anomaly itself, that criticism pauses aghast, as at 'the quills of the fretful porcupine,' unknowing where to strike. You might as soon trace 'the path of a serpent on a rock,' or reduce to rule the movements of the wild ass of the desert. It is a mere chaos—a "rudis indigestaque moles."

Pulito. "But, my dear fellow, such the author intended to have it."

Nescio. "Well, and what then? Suppose he had made it dull, (as in fact much of it *is*, at least, to me,) would it be the more pleasing, that the author had simply fulfilled his intentions? I like a good conceit in my heart, and the more I like it, the more do I hate to see it spoiled."

Pulito. "Do you assert that Sterne has spoiled his plan? If you do, the world is against you."

Nescio. "I beg your pardon. Those few are against me, who copy their sentiments from one another, and who, I'll be sworn, never had the patience to read through what they so extravagantly admire. There are many good judges, who have the taste to perceive the unrivalled beauties of Sterne in particular passages, his fine strokes of humor, his felicitous touches of character, and, therefore, indiscriminately extol the whole."

Pulito. "Well, and I think they are about right."

Nescio. "So they are, except in *Tristram Shandy*. But *there* I maintain, that while uncle Toby, and Yorick, and in fact all the actors, are among the most perfect pictures in the English language, the scenes are yet, many of them, *unbearably* wearisome. I would rather undertake to thread the labyrinth of Minos."

Pulito. "Now, in my view, this same rambling style constitutes his great charm."

Nescio. "Not at all. This attraction consists in the exquisite fidelity of his characters, and the wit that gleams along his zigzag path. His roving, if properly restrained, would be pleasing. But, in the very nature of things, we cannot heartily like an author whom we cannot keep in sight. He seems to have thought that *any* thing would *take*, provided only it were irrelevant. If, indeed, these *disjecta membra* were all brilliant or weighty, it would repay the labor of putting them together. But when you have done this, and find much of it absolute nonsense, you must feel spent, disappointed, and angry."

Pulito. "Say what you will, and there is some truth in your words, Sterne will always remain inimitable."

Nescio. "I deny it not, and I hope he may. One such specimen, however beautiful, of utter lawlessness, is quite enough, and the fame of Sterne has already drawn many a weak-winged aspirant from sober truth into erratic nonsense. That style, which, in *him*, if affected, was, at least, original, in an *imitator* would be stale and intolerable. By the way, have you ever read his Sermons and Letters?"

Pulito. "Yes, and they are beautiful, are they not?"

Nescio. "Surpassingly. But what say you to the older novelists, Fielding, Richardson and Smollett?"

Pulito. "Why, I say that their language is as much stronger and purer, as their thoughts are better, and their characters more natural, than those of Bulwer, and his tawdry tribe."

Nescio. "Well, I must admire your modesty, to speak thus of a man, whom the spontaneous and infallible voice of a million has applauded, till praise itself grows weary."

Pulito. "The infallible voice of the million! Phoebus! their words *are* oracular! It has not been a fact, then, has it, since the stars first sang together, that whatever the *lions* of the day have done, or written, these infallible judges have followed with their praise? They did not shout '*te deum*' to Cowley, when that worshipper of the 'dim obscure' was the star of a voluptuous court, as vicious in taste as it was depraved in morals? Each spectacted 'mother in Israel' was not enraptured by Hervey's magniloquent meditations among the tombs? The horrors of Walpole, and the mysteries of Radcliffe, the sorrows of Porter, with the bravery of her superhuman Wallace, and the streaming eyes of her immaculate Amanda, have not *all* been worshipped in their day as lords of the ascendant—have not *all* risen, and shone, and set, in the April sky of popular applause? Why, Quod, I am astonished that you should for a moment adduce the opinion of the rabble as authority."

Nescio. "Out, aristocrat! where else *would* you look for natural, and unbiassed feeling? I tell you, that when the voice of a people bursts forth in simultaneous applause, a work *must* be good."

Pulito. "And I tell you, that if at this moment our meretricious press should bring forth the Letters of Junius, and the scribblings of Jack Downing, the people, if left to themselves, would choose the latter to reign over them, because the latter is most like themselves. Besides, upon one of these fashionable novels you do not get the free popular voice. Some giant critic, from prejudice, or false taste, sends forth his *imprimatur*, and the groundlings catch and repeat the cry,—as a mountain shakes the thunder from its cliffs, and the little hills reverberate its voice."

Apple. "But the people have no interest to sway their opinion."

Pulito. "Neither have they any judgment to guide it."

Apple. "To what, then, shall we resort? For criticism has always shifted with the shifting taste of the age, and it may be shown that the learned, and the polished, have fluctuated in their sentiments as much as the ignorant and the coarse. Did not the voices of the educated prefer Cowley and Dryden to Milton, until Addison took Milton on his wing, and bore him far into the heaven of fame? The critics of every age have followed the prevailing style of the writers of their time; and, indeed, they have constituted a large portion of those writers. Every thirty years has a style peculiar to itself—soft or strong, plain or mystical, brief or diffuse, moralizing or descriptive, simple or turgid; and the critics have set up no barrier, and constituted no law."

Pulito. "What you have said, *was* true, but *is* not. There are now so many perfect specimens from every literary mine, that dross or counterfeit is instantly detected. Criticism has become stable, or, if ever influenced by prejudice, or local feeling, you have only to take the average—cast them together into the alembic, and truth will come forth. And indeed the *general* and *long-continued* opinion of the multitude on a literary work, is always correct, partly because nature speaks within them, and partly because they have been told what to think by their superiors."

Nescio. "Don't suppose I prefer the flimsy modern copyists, to the eloquent Old English prose writers—the thinkers of the seventeenth century. But what says your Criticism to the novelists of the present age, as compared with those of eighty years since?"

Pulito. "I speak not of Scott; for I admit, as must all, that to the rest of story tellers, he is the sun in heaven. I likewise except Edgeworth, and Marryatt, and, perhaps, James and Cooper. But the Bulwerian is the prevailing style; and of him enlightened criticism says, that, with much brilliancy, and some philosophy, there is a great deal that is vicious in style, and false in sentiment, shallow in reasoning, and depraving in tendency. It says that his aphorisms are merely antitheses, striking, but untrue. His characters are too strong contrasts to be natural; they are foils to one another."

Nescio. "And where will you find a more glaring instance of this, than in Scott's *Quentin Durward*, where he introduces tragedy and comedy—the executioners to Lewis, that subtle king?"

Pulito. "I allow it, and always considered the picture overcharged: it is broad farce, and not real life."

Nescio. "Well, I will tell you what *I* think of Smollett. When he is himself, he is coarse; and when he rises to the tender, he speaks in language, which true lover and true poet never employed. His sentimentality is to me disgusting, and his sketches, though laughable, are many of them caricatures. He had a strong sense of the ludicrous, but no taste for the refined. His sea-characters are admirable; but when, in the *History of England*, were oaths and exclamations, which I repeat not, so common in the mouths of *refined ladies* even, as he would represent? When I close a volume of Smollett, I rise with a sense of weariness—there is a something, which I sought, and found not—his characters appear before me in bold prominence, and they are consistent with themselves, but I doubt me whether all of them are consistent with human nature."

Pulito. "There is something in what you say. Smollett fails in some points: but his mind was powerful, and his language is strong, and idiomatically pure. But in regard to poetry, and to love-scenes, the taste of the age was wrong: yet he simply accorded with that taste, and you cannot blame him for drifting with a race that thought Johnson a poet! As for Fielding, though too diffuse in style of remark, he is still immeasurably above Bulwer and his countless spawn. And so is Richardson, maugre his epistolary prolixity; and Goldsmith, with his quiet beauty and truth to nature, transcends them all. But Bulwer, instead of the apotheosis his admirers would bestow, deserves to do penance in purgatory for his literary sins. As obscure as Coleridge, without his deep philosophy, as glittering as Voltaire, without his sparkling wit, as seductive as Byron, without his amazing strength, his wisdom is founded in a few heartless maxims, and his poetry is comprized in a *Rhyming Dictionary*."

Tristo. "No! Pulito, you are wrong there. I have heard your discussion with interest, and allow me to draw the line, which, in cooler moments, you would both approve. Bulwer is a scholar, and a genius, and essentially a poet. That he is a scholar, and a ripe one, no one that has read his *Ambitious Student*, and, above all, his *Last Days of Pompeii*, can doubt for an instant. When I look at the fact that he has founded a new school in romance; that he has written eight or ten novels, all different, all original, all *creative* in their kind; that we follow his characters from their entrance to their exit, with feverish and untiring interest; that in his own path no one approaches him, and that for eight years he has supported his reputation, I see not how he can be denied many of the attributes of genius. And that he is, *in heart*, a poet, despite his Siamese Twins, is equally evident to me. He is certainly fertile in invention, rich in expression, and powerful in pathos. I know not where to find any thing more poetic, more moving, than the character of

Lucy Brandon, and her twilight interview with Clifford at the lattice, the beautifully simple portraiture of Mydia, and, above all, the crossed love, and shattered hopes of the Ambitious Student. I say that he *does* possess wit and humor, and poetry, and talent, and that in large abundance. Yet his power is more in the *manner* than the *matter*; for he is often superficial, and his pictures of the world, though faithful and clear in parts, are false and confused as a whole. Their coloring is too high. He strains for effect. His views in politics, in ethics, and religion, are all shifting. If a brilliant thought occurs, he pauses little upon its truth or consistency with his previous sentiments. Because red and blue are *both* beautiful, he lays them on together. You view his pictures as in a glass, and depart, 'straitway forgetting what manner of man he is.' He makes all his heroes think and act splendidly for the moment; but their thoughts and actions are incongruous as a whole—they war among themselves. A man cannot at once be patient and resentful, thoughtful and careless, or learned and an idler. Again—his style is as bad as it is brilliant—it is affected—sometimes tawdry. His novels are bad, *very* bad, in their tendency. He marries vice and virtue; he joins nobleness to sin; he makes man the puppet of fate or circumstance; around the desperate offender he weaves a spell of enchantment; we follow his heroes with wonder and pity and love, through all their paths of crime and glory, and we close the book with a sigh that ourselves were not born with natures so high, and destinies so splendid, even at the price of all their wretchedness, and all their guilt. Bulwer may talk, and talk of virtue and religion, till his hair is gray—but his principles are poison. And if he be dangerous, his imitators are contemptible. Without a tithe of his power, they are more corrupt. Their works are prolific as the rod of Aaron, and lean as the kine of Pharaoh. In regard to talent, making allowance for the greater freshness of his novels, and that sympathy which we feel for every thing of our own day, and remembering that he had all *their* excellencies to build upon, and imitate, I should place him far below both Fielding and Smollett in mental power. Those older writers, though freer in language, are far less corrupt and enervate in thought, than these modern profligates. In *those*, there is a style simple, vigorous, and clear, and reflection solid, rational, and just—in *these* there is a continual reaching forth after singularity and power. *Those* draw faithful figures, though larger, perhaps, than life—but *these* present distortions—wicked daubs—gross flatteries, or else vile libels upon human nature. *There* is thought—*here*, sentiment—*there*, rough gold—*here*, spangled tinsel. *Those* are chalybeate streams, which come tumbling from mountains of iron, with waves dark, but salubrious: while *these* are rivulets from mercurial mines, that dance swiftly along their shining bed, with waters bright, but destructive."

Ego.

AMBITION—A FRAGMENT.

—“I charge thee, fling away Ambition;
Love thyself last.”

Henry VIII.

WHAT! check the spirit in its earliest flight?
The new-fledged eaglet dash to earth again?
Wrap the just-rising sun in blackest night?
Hurl yon bright star from its empyrean?
Curs'd be the mind whence such a thought e'er sprung,
Yea, doubly curs'd the vile and slavish tongue
Which spake so mean a thought!

No, let that spirit rise,
Until the heaven of heavens before it lies,
Stretched out in clear perspective; and its home,
Ere it was fettered in this earthly form,
Be seen and recognized by thought innate;—
There let it brood, and “over all debate,”
Grasping earth, heaven, the Maker and the made,
Man and his fate, and fearlessly invade
The darkness which begirts Him round—the cloud
In which He hides His majesty.

The shroud,
Corruption, Reproduction, the stern war
Of Life and Death—the whence and what they are—
All it shall know—at least *attempt* to know,
Uninfluenced by the world it scorns below.
Yes, let that eaglet rise on tireless wing;
Far, far beyond the clouds' dominion spring,
And dwell where all is one eternal hush—
No dash of billowy rack, no whirlwind's rush;
But yon bright sun blazes an universe
Of pure, essential fire, whose gleams disperse
All shade, and ‘permeate the unsensuous space’—
Its atmosphere—the spirit of the place.

Ambition, Oh Ambition! fire of hell,
Burning and burning, why in me dost dwell,
A frail, ungifted one, who soon must die,
“Unwept, unhonored,” who with longing eye
Beholds thy heaven-high dome, but whose poor might
Sinks, struck and palsied, ere it scale that height?

Go, light his eye who loves the storms of life,
Go, burn his heart whose pulse unvarying beats,
Go, circle him in whom there is no strife
Of Soul and Sense,—of cold, and feverish heats.

But no, I would not drive thee from my soul,
Black "effluence of bright essence, uncreate."

What trumps the conqueror's fame from pole to pole?
What weaves the poet's name in the web of fate?—
Man! Time and Power—these on thee wait.

W. F.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORAL FEELING ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

No. II.

THE influence of moral feeling tends to heighten the pleasure which we derive from the contemplation of great actions.

Turn over the pages of history and philosophy—study the record of human events, and the laws of the mind, and we gather as their united testimony, the truth, that in all ages of the world, whatever has carried with it the impress of intellect, has commanded the homage of men. Even among rude and barbarous nations, he who distinguishes himself by some act of superior sagacity or valor, gains the ascendancy over his rivals, and is worshiped as Chief. The meed of honor in this case, is the result of a blind, but still a controlling admiration for the effect, unattended by a recognition of the cause. In more civilized communities, it is an enlightened and intelligent tribute to the offspring of mind.

To the man of imagination there is a powerful charm in the spectacle of a great mind throwing off the grave clothes of inactivity, and arousing itself for some mighty effort. There is almost a fearful grandeur in its movements, as it calls up one after another its slumbering energies, and girds itself for the struggle. And when it goes forth in its power to achieve the purposes which it has formed, it treads with a sternness and majesty which fling around it an irresistible spell. It is not simply the exhibition of vast strength which it presents, like the exertion of mere brute force, or the plunge of a falling avalanche, that awakens in the beholder these emotions of interest and delight. There is, it is true, in all such exhibitions, much to inspire sublimity of feeling. But the appeal which we speak of now, owes its effect to other associations of thought. It is the soul, the living, moving principle within, directing and controlling the whole, bending the will and purposes of others into subservience to its own 'ruling passion,' like the earth born giant of old, rising with fresh strength from every grapple with opposition, and pressing right onward to the goal of its wishes, with a progress that resembles the sure march of destiny—it is this which gives to the sublimity of intellect its distinguishing characteristics. With such a

mind, the man of imagination cherishes a fellow feeling, entering into its aspirations with kindred ardor, watching with intense interest its struggles against difficulties, sharing its gloom in the hour of trial, and its exultation at success. This thrill of sympathy is with him the vibration of the chord which binds him to the universe, and to his fellow man. Shut him out from such a kindred with his race; seal up the fountain of ever-flowing sensibility within his bosom, bid him gaze upon the sublime achievements of intellect, with a stoic's indifference, and you have cut off from him a source of happiness of the purest and most exalted character, and left him a blank on creation's page.

In our contemplation of great actions, perhaps no exercise affords the imagination more pleasure, than to observe the progress of some mighty revolution. At first, all is apparently calm and peaceful on the surface of society, and the beholder finds nothing in the cloudless sky above, the whispering breeze, or the unruffled serenity beneath, to forebode the fury of the coming tempest. He does not dream that the waves of discord and strife are so soon to dash their foam along the mirror-like tranquillity before him. Yet the principles may be already at work, whose influence is to arouse these slumbering elements to a fearful energy. Some youthful mind, destined to be the master spirit of its age, may be, even at the moment, preparing within the still retreat of its lonely musings, by patient and toilsome research, the great problem whose solution is to shake the existing system of things to its foundations. At length the fullness of the time is come; and "the little cloud like a man's hand," rears its shadowy outline far in the distant horizon. The voice of the tempest is heard moaning in suppressed accents, as though wailing a dirge over the wreck it must make. Darker and still darker above, the sky spreads out its drapery of mantling clouds. The spirits of the storm awake, and ride forth on the howling blast, amid the wild roar of the elements, celebrating the festival of their freedom. The tempest at length has spent its rage, the pall of blackness is withdrawn, and the bow of promise gives goodly token of the returning calm. This may seem perhaps a fanciful description of a revolution. But to the cultivated imagination, the reality calls up all the intense-ness of interest and excitement which belong to scenes like these. The storm of human passions, when stirred up and left to range uncontrolled through a community, gathering in its ranks the ruthless votaries of ambition, avarice and revenge, urged, as it sweeps onward, by a thousand new impulses from selfish and opposing interests, may well be likened to the strife of the angry elements. There is in the majestic energies of human nature, when aroused and carried forward with a momentum generated by the heart, an exhibition of more terrific sublimity than all the varied convulsions in the physical world can possibly present. But we have said enough on this point, to show, that the source of pleasure to the imagination, which

we are at present considering, is one of no ordinary character, both in respect to the nature and degree of the gratification which it induces. And it is now high time that we return to our main object, which is to notice the influence of moral feeling in enhancing our susceptibility to this kind of intellectual enjoyment.

We look back with admiration upon the exploits of an Alexander; we are struck by the power of his genius, by the grandeur of his designs, the perseverance and energy of his execution. But the truth—the sober truth, with its disenchanting wand, breaks the charm which these throw around his memory, and compel our minds, divested of all enthusiasm, to sink their admiration of the hero in their aversion to the unprincipled robber of nations. But on the other hand, with how much of unmingled delight does the imagination contemplate the high moral dignity so conspicuous in the character of Washington. Both are splendid instances of the triumphs of genius; but with what different sentiments are they regarded! Over the memory of the latter, the purity of his motives and the disinterestedness of his ambition, have thrown a hallowed and unclouded atmosphere. Thus, it is only when great talents are ennobled by their subservience to virtue, that they receive the meed of unqualified admiration. As another illustration of this truth, notice the reformation in Germany—one of the most eventful dramas ever acted upon the theatre of the world. Perhaps there is no succession of events recorded on the page of history, which inspires the imagination with more thrilling interest—no prouder monument of the achievements of a single mind.

For a period of not less than a thousand years, the darkness of midnight had brooded over the nations of the east, relieved occasionally by some meteor star, whose solitary and transient gleam seemed only to deepen by contrast the surrounding gloom that succeeded. The curse of Papacy, with its ignorance, depravity, and superstition, lay like the frosts of winter upon the intellect and the heart of man; and the progress of true principles seemed to have been arrested forever. At this period of mental and moral gloom, nearly coeval with the dawn of reviving knowledge, arose the man who was to usher in the commencement of a new and glorious era. He had stood amid the worship of the temple at Rome, and been an eye witness to the luxury and licentiousness that defiled the consecrated courts. The name of the Holy City—the residence of the Vicar of Christ, had been treasured up in his mind from boyhood, with sacred associations. Alas, how changed from the image that his fond anticipations had pictured out! That moment gave birth in his soul to a mighty thought. He stood undazzled and unallured, though Rome's pomp, and gaiety and beauty were spread out like a sea of enchantment before him. From that hour, Martin Luther was a champion of the truth—of the simple, unperverted truth. Year after year, with an ardor unchecked by difficulties, undaunted

by the threats of power, he continued to pour the light of his own illumination over the nations of Europe, until the temple of Papacy shook to its foundations, and every Catholic king trembled on his throne. In contemplating this wonderful revolution, it is difficult to decide, whether our admiration should be most excited by the magnitude of the event, or the apparent total inadequacy of the means. A humble and unknown individual, with the Bible in his hand as his only weapon of warfare, enters the field against a Pontifical hierarchy, that had swayed for ages the sceptre of an absolute dominion—and PREVAILS. The sublimity and grandeur of the achievement itself would be deservedly a theme for the highest flight of the poet's muse, and the most glowing strains of the historian. But it is only when we consider the nature of this triumph, that its full power, as a source of pleasure to the imagination, can be appreciated. It was a triumph of knowledge over ignorance. The light of science, which had so long glimmered but faintly, and at intervals, from the cell of the cloister, now burst forth in full orb'd glory—'rejoicing like a giant to run his race.' It was a triumph of literature and refinement over brutality and barbarism. From the frozen waters of the north, to the pillars of Hercules, the intellect of Europe shook off the weight of its darkness, and awoke to life and activity. It was a triumph of the pure simplicity of the Christian faith over idolatry, hypocrisy and superstition. The degraded slave of popish tyranny and imposition cast away the shackles of his bondage, and arose to assert the dignity of his nature. On every thing that had been enveloped in the universal chaos, the almighty mandate was written, "Let there be light." Thus, in contemplating this great revolution, it is in the power of its appeal to our moral sensibilities, that its true sublimity is seen and felt.

C.

 THE SEMINOLE.

Where the oak and the pine in grandeur vie,
 Where the orange and lemon their fragrance blend,
 Where its rushing stream the rivulet pours,
 There stood a warrior Chief. His eagle eye
 Shot a searching look on all around. His form
 Was symmetry; and proudly eminent
 In all the majesty of pride and strength,
 That Indian stood. One look at Heaven,
 One glance at earth he cast, and then he yelled
 A whoop so terrible, so fiercely wild,
 All nature seemed to start. As, when
 On Afric's sands a wounded lion roars,

The desert quakes, so now the sunbeams
Trembled upon each quiv'ring leaf. But see!
He starts—he bounds into the forest depths,
And all is still again.

Two moons
Their circling revolutions had fulfilled.
Twas when the evening breezes softly breathed,
Wafting sweet odors from the balmy groves,
And from each songster of the wood there rose
A vesper hymn, and over all the scene
Twilight a soft and rosy tint had spread—
Upon a grassy knoll was seen to sit
That warrior Indian. His head was still
Proudly erect. But his glassy eye
On vacancy was fixed, and from his side
There flowed a crimson stream that spake of death.
Alas! how changed the noble warrior!
His snowy plume—the captured eagle's gift—
Is pure no more, but sprinkled o'er with blood;—
Yet see! he rises slowly—but anon,
He reels—he falls—a deathless stillness comes
O'er all the scene. In mortal agony his hand
Still tighter grasps his knife, and 'twixt
His lips compressed, in faint and broken voice,
He murmurs thus—"Great Spirit of my fathers!
In the pleasant hunting grounds receive me!"—
His spirit's flown—the noble warrior's dead;
His life-blood ebb'd upon his native soil.
Free had he lived—free did the Seminole die.

H. H. B.

THE OUTLAW AND HIS DAUGHTER.

AT the termination of one of those revolutions which have convulsed the Mexican States from their earliest formation, Herraras, who had been an active partizan, finding his own side in the minority, sought in retirement a refuge from the turmoils of political life, and protection for the innocence, with facilities for the education of his motherless daughter. This he realized, until it began to be rumored, and not without foundation, that he was secretly leagued with the piratical smugglers. He who intended to reap the chief advantage from a public prosecution, was young Velasque, a favorite of the Administration, whose sole motive was a vehement passion for the daughter of Herraras, which as yet the jealous fondness of the father for his own child, and the aversion of the adolescent Almirena herself, had with vexatious firmness resisted.

‘Surrender your daughter to my solicitations, and my influence with the Government shall secure your acquittal; otherwise, you must die, and—*I will be avenged*’—sternly uttered the wily amonado.

‘Leave me till morning, and you shall have my answer,’ replied the perplexed and indignant father.

That morning discovered him with his child many leagues from the Mexican coast, in a vessel bound to the United States, whose sudden departure he had procured by bribes, after having, under cover of the night, with the aid of a faithful servant, taken on board of it, a rich amount of his ill-gotten treasure.

On the borders of one of those lakes whose silvery surfaces may be frequently seen imbosomed among the wild highlands of New England, near the margin of a forest that encircled its waters with a drapery of dark green foliage, and luxuriant vines, and stretched far away over the circumjacent mountains, the outlaw had chosen his retreat. A few roods of ground were cleared around his lodge, which was secured from view in the direction of the lake, by a narrow file of trees and underwood, and on all other sides, by the unbroken forest. Here the refugee lived, sequestered from the world, his only companion his child; with a single attendant, an African, the menial of the lodge, and only visiter of the village that lay over the mountains, and was the nearest within many miles of circuit, where the servant went for the supplies of the family. The outlaw suffered no stranger to enter his precincts, partly because he feared lest justice should find an avenue to his guilt, and partly because he dreaded an interruption to the communion of affection between him and his daughter. He loved his child as few fathers love their offspring. He had always cherished her as the “apple of his eye.” But since his recent misfortunes, all other feelings had become extinct, or submerged in this one passion. He loved her because she was the image of her mother, who had been the young idol of his soul. He loved her because she was a part of himself, and his own dark eye flashed beneath her brow. She was all the world had left him which he could call his own. To make her father happy, and witness his cloudy features clear away in smiles, was the dearest delight of the affectionate daughter. He could not bear her a moment from his presence, which she, at the least sound of danger as instinctively sought, as the timid lamb bounds away to its dam. Music was to both father and child an exhilaration of pleasure, and relieved of its weariness many a lonely hour. He had instructed her to play the guitar, whose strings responding to the skilful touch of her fingers, trilled in his ear the sweet airs of his youth; while her zephyr-like voice poured forth, in rich harmony with his deep bass, those lays that awakened fostered memories in his bosom. She read to him from his favorite Spanish authors, a few of which he had brought to be companions of his exile. A daily and indulged em-

ployment for the Mexican was sailing upon the lake, and angling for fish that were numerous in its waters. He had constructed for his daughter a light canoe with which she accompanied her father. While he fished, she sported with her little bark, which she learned to scull with such art, that like the shell of the Nautilus, it seemed of itself to glide through the waters. When the wind was high, so lightly and fearless did she skim over the curling tops of the waves, and so shrill and clear she sounded her notes on the air, that her father called her his Bird of the Lake. When the summer's sun was shining hot, she would oar her boat along the shore, under the archway of the trees; here she twanged her guitar, or decked her hair with flowers from the banks, or filled her basket from the grape vines that twined among the low hanging limbs.

One day she sailed farther up the shore, and had unconsciously steered her boat into a sheltered cove. She was seated plating a chaplet of leaves; and as she adjusted it to her head, she looked into the water, so darkly shaded by the surrounding trees that it reflected her image clear as a mirror, and bright as her beautiful self. Not like Narcissus was she in love with her own image; but her father had told her that her hair and forehead were like her mother's—that mother whom she had never seen—that she wore wreaths in her hair; and the fond orphan smiled at the resemblance, and seemed, as she gazed, to be enamored of the beauty whose early blight her father so bitterly mourned.

But the real beauty of this illusion was not without its charms. A young man, in the guise of a sportsman, attracted by the murmuring echoes of the music this Nereid warbled, had silently approached the waters, and screened behind a tuft of laurel shrubbery was looking, in breathless wonder, and deeply fascinated, upon this seemingly unearthly visitant of his mountain lake.

That a gloomy browed foreigner with his child, had come to reside near the lake was known in the village. Many suspicions were afloat as to his character. Few had seen the renegade. Even young Clermont, whose hunting excursions were fearlessly and widely extended, had not ventured near the dwelling of the recluse; nor had he dreamed what a flower was blooming in the dark woods of his native hills.

Almirena raised herself in her boat and attempted to pluck a rose that grew wild from a projecting rock. A tropical sun had imbrowned her skin; but polished the jet of her eyes to a higher brilliance; and her raven tresses floated more luxuriantly over her unbared neck. Attired in the costume of her country, her light vest open in front, with its flowing collar, and gathered loosely about her waist, revealed a form of classic mould; while her silken skirt, with its rich embroidery, excited still more the surprise of Clermont, who had seen in that retired district, only the simple dresses of rural life.

Perceiving that she could not easily reach the flower, Clermont, who had been fixed in his concealment by the enchantment of the vision, advanced to her view and offered his assistance. She was startled at the sudden apparition, and seized her oar. She did not know his language, but his gentle tones and supplicating gestures, tempted her to come nearer the bank and take the rose he offered, and then like the timid bird that picks one kernel from your hand, not staying for more flowers, which he would have gathered, she flew away over the waters.

Elfred Clermont, the son of the wealthy merchant of the village to which we have before alluded, was advanced in his professional studies, and at the time we are narrating, passing a vacation at home. With romance and enthusiasm commixed in his nature, refined in his feelings, he met with little congeniality of spirit among the rustic yeomanry of his native town ; while amid the rugged scenery of the mountains, and deep gloom of the forests, he found his soul's fondest sympathy. Taking his gun, and sometimes a musical instrument, he often pursued his solitary rambles ; in the last of which he so unexpectedly encountered the outlaw's daughter.

That night the sleep of Almirena was feverish. Her dreams were of the fair browed youth and his kind attentions. She awoke wishing he were her brother. Aware of her father's inveterate aversion to any intercourse with the inhabitants of the vicinity, she said nothing to him of her adventure. But the next day, while he fished below, the hare-hearted girl, now emboldened by a feeling which to her was new, and which she did not probably analyze, again slowly propelled her canoe near the cove. The sound of music struck her ear. She dropped her oar, and taking her guitar, touched its chords. Its notes blended symphoniously in the sylvan recess with the sweet sounds of the young stranger's flute ; while their hearts were awakened to thrill in more exquisite melody. The ravished Clermont ran down to the water's edge, and with a rich bouquet of flowers, which he held up to her view, prevailed upon her to approach the shore. He kissed the deep blushes from her cheek, as he assisted her to debark ; and the stranger lovers sat down together upon the moss covered bank.

They did not understand each other's language. But Nature has a dialect which she teaches all her children. The heart finds utterance not in artificial characters, but in burning expression. Music too speaks in glowing tones to the very ear of feeling.

They often met ; he of the blue eyed Saxon race, she of the darker Roman origin—both impassioned ; he from the gushing enthusiasm of his being, she from the ardent temperament of her southern skies. His love was pure as if she had been his sister. Her's as confiding as if he were her brother. Elfred soon acquired her native tongue, and instructed a ready learner in his own.

Herraras had marked the change in his daughter, and forbade her interviews with the young American. She implored; but he was inflexible. He loved his child, but with a love that could not be severed from its object. 'What music is that?' as a familiar air came quivering through the latticed window of his cottage, inquired the outlaw, with an emotion that was never kindled except at the voice of his child, or the sound of her guitar. 'Has a minstrel of our own country wandered hither?'

'Shall I call the player, father?' eagerly asked the child.

'I would see him.'

She ran for her lover.—Her artifice succeeded. Elfred was admitted to the lodge. The music of his flute, his frequent conversations with the Mexican in his own language, tended somewhat to revive humanity in the seared breast of the outlaw. But the doting father could not be induced to yield up his daughter to the solicitations of Clermont, who was at length obliged, quite in despair, to cease pressing his suit with the old man, though he still visited at the lodge. Almirena's filial piety was too closely interwoven with her father's happiness to allow her to thwart his wishes, yet at the same time she twined about Elfred in all the artlessness and strength of her love.

The exiles were seated one afternoon in the front apartment of the cottage, when the door was darkened by a strange form. The features of Velasque broke upon them like a fiend's, bellish with revenge, blood-shot with lust. The outlaw stirred not, only hoarsely uttered 'devil!'

'I have come for my revenge,' alternated the intruder, in a tone of cool, malignant triumph.

Almirena shrieked out as the tiger-like eyes of Velasque gleamed upon her.

The young Mexican immediately assumed a more familiar manner, and declared to the imperturbed outlaw, that he had been convicted of piracy in his own country, and that himself was accompanied by a party of United States officers, who were furnished with a warrant for his arrest from their Government. While they delayed in the woods, he had advanced professedly to reconnoitre, but really to parley.

'You may escape if'—

'If!' thundered out the infuriated father. He checked his words. For a moment the storm of feeling raged within his breast. 'I die,' at length he said. 'But we will pray before we go. Yonder is the image of our Mother.' He led his daughter into a back room. 'Now pray for protection.' He whispered in agony, 'fly—fly to your boat—you will be safe. I suffer for my guilt.' The terrified child, the affectionate daughter, would have stayed by her father. But he sternly urged her forward. She sped her way to the lake. Velasque, suspecting an artifice, advanced; and missing his victim, dashed impetuously by Herraras, hurling the old

man to the floor as he impotently endeavored to oppose him, and ran down the wood-skirted path to the waters. The resolute girl had pushed her canoe from the shore, and standing erect was vigorously plying her oar. Her pursuer seized her father's boat; but the wind was up, and the waves mocked his strong-nerved efforts. She seemingly leaped from crest to crest. He called after her. The wind returned upon him his voice; and her flowing locks streamed in wilder witchery to his view. Nearing the shore, she sprang from her boat, and bounded away like a young fawn through the forest, leaving her vexed pursuer far behind.

The outlaw, recovering from his violent fall, hurried for the water. Velasque was far on the lake. The old man hastened along the shore to meet his daughter on the upper extremity of the lake. He found her in a branch-vaulted glen, concealed under an arbor that Clermont had constructed for their stolen interviews; scarcely did he begin to tranquillize his child, now fluttering with fear, and exhausted by her efforts, when Velasque leaped down the side of the glen. They stood face to face—the outlaw and the exasperated lover. 'Obstinate old man,' said the latter, 'thou shalt die, and thy defenseless daughter shall be subdued to my wishes, if thou wilt not now acknowledge her mine.' The old man replied not. Almirena, deadly pale, staggered forward to her father, and extending up to him her clasped hands, groaned out, 'Oh my father, let me be honorably his.' Nature failed her—she fell lifeless at his feet. Velasque stooped forward to raise her. But the maddened old man, with unnatural nerve, ran upon him, and precipitated him down a chasm in the rocks. The officers, who had been on the alert in the woods, now came up.

They bore the unconscious form of Almirena to the lodge, and consigned it to the care of her tender hearted slave. The wounded Velasque was carried away on a litter. The outlaw was manacled. He was supposed to be a bloody-handed, ferocious pirate. And as the girl was thought to be an accomplice in her father's guilt, the officers had little pity for either. They did not permit the old man to go to his house and take a last look of his child; but conveying him by a nearer way through the valley of the lake, on the next morning they reached the sea-port, and lodged the outlaw in prison, where he was to be confined until Velasque should be sufficiently recovered to take charge of him to Mexico. Herraras was not sorry that his daughter had died. He knew that his own fate was sealed, and that she should live, exposed to the violence of Velasque, would have been worse than death on the rack to himself. He settled down in a calm, sullen submission to his destiny.

But Almirena lived. She had fainted; but awoke in a delirium. Clermont did not come to the lodge till the following morning. She wildly addressed him as he entered, 'Farewell, Elfred, farewell. I have given myself to Velasque, and he spares my father's life. You

would see me before I go. Farewell. One kiss, one more ;' and she threw her arms about his neck, as he leaned over her, and sobbed like a child. For weeks did her lover watch in patient agony by her side. At length she slowly recovered.

Velasque did die. Foiled in his chief design, his spirits sunk, and he had not sufficient energy to counteract the effects of his wounds, which soon terminated his existence. Velasque being the only witness against the outlaw, and no one appearing to prosecute the case farther, he might have been discharged ; but a new suit was instituted by those who had accompanied Velasque, charging him with the murder of the Mexican. He possessed no evidence to countervail the accusation. A stranger in a strange land, a condemned pirate immured in a prison, he had not heard that his daughter was yet alive. The popular feeling was against him. Clermont, who, being busy and remote, and also too fearful of the guilt of Herraras in respect to piracy, had not interested himself to learn what was transpiring, did not arrive at the court, till the evidence on the part of the state had been received. He was admitted to manage the defense. He called only one witness, the lovely daughter of the prisoner. As the hard-visaged outlaw met his child, the living from the dead, and held her in his embrace, his iron soul seemed to melt, and flow out at his eyes ; a sight that turned the sympathies of the spectators in his favor. Almirena's story was simple, and touching, in manifestation of the villainy of Velasque. Clermont conducted the case, to him, and all, now most intensely interesting, by an ingenious and manly argument in point of the prisoner's having acted in defense of himself, and of the honor of his daughter. The outlaw was acquitted.

Herraras cheerfully yielded his daughter to his noble deliverer, her devoted lover ; stipulating only that he might love her yet, for the sake of her mother. In tranquillity, and penitence for early misdeeds, the outlaw passed his days. Clermont, under another name, has arisen to distinction ; but yearly does he revisit with his still beautiful Mexican wife, the lake of their romantic loves.

I WOULD NOT FLATTER THEE.

LADY, I would not flatter thee—oh no !

For 'tis unkind to foster earth-born vanity,

And he doth err that wishes to bestow

An extra share of it on weak humanity.

Yet, on reflection, sure I do not know

That I should be suspected of insanity,

Were I to call thee—as I truly might—

Beautiful, aye, beautiful as a form of light.

Beautiful—and saying it, I tell no lie,
 Though tried by Madam Opie's strict ordeal—
 Beautiful—if soft, soul-beaming eye,
 And form as graceful as the beau-ideal
 The sculptor carved his Cnidian Venus by,
 And features blooming, not with cochineal,
 But with such hues as Fancy would fain cull
 From Angel's cheeks—if such as these be beautiful.

I would not flatter thee—and yet must say
 Thou hast a witching gracefulness of motion,
 A dream-like lightness; and thou hast a way
 Of sweetly smiling, like the rippled ocean,
 When on it joyously the moonbeams play;
 And thou hast gaiety softened by devotion,
 Aye, and good nature, which, upon inspection,
 I always found developed in extreme perfection.

I would not flatter thee—much less, would know
 The pungent strength of critical acidity
 For talking *prettily* of 'twilight glow,'
 And 'moons,' and 'sighs'—all types of insipidity.
 And yet I say not that the earth can show
 Ought more enchanting than the deep placidity
 Stealing around us on a moonlight eve,
 When winds are hushed in sleep, and clouds the heavens leave.

And when, at that most heart-ensnaring time,
 With thee I gaze upon the huge old man
 Reigning in yon pale center-light of rhyme,
 Or in the heavens the path of Venus scan,
 Or fancy from the spheres the distant chime
 Of evening bells—I will not say that then
 Strange feelings come not o'er me, soft and solemn,
 Producing—tears, perhaps, and poetry by the volume.

I will not say that then I have not found
 In thee almost an Angel's loveliness,
 Or that thy voice has not as sweet a sound
 As music on the waters, or that less
 Than a bright spirit's influence has bound
 My soul in that fond dream of blessedness,
 Which, vastly strengthened by thy conversation,
 Has seemed, to say the least, a sweet hallucination.

I would not flatter thee—much less, indeed,
 Would seem, in poetry, a *Della Cruscan*;
 I own not that, nor any kindred creed;
 Nor do I like the sentimental fustian,
 Which modern fashionables so much read.—
 Now he who honestly professes thus, can
 By law poetic, ne'er be an offender,
 Though, now and then, he *seem* a little over-tender.

From friends long loved how hard it is to part !
 How hard, indeed, from one but *briefly* known—
 From *thee*, sweet bird of passage, as thou art—
 Charming awhile, but oh, how quickly flown !
 Aye, thou'rt away :—and my unguarded heart—
 Whither, ah, whither has the truant gone ?
 In vain I search ;—didst *thou*, fair maiden, take it ?
 Then, cast it not away, for rudeness sure would break it !

K.

RUMINATIONS OF A BOVINE GENTLEMAN.

AUTHOR'S CHARACTER.

“——*Secum meditari ingenium est bovm.*”

Virgil.

“Cows, of all animals, have the greatest propensity for rumination. For the most part, they are gentle, quiet, affectionate, unpretending, useful animals; all they require is kindness, and kindness they will return. Yet they have their antipathies and their whims, (red shawls are their abomination,) but, on the whole, they are inoffensive ruminators—not obtrusive, (except when they take a fancy to *gore*.) Their caresses are rough as their tongues; yet their roughest *licks* are meant in kindness. They never bite—their teeth are ground down. They are neither snappish nor carnivorous. They are remarkably fond of salt, and are quick to detect its presence. Although timid and yielding in general, they will fight any one, or any thing, in defense of their young.”

Baron Munchausen.

THE last quoted author has described with remarkable correctness, in his remarks upon the cow, the character of a being, of whose existence he could not have dreamed—even of myself. Yes, even such I conceive to be my character—the coat fits, and I will put it on—“under such a shape I write.” Being in external appearance, a hale, stout, fat old bachelor of fifty, fond of the arm-chair and the comfortable dressing-gown, of easy fortune, retired habits, and few friends, I am, in soul, thought and disposition, and to all intents and purposes, *a gentle old cow*. Nor is there any thing humiliating in the confession. I esteem the character—I admire it. Would to heaven that in these *matter-of-fact, dollar-and-cent* days, there were more men of my nature ! I injure no man ; but if any man injures me, I have horns and can gore him, a tail and can lash him. In consideration of the unsullied purity of my character in my manly state, I have ventured to conceive that I am, in the bovine genus, that most amiable non-descript, an old maid. Still, I am no *Io*—nor *Io* turned old maid. I never was handsome enough to warm the soul of Jove, nor mad enough to swim the Bosphorus. I am not, never was, and never will be, *Oestrus-driven*. The many-eyed

shepherd, Argus, if ordered to watch *me*, would have needed only one of his hundred eyes—he might have seen me, even with “half an eye,” quietly grazing, all the morning of my life, in the flowery meads of Literature, Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics—ever and anon, quenching my thirst with a draft from the pure stream of Helicon—and now, in the afternoon of life, reclined upon the grass, under the shade of a branching, verdant oak, placidly, philosophically, philanthropically, and withal meekly chewing the stock which I formerly stored.

— “Lacte alimentum cognoscimus.”

Were it not presumptuous, I would hope that my production might prove the pure, unadulterated, untainted “milk of human kindness.”

RUMINATION FIRST.

I was recalling to memory, the other day, all the friends and acquaintance of my boyhood and youth, that I could recollect; and I mustered a goodly list. My mind wandered from their *names* to their hopes and plans; I recalled the schemes and enterprizes, which I knew they had meditated. The train once started, visions of by-gone days and circumstances poured in upon me. Again, I sauntered, arm in arm, with a friend, through the moon-lit streets, on a summer's evening—again, I wandered listlessly along the beach—again, I stood upon the summits of the hills which surrounded the abode of my youth—again, I heard the confiding strain of youthful friendship—I saw the face lit with the joy of anticipated triumph—the step, unnaturally firm, proud and elastic. Alas! where now were those friends? Some were dead—some were in obscurity—many were in mediocrity of life—few, how few, had *approached* the goal of their youthful wishes. And what was the cause of all this? Was the fault in the men, or their plans? Upon the *plans* I fixed it; for I could not, and I would not, lay aught to the charge of the loved ones of my youth. And where was the fault in the plans? Was it not *here*—that the *plans* were founded on the *hopes*, while the *hopes* should have been founded on the *plans*? *Hope* is the *etherial*—*plan* the *material* part of an expectation. A plan, founded on a hope, is like a house founded on the sand—it cannot endure. As verdant forests and luxuriant vegetation adorn and beautify the sides, and white fleecy clouds cap the summits, of a rock-based mountain, softening the rugged cliffs, filling up the chasms, smoothing the precipices, and concealing the roughness of the path which winds up the ascent; so should *Hope*, with its varied hues, tinge and adorn the ever-during frame-work reared by *Reason*. So *should* it be—but, is it so? Do not men strive rather to throw a semblance of reason over their hopes? Do they not build castles in the

air, and then exert all their ingenuity to give an appearance of probability, or at least of *possibility*, to their baseless fabrics?

O Hope! thou art a blessing, and thou art a *curse*. Thou art an intrusive, impudent, officious, treacherous *imp*—thou art a lying varlet—a cheating knave—thou hast no conscience—thou wilt gull, over and over again, prince and peasant, rich and poor, the unjust judge and the oppressed widow. Men kick thee out of doors, and again thou comest. Thou art a very Proteus—deny thee entrance in *one* shape, and instantly thou takest another. Sometimes thou earnest the devil, and sometimes thou doest business on thine own account. Again, I say, hang thee for an intermeddling imp!

Men talk of the pleasures of hope! have they never felt the misery of hope deferred—the pang of hope crushed? Have they ever estimated the amount of misery chargeable to this self-same hope? Who fathers Ambition, with all its woes, attendant and consequent? Hope. How many dream away their lives in listless vacuity, *hoping* all the while, that *something will turn up*! What injuries has Hope not done to youth? Then, when men ought to be training themselves for the stern realities of life—when they should prepare their provisions for its stormy voyage, Hope whispers that the course is clear—the ocean calm—the wind favorable. How many commence enterprizes, which can end in nothing but disappointment, and undertake duties, to the performance of which their abilities are inadequate, spirited on the while by Hope, the traitor, who stimulates his unconscious victims to mount round after round of the ladder, until, with a whoop and a laugh, he tears the veil from their eyes, and permits them to see and to *feel* that they are high, not on the temple, but on the *pillory* of Fame! ‘Hope sweetens labor’—does he? ‘Thank you, madam, I prefer it without sugar.’

Hold! I revoke—I take back somewhat that I have said. Hope—thou art an imp, but still a *playful* imp—full of mischief, but such a lively, laughing, little, curly-headed rogue, with such a comical look in the corner of thine eye, that for my life I cannot lose thee. I am inclined to say to thee, as one said to his dog—‘Ah! Tray! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done.’

B. V.

A RHYMING MOOD.

THERE'S much of rapture in those favored hours,
When o'er the mind a magic influence steals,
That tunes to poetry and song its powers,
And melts in music all a warm heart feels.

There is a blissfulness that lifts the soul
Far from the paltry cares and toils of time,
In venting feelings that defy control,
In lofty-measured strains or tuneful rhyme.

The summer's shower that wets the deep-seared earth,
 And decks her burning surface new in green,
 And saves the land from pestilence and dearth,
 Comes not more joyous than the spirit dream,

Steals o'er the poet's troubled soul, and gives
 The rapture-speaking voice and tone!
 He rises to another sphere—he lives
 For a short season in a world alone!

Alone!—oh no! there Fancy groups her forms
 More lovely far than earth presents to view;
 More beauteous garniture that land adorns—
 The skies assume a deeper, brighter blue.

MANNING.

 GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. IV.

PRAY, accept a cold dish for a desert—a crab apple, as it were, and a glass of water, to wash down previous articles and assist digestion. I have purposely excluded all brightnesses; for temperance is the vogue, and after so diversified and incongruous a meal, the cracking of a joke might be as pernicious to your mind as the cracking of a bottle would be deleterious to your body. You may, if you choose, apply to me the Latin cant phrase, “*ab ovo usque ad mala*,” meaning by ‘*mala*,’ not ‘*apples*,’ but ‘*evils* ;’ yet will I meet the thrust with calmness—proudly reflecting that I myself suggested the sarcastical *equivoque*.

Agathias’ narrative of the little *ruse*, whereby he tore the veil of feminine hypocrisy from the heart of his mistress. Let *some* of my condisciples improve upon the hint.

Eager to know my place in Cynthia’s heart,
 I probed her hidden soul with cunning art.
 “To a far land, my Cynthia, while I go,
 Oh, let mine image to thy memory grow!”
 Groaning she sprang in anguish from her chair,
 Beat her fair face and tore her shining hair.
 With tears my stay the suppliant beauty prayed,
 Till, slow, I yielded to the lovely maid.
 Ye gods! how bless’d! since what my heart did crave,
 That, as a favor, to my love I gave.

Minerva once saw Venus all in arms,
 With beamy casque, and wavy plume array’d—
 “Thus dar’st thou meet the trial of our charms,
 My Cyprian rival?” said the awful maid.
 Smiling she spoke, “How, when I take the shield,
 If *weaponless*, my beauty gained the field?”*

 * The contest before Paris, on Mt. Ida.

Many an old man, whose limbs are as heavy as if the gold he had spent years to amass, were gliding, molten, through his veins, can join bitterly in the following lament, and many a young man, who forsakes the heights of Parnassus for the vale of Mammon, may find, too late, that the chase for riches is, in an evil sense, its own "exceeding great reward."

When young, I was poor—now I'm old, I am wealthy—
 Thus my life has been all but a goose-chase of pleasure—
 I had not a copper, when buoyant and healthy,
 But, past its enjoyment, I've mountains of treasure.

There has been in all ages a prejudice against step-mothers, and the feeling, if unjust, is yet natural. When the hearts of children are yet sore with sorrow for the loss of their *own* dear mother, it creates dislike to have another, whom as a stranger, they cannot view with love, *step* over their heads, and assume the reins of command. If kind, yet the contrast is strange, if not disgusting—the tones may be soft, but they are not those which sealed their infant eyes, and soothed their infant woes—if overbearing, her tyranny is intolerable.

Thinking her nature with her life was gone,
 No more to household tyranny a slave,
 A youth was crowning once the chiseled stone,
 That rose columnar o'er his step-dame's grave.
 But as he leaned against its marble base,
 The pillar crushed him, toppling from its place.
 Ye step-sons, who would flee his wretched doom,
 Beware approaching e'en a step-dame's *tomb*.

Here is a thing or two, appertaining to love and women, and so forth, just as such things have been described since Adam first gazed in pleased astonishment upon Eve,

"That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,"

and afterwards

"The amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
 On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp."

A maiden kissed me at the evening hour
 With dewy lip—how honied was the kiss!
 Her mouth breathed nectar, and its balmy power
 Hath made me drunk with love's bewildering bliss.

I would I were a rose—that thy sweet hand
 Might gently place me on thy snowy breast—
 Or sighing gale—for then my spirit bland
 On thy soft bosom would securely rest.

Here follow a few melancholy breathings of that better part, which shone bright and burning while it lasted, though its food was error, and its end was death. Their aspirations after immortality were few and faint—for the very existence of another world was merely an assumption—a matter of speculation. An immortality of fame, to the sober eye, was not merely worthless, if acquired, but its acquisition was a thing of toil, and danger, and doubt. Robbed of the high aims and hopes for which it was made, “the chainless spirit of the eternal mind,” would stoop to no medium flight, but sunk in hopeless despondence, and like guilty Adam,

“On the cold earth it lay,
Oft cursing its Creator.”

The light of reason did but make known their darkness, and ignorant of the unseen and the future, they clung with deep devotion to the visible and the present.

Drink and be glad: for what's to-morrow's sun,
Or what the future? No one knows—not one.
Haste not, nor toil: but, as thou can'st be kind,
Give, eat, deem all things mortal in thy mind.
To live, or not to live—it's an equal state,
For life's a feather in the scales of fate.
Seize it—'tis thine—but if thou die—then what?—
Another has thine all—it matters not.
How came I here? Whence am I, and for what?
To go again. How know I, knowing nought?
Nought before birth, I shall be such again,
For less than nothing are the sons of men.
But bring me wine—that fountain of relief—
That sparkling soother of distressing grief.

Oh! swiftly flies the blooming hue,
That doth the rose adorn,
And then unto thy searching view,
The rose is but a thorn.

Gray Time flies swiftly by, and steals the breath
Of vocal men. Himself unseen the while,
He shrouds the visible in the dust of death,
And brings to light the lowly and the vile.
Oh! thou of life the undetermined end,
Thy steps do daily unto darkness tend.

HERMENEUTES.

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"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 5.

ON THE SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.

GREAT men are always simple—strikingly so ; simple in their thoughts and feelings, and in the expression of them. Nor is this an unimportant characteristic. For to one who reflects how few artless men there are—how much there is that is factitious, in the character of almost every one whom he meets ; most of all, in the character of those who ape this same simplicity ; how much many men consult fashion, custom, and mode for their thoughts and feelings, instead of their own hearts and minds, till they almost cease to have any of their own ; and when it is not so, how much rules of thinking and of feeling insensibly influence us ;—to such a one, true simplicity will appear worthy the name of a rare virtue, and further, of an important one—especially, if he considers how much even the smallest act of cunning or affectation impairs the honesty and high-mindedness of him who allows it. As such, we might express our admiration of it in the great man, and derive from thence a strong recommendation.

But it may bring out more important results to ask why, especially by what peculiar mental habits it is, that minds which might, with the best reason, make a parade of their powers, are apparently so utterly unconscious of them, and so thoroughly simple. A chief reason is, that a great mind is completely absorbed in the objects before it, to the entire forgetfulness of self. The objects must be great certainly, thus to fill the mind ; there must also be great powers to grasp them. Both these things are supposed in the truly great man. But the peculiar feature of his mind is this complete absorption in the objects of contemplation. It is carried forth beyond the cares and complexities of what most men call self, and for a time, at least, identifies itself with its object. His own powers, as things of selfish pride, are the last to concern his thoughts, and are only instruments of bringing before him the truth. In this he approaches what may be regarded as perfect mental action. For what are these powers

but instruments? And what is the mind in itself apart from its objects? Truths so plain seem to be forgotten by those who idolize mental power in themselves and others, more than they revere the truth, on which it is, or should be employed.

To this it may be added, that the great mind is generally absorbed by single objects. The one truth which absorbed the mind of Newton, was that of the law of universal gravitation. All the energies of Bacon's mind were active in the elucidation of the single truth, that facts are at the foundation of reasoning. The same has been true of those who have made plain great moral truths. Indeed the end of every mind which acts to purpose is more or less definitely the perception of unity. But many minds mistake the single truth which explains the whole subject, or assuming that which is false, or taking up minor relations, or seeking complication for the love of it, go a-raving amid cycles and epicycles, extent of knowledge only making the confusion greater.

You shall see men disquieting themselves in vain, and plunging into hot and endless debate, all for the overlooking of some single truth which puts an end to all question. It is this tendency towards unity dimly seen in ordinary minds, which is brought out into a distinct habit, in minds of a higher order, and gives them their peculiar oneness and simplicity.

But we have not spoken of that which leads to this absorption of the mind in its objects. It is the love of truth—of all truth. Not that other minds have none of it, but it lies mixed, often insensibly, with other desires which reflect upon self, or reach out towards some foreign end, and thus mar its simplicity. There is the love of favor, the ambition of rivaling some admired forerunner or competitor, the desire of seeming superior to the vulgar crowd, the love of victory in discussion. More laudable than these, there is the desire of success in some pursuit or project, or a desire of acquiring what may be useful. More nearly affecting the mind's operations, there is the love of novelty for novelty's sake, the love of system, and the desire of bringing forth to the world something new. Besides these there are a thousand prejudiced feelings, aside from the simple love of the truth, which influence men in forming their opinions and in searching after truth. It is easy to see how all these differ in their nature from love of truth for the truth's sake, and, of course, when blended with it destroy its simplicity. It is not a sense of duty even which mainly influences the great mind in its pursuit of truth. The love of it in such a mind is a passion, an appetite, which asks simply the reception of its natural food; an appetite ever enlarging itself, "growing by that it feeds on." From these peculiar habits of mind, namely, absorption in its objects, and for the most part in single objects, guided by a simple love of the truth, there arises further, great simplicity in the feelings with which the truth is contemplated when it is discovered. There is nothing of a feeling of arrogance in the

great mind—a feeling that it has established a separate domain, about which it alone is competent to legislate, and which none but itself may touch or enter. Nor is there any thing like envy in such a mind. On the contrary, he is ready to welcome with the hand and the heart of a brother, and with warm gratitude, any who shall make new revelations of that which he most loves and adores. Nor has he any such love of system as would lead him knowingly to overlook any one truth. Still less is there a feeling of triumph after discussion, except as the triumphs of truth are his own. Least of all is there a feeling of pedantry, the self satisfied glee with which little minds chuckle over their small apartment in the world of mind, ready to give battle to any one who shall dispute that it is a magnificent temple. The feelings of a great mind are as different from these as possible. His is the simplicity of reverence. He gazes upon some truth, till it rises before him in its full dimensions, and to it he pays humble adoration. Inspired by this feeling he forgets himself, and comes forth with simplicity to deliver his message to others, seeking not their praise, and caring not for their censure. He needs not, and does not comprehend the arts which others use to attract applause, for he can afford to be simple.

His again is the simplicity of wonder. “*Nil admirari*” is a maxim of none but common minds, who can contrive to wrap themselves up in self-sufficiency of intellect, while they trust in it and laugh at the absurdity and childishness of him who finds any thing at which to wonder. Thus such an one will exultingly go forth in the full pride of scientific attainment, esteeming all things as certain when he has ascribed them to the laws of nature; not thinking of the mysterious agency ever at work to maintain those laws. Such a mind has no wonder, because it has no powers to carry it forward into the mysterious and illimitable in the universe. Another feeling of the great mind in view of great objects, is that of simple ignorance. It has gone forth, and seen its own narrow limits, and then it pauses and is humble, conscious how like a child it is. Such are some of the features which a great mind exhibits, and such the results to which it tends, the expression of which is marked by that simplicity of which we have spoken.

G.

CONTENTMENT.

GIVE me a heart with all its wants supplied,
 And those wants few—and I will ask no more;
 For thus, I'm at so proud an altitude
 On Fortune's ladder, that I can look down
 Upon the proudest monarch of the globe.

THE HEART.

ADDRESSED TO MISS ———.

"A lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."
 The Minstrel hears—for his the prime
 When words are sweet as sweet bells' chime,
 If Beauty calls;
 And Love keeps sentry for the time,
 In Faery halls.

And Love peeps o'er the Minstrel's shoulder—
 Love makes the Minstrel's spirit bolder—
 And Love sighs that he is not older—
 Else he, apart,
 Would weave a wreath of flowers, and fold her
 Into his heart.

And Love is in his hey-day dress,
 And Love has many a soft caress;
 And laughing cheek, and glossy tress,
 And dimpled hand,
 Glance in the Minstrel's eye, and bless
 His dreaming land.

And softly swells, and sweet accords
 The melody that earth affords—
 Glee, life, the melody of birds,
 And things that come
 Into the heart, like childhood's words,
 Nestling at home.

Then should the Minstrel mark the tone—
 The look, the tongue would half disown—
 The heart, when its disguise is thrown
 Freely away—
 And chant his sweetest fytte, and own
 His lady's sway.

Soft was the melody it gave—
 Soft, as a wind-dissevered wave—
 Soft, as the melody the brave
 Hear, soothing, deep,
 When in the patriot's earth-wept grave,
 They sink to sleep.

Yet softer far than each, and all—
 Than note of bird in forest hall—
 Than angel hymns when patriots fall,
 Now be the lay;
 For Love *must* answer Beauty's call,
 And we obey.

And yet, the theme—the heart! strange thing,
 And worthy of a nobler string!
 Varied as is a zephyr's wing
 The lyre should be,
 That sings as ever lyre should sing,
 O, heart! of thee.

Thine are the thoughts that bring and bless,
 Thine are the feelings that distress,
 Thine are the passions that oppress
 And wake our fears,
 Man's curse, and yet man's happiness—
 Man's joys and tears.

And wonderful thy power that flings
 O'er all, its moods and colorings,
 Turns joy to gloom—gives grief the wings
 Of Fays that, free,
 Revel about the forest springs,
 Or haunted tree.

The light—when morn and music come,
 The bird—within its forest home,
 The house-bee with its rolling drum,
 Aye! and each flower,
 And winds, and woods, and waters dumb—
 These by thy power,

Become distinct and separate images,
 Link'd to the mind by closest ties—
 A treasure-house where gather'd lies
 Food for long years,
 When after life the spirit tries
 With toils and tears.

And thus, insensibly, we feel
 A soothing passion o'er us steal,
 Binding for aye, for "wo and weal"
 Our souls to Nature,
 Till, like a mirror, they reveal
 Her ev'ry feature.

And then, when comes adversity,
 And loves grow cold, and friendships die,
 And aches the heart, and clouds thy eye,
 Shadows of pain—
 The mind can on itself rely,
 And live again.

And thus—above earth's petty things,
 Its gorgeous gauds, and glitterings,
 Its camps, and courts, and crowds, and kings,
 Castle and hall—
 The mind can ruffle its proud wings
 And scout them all.

Grandeur and greatness—what are they !
 Playthings for fools : the king to day,
 'To morrow, is a lump of clay ;
 And yet, elate,
 We worry through Life's little way—
 To rot in state.

And what is fame ? Ask him who lies
 Where cool Cephissus winding hies ;
 Ask him who shook Rome's destinies—
 Shatter'd her state !
 There's not a dungeon wretch that dies,
 But is as great.

What's the world's pride ! What it *hath* been—
 A thing that's groveling and unclean—
 A spur to lust—a cloak of sin—
 Seemingly fair ;
 Yet when the damp grave locks us in,
 How *mean* we are.

What's the world's love ! An empty boon,
 Witness it, Bard of "Bonny doon."
 Witness it, He with "Sandal shoon,"
 And Abbotsford—
 A light burnt to its socket, soon
 A quip—a word.

And then, as seeks the wounded bird
 The deepest shades to moan unheard,
 The heart turns from each friendly word,
 And comfort flies—
 Feels the full curse of "hope deferred,"
 Despairs, and dies.

And such the heart's bad passions. Let
 Its greener laurels flourish yet—
 Hope, friendship, ne'er let earth forget
 How sweet they are ;
 For the poor heart's not desolate
 When love is there.

Love—tis earth's holiest principle !
 From every thing we catch its spell !
 But more, from the sweet thoughts that dwell
 In woman's breast—
 Friendship and faith immutable
 By her possess'd.

Then, lady ! be it all thy care,
 To be as wise as thou art fair ;
 Be wary—think each smile a snare—
 Shun pleasure's lure ;
 Farewell ! thou *hast* the Minstrel's prayer—
 Be good—be pure.

THE SISTER'S FAITH.

' Our affections are
Heaven's influences, that by the good they do,
Betray their origin.

' So I have seen
A frail flower that the storm has trampled on—
Lovely in ruins ; for though broken quite
With its affliction, 'twas a flow'ret still,
And ask'd from me affection.'

THE allotments of providence are as various as are our several necessities. To one is granted wealth, to another talents, to a third family ; every man, however humble, finds himself the possessor of some separate good the which has not been equally vouchsafed to all, and in that particular good whatsoever it be is treasured his individual sum of human happiness. It is a beautiful thing that this is so, for hence a greater degree of comfort among men, as each is pleased with his own ; and to a thinking man it is fraught with deep and powerful truths, that tell greatly both upon the understanding and the heart. In it is seen the kind plan of an ever present, ever watchful Deity, studious for our comforts ; and the mind is at once fired with a nobler energy, and the heart is quickened with newer faith to works of obedience, and taught to look with renewed confidence and an unclouded eye through sorrows here, and rest on that star of hope beyond the grave.

Among the blessings of providence, there is none which exceeds the rich love of a sister. He who has been blessed with such, whether he knows it or not, has ever had near him a fountain of sweet thoughts and gentle sympathies, that could have made the darkest day cheerful. Especially has he been blessed, if circumstances have contrived to break him from all other ties of consanguinity, and in joys and sorrows he has witnessed the development of those beautiful principles which enter so largely into the composition of her character, for the development of those principles must have been attended by such love and considerateness on her part, as only served to make them more beautiful, and bring them nearer the attributes of angels.

A sister's love is disinterested, and therefore invaluable. No one has ever doubted but that the female heart generally is richer in feelings than a man's ; that among our sweetest consolations when earthly ties are sundered, and ' thick coming fancies ' crowd in upon the brain till it is black with sadness, are placed those alleviations which her tenderness and her solicitude can offer. But yet the love

of another than a sister, from the very grounds of such preference and its means of perpetuity, cannot be other than a selfish and mixed passion. It is far more the result of circumstances; these have power to modify it, and they are eternally changing. With a sister there is nothing of this; with her it is the involuntary promptings of nature, and to call such a selfish or mixed passion, is to call truth falsehood. There is no chilling calculation, no selfish wish for a reciprocate sympathy, and a latent purpose within to be *ruled* by this in the degree of her own affection. She never thinks to ask if there is a chance of the better feelings of her heart's running to waste; nor can she lean to the side of an overweening prudence, and coolly measure out her love in just proportion to the worth of him to whom she gives it. No! she can do none of these;—on the contrary, the most eminent instances of her warmest devotion are found, where the recipients of it were the least worthy. Cases innumerable might be cited, in which, against difficulties to daunt other than her, her love has seemed to grow purer and more enduring, even as a green and luxuriant vine seems to take newer beauty, as it clammers about a scathed oak or melancholy ruin.

A sister's love is pure, and therefore invaluable. No truth is more obvious than this, that those who have been favored with the sweet sympathies and affections of a sister, and educated in that unrestrained intercourse so favorable to the development of domestic virtue, possess a softness of character and purity of feeling, to which other men are strangers. I know it has been objected to this, that such a character is effeminate, and altogether unfitted for the sphere to which men are called. Now were the charge of effeminacy admitted, we have yet to learn that true fortitude is not equally the property of gentle as well as rugged natures, and that the manifestation of it in one person more than another, is not traceable altogether to other and opposite causes. But we do not admit it; the characteristic above referred to is not effeminate; it is too sacred not to be a treasure, and it is too beautiful to be an error. It is a spirit like His who stood upon the waves, passing over and stilling the angry waters of human passion; a breath of spring sent upon the world calling the moss and ivy to their high dwellings, and scattering the flowers upon the slopes and in the vallies; a beam of sunshine thrown down from a summer sky, casting into shade the roughness of the landscape, and softening all into beauty. A character matured under the circumstances referred to, need lose nothing of its firmness by the process. On the contrary, the native energies of the mind may expand with greater freedom (for many of those things which usually retard it are removed) and it can ruffle its wings with a wider sweep, and stoop for the quarry with a nobler vision. As for the charge, that our capacities for misery are increased in an increased ratio by that refinement of feeling which is induced by feminine intercourse, we hardly think it worth the refutation.

The fact that that French fool, Rousseau, could start a question which involves this, has not succeeded in raising it above contempt; and we shall quit the subject therefore with the simple statement of our own belief, viz.—that Heaven never endowed man with any superfluous faculties, that at every successive stage of moral and mental culture there is more than a proportionate increase of positive happiness, and that it is only when every power of the mind is in requisition and each taxed to its extreme capacity, that the mind approaches its perfection.

A sister's love is eternal, and therefore invaluable. Much ink has been wasted on the subject, of the power of female affection—for which subject we have the current phrases of 'dying for love,' 'broken hearts,' 'Cupid's achievements,' and other such classical appellatives. Poets have worn the matter thread-bare, and novelists have picked up the shreds to patch garments for their heroes. One gentleman less scrupulous than another, has dared raise a doubt of the matter, somewhat withholding from the ladies the exclusive privilege of dying thus heroically; another conceiving this a challenge to his gallantry, has most manfully seized the crab-stick and fallen to work pell-mell on the other side. Now amid such a clash of fire arms as this we suppose it behoves us to walk circumspectly, and somewhat question whether the fair bevy of our acquaintance would not cry us heretic, did *we* call in question this same right, viz., of dying for this or that thing just as suits them without asking leave of judge or jury. But the truth of it is we have a belief on the matter, and sorry are we to say that for lack of something better we feel called upon to divulge it, deprecating however from our souls every intention of making any unpleasant expositions, and professing a love for the truth and nothing but the truth. To begin then;—we boldly make the remark, that many a woman has gone to her grave from ill-requited affection. The man who denies this, has either never mingled in society, or has kept his eyes shut while there, or is a fool. But—and here is the rub—whether the passion which resulted in the breaking of this or that heart was an unmixed one, a thing which of itself destroyed the heart, this I say 'puzzles the will,' and is a sad problem for solution. We make the following remarks: any one who looks closely at society, and looks at the little springs which operate on this side and on that to keep the whole machinery in operation, will be wonderfully struck with the great discrepancy betwixt real truths and those admitted as such by the world. He will see that to trace an act to its cause, to find that principle and trace it into generalities, is to frighten him at the artificiality of society and the extreme ignorance of the human race. Effects which he had been accustomed to assign to certain causes as things of course, he finds are traceable altogether to other causes. The strangest phenomena does he meet with; causes producing effects as opposite to their apparent tendencies as possible; causes misna-

med effects ; effects taken for causes ; in short, terms misapplied and jumbled together with most admirable confusion. Now to apply these remarks, we beg leave to add—that men *may* have made a mistake in reference to the subject in question. For ourselves, we have known a case of misplaced affection—a lovely girl, fair as the first star that peeps through the net-work of twilight, and gentle as the bonniest May flower of the season. And yet she died ; and when the first burst of a generous indignation had passed off and space was given for reflection, for the life of us we could not make other conclusion, than that the *pity* of the world and her extreme susceptibility to ridicule were enough of themselves to destroy her. The truth of it is, it is one of the subtlest passions of our nature, yet not the most powerful ; and though it gain the same end, first subjecting the other powers to itself and *thus* breaking down the spirit, it does this rather by its extreme cunning than by any energies of its own. But a sister's deep faith, what alloy find we here ! what sentiment that the pure heart might not offer at the throne of God ! This is that star which brightens and brightens as it comes up from the horizon and pours its undimmed beauty upon the world ! It is one of those flowers that sometimes spring up by the path-way of life to tell us how bright was the primitive world, and give us a glimpse of the brightness and profusion of the one to come ! And the eye brightens, the heart expands, and the soul bounds exultant on its heavenward mission as we gaze upon it, till the veil seems rent in twain, and we think and see and *feel* our certain immortality !

A circumstance fell under my observation not many years since in a part of the state of New York, with which I shall close these remarks—indeed, it forms not an inappropriate conclusion. It made a great impression on me at the time, and the reader perhaps will thank me for rescuing from oblivion one of those touching incidents in real life which sometimes occur, and cast into shadow the wildest dreams of fiction.

Any one who has visited the little town of P—— in Ulster County, remembers well enough that there's no way of entering it from the west, save through a long defile cut as it would seem by art through the heart of a mountain, and he also remembers what a scene of beauty is presented as he emerges from the pass and sends his gaze before him. A common of about half a mile square, surrounded by neat and in some instances very elegant dwellings, in the center of which with its neat bow windows and little spire, is the only church of the village. The village has an air of life and business ; a stream tumbles off from the hills on the north supplying a large factory on the lower grounds, and from the more elevated parts may the eye catch the bends of the lordly Hudson in the distance, and in clear still mornings may the 'yo-heave-yo' of sailors or the clatter of steam boats be faintly heard, as they pass and repass on the river.

It was into this little village that I jogged with a quiet pace one warm afternoon, and began to look around for an inn. It was the heat of summer, and for no less than forty good English miles had myself and horse stumped it since morning, and over as dusty a road withall as one would like to travel on; and my horse seeming to feel his necessities as well as myself began to move a little faster, and by a sort of instinct, point his ears straight towards a large sign board swinging directly over the road, on which was a rampant lion large as life his fiery tongue lolling part way from his mouth, and a sort of dare-devil threat in his eye that he was about to leap down on the passengers. This however was yet a good half a mile off; and as I passed along, the village church-yard lay upon the left. I had come nearly to the end of this, when a light form sprang over the wall, and running up to me seized my horse by the bridle, while it said—

“O, sir, do come—they’ve left him all alone there, and I’ve called to him and sung to him, and he wont hear me—do come, sir, wont you?”—and it pulled gently by the bit as it spake, and my horse stopped.

I was thunder-struck. The creature before me was a faded girl, and as I should think in the last stages of the consumption. She must have been exceedingly beautiful once, for her form was still symmetry itself, and her features were as regular as if shaped with a chisel. Her face however was very pale. The blue veins were traceable on a forehead of silver by the ridges they made, though almost as white as the skin about them. Her eye-brows were regular as if struck out with a compass, and beneath them her eyes large, dark, and full, flashed as bright and as wild as stars in a wintry night. Her lip was as thin as paper. Her dress lay loose and low, and surely no lovelier neck and bosom (though they were shrunken) ever came into a poet’s vision, than that which rose and sank there painfully rapid as she stood waiting my answer. The hand which still lay on my bridle-bit was so thin and attenuated, that actually the sun shone through it almost as easily as if it were a piece of glass; and her small feet and ankles which were without covering, gave equal evidence of sorrow and abandonment. The only thing about her which still retained all its former beauty, was her hair, long, dark, and silky—that ornament of woman which death cannot destroy—which she still possessed, and in thick masses of luxuriant brown it hung about her with all the grace of a Madonna.

I know not but nature has given me an undue quantum of sensibility, but I was melted to tears by this poor creature before me. I have described her features—these the reader will see; but the whole expression, the thing which cannot be conveyed to paper, that must be imagined. Its wo, its extreme wo; the circumstances too, so near a populous village, and yet alone; the church yard at hand, and the few incoherent words dropped from her lips; these at first

came over me with a sort of sickening fear, and I trembled lest the figure before me should, like the witches that met Macbeth on the heath, 'change into the air.'

Just at that moment a dull dolt of a farmer came along the common, cracking his whip and bellowing most lustily. Seeing me stopped in the road, the girl by my bridle gently pulling it and eyeing me with a beseeching look, he cried out, "Hillo, you Luce! what the d—l are you at there with that gentleman's bridle? out of the way ye'—using a term I shall not repeat—'and let me get by, wont ye?" Seeing my cheek burning with an indignation that tempted me to knock the rascal down, he said as he drove by and in a much softer tone, "It's only Luce Selden, the mad gal—don't mind her, sir."

I turned towards her thus designated—poor creature! she had sunk down at my horse's feet like a young flower which the wind has passed over too roughly, her long hair disheveled in rich masses on the turf, and her hand grasping a few dead flowers she had brought with her. Springing to the ground I lifted her delicate form in my arms, and bearing her to a runnel of water which wimpled near, I cast some of it upon her face and bosom. Slowly opening her eyes she seemed at once to feel my kindness, and wreathing her emaciated arms about my neck, her pent heart poured itself forth into my bosom.

O never tell me of the equal distribution of happiness in this world! Let the mad dreamer preach it if he list to those equally mad, and for his own sad purposes; but let not man, immortal man, man gifted with reason and obedient to the voice in every enlightened one's soul, herald such a monstrous absurdity! What had this young and faded creature gained—what joy—what blessing—what blissful moments had been hers—what bright dream had she dwelt in—what fond hallucination had enrapt her young being in her few brief days of infancy and childhood, that now just bursting into the pride and prime of woman, such a cloud should come over her fair sky, and with its folds, its thick folds, shut from her gaze every star of hope forever! Dwelt she in a fairy-land—where bright wings glanced hither and thither, touching and retouching its soft airs—its mellow sunsets—its streams and golden fountains with a newer beauty! and had her life like an unshadowed current in Eastern fable, moved on in one unbroken flood of happiness! Had fancy been hers—and imagination—and the dangerous gift of poesy—and the faculty to shape out her own existence unmoved by the realities of life—and her being been lifted up in high revel and communion with the great and good of former days, and the far remote treasures of purer existences! Had such blessings been hers! and in return for them must the wick of the lamp thus early burn to its socket—must society cast this flower from its bosom—must reason lose her dwelling place—and her young life just opening upon her

with its flowers, and feelings, and passionate thoughts, and innocent gushes of tenderness, turn out a blank, a dead letter, and at one fell blow be cut off—and she like a useless weed or wreck tossed up by Ocean, be thrown out from her proper sphere—scorned—crushed—slandered—an insulted yet still beautiful thing—a mark for the rabble's jeers, the clown's coarse brutality, and the damning pity of a mock-charity close-fisted world! *Let her unambitious story give answer.*

Luce Selden was a twin child. Her mother died in giving her birth, leaving her and a beautiful boy to their remaining yet now broken hearted father, and a victim to those sad crosses which motherless children must meet with from the very nature of the case—though that father was all in all to them, and though it was his pride to watch over and nourish these beautiful blossoms of a love, as pure as it was imperishable. He had married in New York, and came to P—— while a young man and just starting in life, and by industry and very fine talents had by the time he reached the meridian of life, amassed a splendid fortune. His talents and wealth forced the meed of praise from the rich, and his very uniform disinterested and noble charities won the blessings of the poor, and fortune seemed to have nothing to do but shower down her favors on his head.

But prosperity cannot always last. No! let the prosperous man ever tremble at any long succession of blessings; for it is then that sorrows are nearest, and those sorrows the worst and heaviest. If it is not so in reality—if the reverses which we witness here and there coming upon the rich and the fortunate—if they are not worse than those which overtake other men, they are so at least to all intents and purposes, for the hackneyed adage is a true one despise it who may, 'prosperity unfits us for adversity.' The noble scorn with which this or that man learns to look upon a run of ill luck, or the heroism and devotedness of woman, may take a charm when hallowed by the pen of Irving, but they are after all but as the creations of the poet, mere creations having no parallel in real life. That there is philosophy enough in the human soul even this side of stoicism, to enable a man to look unmoved on the changes about him, we do not doubt; but that the philosopher has yet risen who has discovered the treasure, of this we do as unhesitatingly declare a disbelief.

If it is so, Mr. Charles Selden had never learned it, and it was at the demise of his wife that he began to date the commencement of his ill fortunes, which like rising waves seemed heavier and heavier as the shattered bark was less and less able to endure their fury. This was the first blow, the death of his wife—and he bent beneath it. Yet his character seemed to have that elasticity, that springiness in it which recovers itself again; and he once more mingled with men, pursued his profession, and smiled with the same cheerfulness. Yet there were times when his language seemed too light, too rapid, too artificial, so to speak, for a perfectly happy

man ; and his friends sometimes whispered to their own hearts that all was not as it should be, that there was something wrong within, that that fine and delicate organization, his mind, did not act as formerly ; and they sometimes marked a kind of perverse vehemence, which did not tally well with that uniform sound sense and remarkable discrimination which had characterized the efforts of his earlier years. Ah ! they guessed well—there *was* something wrong. There was a fountain in his heart which had been chilled, and which kept bubbling up its cool waters to remind him continually of his wretchedness ; and there were moments, when withdrawn from business and the world shut out, he gave himself up to that deadly yet sweet sorrow which sooner or later saps the springs of existence.

Grief should never be alone. It is one of the most selfish of our passions. The man of sorrows should be forced into the world—into the bustle, and roar, and change, and activity of life, where against himself outward and passing events shall catch his eye, and force him off if but for a moment from his wretchedness. It will finally loose the grasp of the disease, and thought by degrees may be turned into other channels, and the heart beat with its accustomed excitation.

But even this did not save the bereaved husband. Perhaps it might had no other ills assailed him ; but he had become reckless—had risked much—had entered largely into the excitements and speculations of the day ; and every thing working against him, losses succeeding losses, the poor man sank under it and died—a bankrupt.

But the saddest of my story is yet to come.

There are some men in this world from whom nature seems to have withholden the commonest feelings of our race—men who have no humanity about them—men who despise and disclaim every thing like sympathy as troublesome and out of place, and who would as lief dwell in a desert or on an island shut out from the whole world, as any where else—save perhaps that they should not have their fellow creatures to prey on. In short, your cool, calculating, miserly souls, whose feelings all begin in self and end in self, and who can like Judas or Shylock, coolly set off so much suffering and so many ounces of human blood against so much money, with the same callousness that they could barter dog's flesh.

It was into the hands of such a wretch, a Mr. Saxelby, that these orphan children fell now entering upon their twelfth year, and their privations it may be relied on were proportionate to *his* wickedness. The little that had been saved from the wreck of their once splendid fortune he contrived to sink by one means and another, and by the time they were sixteen it was formally announced that their means were exhausted, and that master Lyle Selden and his sister—must either work or starve.

It was like a thunder clap. The brother had hoped to study his father's profession; his talents were commanding, his industry unexampled, and he had proudly looked forward to the moment when he should redeem that father's lost reputation, and lift his lovely, ah, how lovely sister! into the station which her exceeding beauty seemed so eminently to fit her for, and of which she would become such a witching ornament.

This brother was a marked character. His person was manly, his voice firm, and his countenance the index of a soul that showed plain enough he was not born to be overlooked in the world. He was sensitive and exceedingly proud, yet a nobler heart never knocked against the ribs of mortality. But such a character as this is not calculated to gain friends. He was too open—gave his opinions too freely—and his talents were altogether too commanding and brilliant. Your popular fellows are your middling ones. Lyle Selden was no middling fellow—you would find it out by the first word that fell from him though he were half asleep at the time, and though the subject were as trite as those about which we witness the first volitation of your incipient poetasters. He was an original—a marked man—and his opinions though they might be sneered at, had nevertheless more weight than half the school put together. As he was sensitive so was he often unhappy, and though he met the taunts brought to his ears by his few real friends, with 'I care not,' yet he *did* care—his heart inly bled, and his lonely hours were often embittered. As he was proud, this got him into difficulties; for though it was quite the reverse of vanity and self was the last one he thought of, yet it made his character a complex one which none understood unless he chose to enlighten them, and this save to a few his pride would not descend to. Hence he was thought callous and distant, when in reality his heart was the seat of every gentler feeling; and to those that *had* skill to look beneath the surface, he was linked by a friendship as unyielding as it was noble. But these were few, and his character is best told in one sentence,—*he was respected and disliked.*

His sister was an opposite character. She scarcely ever thought for herself, and in person she was rather lovely than beautiful, and had that touching feminineness about her which is rather to be felt than told of. She was too gentle to be independent, one of those rare specimens of loveliness that are shaped by associations, that can be moulded into any thing by the energies of a master mind. In short, she was too trusting, and had a spice of that credulous confidence in her composition, which, if fortune does not try it sorely, makes a woman a perfect nympholepsy and a vision.

Such were these orphan children, and in a world as we well know not famous for its charities. It will be taxing my reader's patience—who is anxious I see to come to the end of my story—to trace their lives minutely through the two or three following years. Their

lot was a hard one. Thrown out of a station to which their birth entitled them, the trials to which they were exposed had the same effect on them as it does upon every body else under similar circumstances, viz. made young Selden suspicious and fretful, soured his temper, and took from him even the little amiableness which the world had ever allowed was in his composition. While his sister, his too gentle sister, like the vine round the tree which supports it and moves with it as that is moved by the forest wind, so she changed with her brother though winning still, for in her any thing like harshness was softened down by a sweetness which nothing could destroy.

What I am now about to lay before the reader, is one of those black passages in the catalogue of human suffering that may well make me shudder as I write, and if the facts are doubted as here laid down, my authority for them shall be given hereafter.

Lyle Selden, despised and trampled on by the world, neglected and contemned by those that had abundant reasons for loving him, opposed by fortune in every shape, and seeing that all his best and most strenuous exertions to win his way availed not, but served only to heap up greater difficulties, committed a forgery, and that too under the signature of his guardian. That he was in a measure justified in taking some means to gain back the fortune stolen from him, may be admitted by all; but the law is not supposed to make any distinction in favor of such circumstances, and its dread sentence now hung over him, with nothing but the selfish griping hand of Saxelby to stay the blow. The event was not yet public, and here only was the last desperate hope of mercy.

The agony of Luce's mind at this dread climax of suffering, must be imagined, not written. Every means was thought of—every compromise was proffered—every suggestion that a tender and delicate girl almost maddened by the threatening evil could suggest, was resorted to, but they availed not. The hard hand of Saxelby could not yield—his ear could not catch the voice of mercy—his heart responded not to any cry—he must have justice.

Luce was in the prisoner's dungeon, and worn with watching and grief and suffering, hung clinging to the neck of that brother who had wept and toiled for her so many years. She saw that brother broken down, the high purpose had flagged at last, the spirit had quailed, the spring had broken, and the heart that had beat so true and firm for her was now at her feet, and the storm had beaten it nigh to its death. Was there no hope? Could she do nothing? Was there nothing left for a brain on the brink of madness? No dreadful, desperate, damning resort? Ah! there was—it smote her like lightning—she lingered a moment—rose—clasped her brother—kissed him—and with a wild look burst from the prison.

In a moment she was at the door of Saxelby, in the next at his feet. There she poured out her soul—proffered him all—all that woman values, life, soul, honor—*it was accepted.*

It broke her brother's heart.

She became a maniac.

Such is a story of facts, and the half dead creature I held in my arms was that same unfortunate sister. I conveyed her to the inn of the village where I learned that she was a great trouble to the place, and to one or two excellent families who treated her with every affection. They were obliged to confine her. Yet she always baffled them and resorted immediately to her brother's grave, where she would spend night and day sitting on the turf, and singing some little ditty of former days. I learned also to my eternal indignation, that save these two or three families, the village thought her little better than a wanton—for Saxelby had died, and the facts were known. Oh, cursed, and doubly cursed be this queasy prudery of the world! Cursed be the spirit that casts out the repentant lost one, who craves our forgiveness! Cursed be they who rant so noisily of virtue, and prate of self-government! Tremble, and be merciful!—*ye have not been tried.*

The story of this girl made an impression on me never to be forgotten, and having so well as I was able made arrangement for her future comforts, I left the village.

I afterwards passed through the place and learned that she was dead. She had continued as formerly to spend her time at the church yard, pulling the flowers from this or that mound to scatter them over her brother, singing her little songs and talking half-reasonable and half-wild to every chance passenger. Thus she continued until late fall, when she was found one cold morning stiff upon his grave—one arm bent beneath her and her lips softly apart, as if the last words that passed them was her brother's name.

*

TO ***** *****.

I LOVE to watch the twilight sky
 When in it glows the star of even,
 For then it seems that Love's own eye
 Is looking kindly down from heaven;
 But oh, more deeply love I far,
 Than twilight sky or evening star,
 The soul-reflecting beam to view,
 That sweetly lights thine eye of blue.

I love to watch the waving grain
 When o'er it floats the summer breeze;
 I love to view the rippling plain
 When winds are sporting on the seas;

Yet love I more the smile divine
Which flits across that face of thine,
When o'er thy soul doth gently move
The breathing joyousness of love.

I love to read in Eastern lore,
About the goddess-queens of old,
So fair that Nature never more
Could forms of equal beauty mould;
Yet, more than all, I love to know
There is not on this earth below,
Nor in the deep, nor in the air,
A form that can with thine compare.

I love to hear the gentle swell
Of music on the midnight air;
I love to tread the lonely dell—
I love the torrent-music there;
But oh, more charming far to me
Than music's sweetest notes can be,
Is that confiding, trembling tone,
Which tells me thou art mine alone.

METRICAL TRANSLATIONS OF A LATIN STANZA.

ON the cover of the Magazine is a picture of old Governor Yale, with two lines of Latin poetry beneath it. These lines are part of an inscription sent to the College at an early period by the Governor, and are written beneath an engraving which now hangs in the Trumbull Gallery. The engraving, we understand, was for many years mislaid, and was at last discovered, so much injured that it could scarcely be deciphered. The inscription is as follows:

Effigies clarissimi viri D. D. Elihu Yale,
Londinensis Armigeri.

En vir ! cui meritas laudes ob facta, per orbis
Extremos fines, inclyta fama dedit.
Aequor arans tumidum, gazas adduxit ab Indis,
Quas Ille sparsit munificante manu:
Inscitiæ tenebras, ut noctis luce coruscâ
Phœbus, ab occiduis pellit et Ille plagis.
Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES.

Here is a translation in the old Spenserian stanza :

Behold the man whose honored name enrolled
On Fame's proud tablet ever ought to stand,
For deeds illustrious through the world extolled.
His riches, brought from India's distant land,
He scattered widely with a liberal hand.
The night of Ignorance from the West he drove
As morning rays the clouds from Ocean's strand.
While gratitude exists, still with their love
YALE's generous deeds shall SONS and SIREs unite to approve.

Again :

Behold the man to whom praise well deserved
Illustrious fame has given for actions wrought
In Earth's remotest regions. Wealth, preserved
In India, o'er the boisterous seas he brought,
And lavished wide from hands with bounty fraught.
The shades of Ignorance, as the sun the night
From western climes he drove, by Justice taught.
While gratitude exists YALE's glory bright,
And spotless name, shall SIREs and SONS to praise unite.

We will bid farewell for the present to Spenser, for after all, the intricacies of his stanza are least of all adapted to the mere translator. We will now take the common ten syllable verse, and endeavor to give as accurate a line-for-line and word-for-word translation, as is consistent with the measure.

Behold the man whose deeds illustrious claim
Through Earth's extremest bounds the meed of fame;
His Indian wealth o'erswelling seas he bore,
Then freely shared it, from this Western shore
To drive the clouds of Ignorance away,
As flies the night at Phœbus' dawning ray.
Let SIREs and SONS, till gratitude shall fail,
Together sing the praise and name of YALE.

Again :

Behold the man whose fame illustrious stands
For deeds performed in Earth's remotest lands;
Ploughing the deep, from India wealth he bore,
And scattered widely from a bounteous store;
The clouds of Ignorance he banished far,
As flies the night before the morning star.
While grateful hearts remain, the name of YALE
Let SONS and SIREs with praises join to hail.

There is a difference in the translation of a part of the first two verses in these two stanzas ;

Extremos fines, * * *

. . . . per orbis

To what does this clause refer? We are rather inclined to give our preference to the former reading, though after all it must be a question of taste rather than of criticism. But have we succeeded the better for confining ourself to fewer lines and to the easier stanza? We think not. In particular, we have entirely omitted, in the second stanza, all mention of *His* munificent designs upon the Western shores ; which in a son of Yale is indeed an unpardonable omission. We will e'en go back to Spenser, and try our luck again under the banner of this prince of versifiers.

Behold the man whose deeds with justice ring
Through Earth's remotest bounds, deserving fame;
O'er boisterous seas did he his treasure bring
From India's shore, and scattered round the same
With liberality where'er he came;
The clouds of Ignorance, like the shades of night
From morning rays, flee from before his name.
While gratitude exists, with luster bright
YALE's praise and name shall SONS and SIREs to sing unite.

Behold the man, whose deeds on every shore
Fame's hundred tongues are whispering to the wind!
Asiatic wealth o'er boisterous seas he bore,
With just munificence to bless mankind.
The clouds of Ignorance which veiled the mind
Of this wide West, he burst; as Phœbus' rays
Light up the night. YALE's fame and name combined,
Till gratitude expires, shall fire our lays,
While SONS and FATHERs join in sweet accordant praise.

This last translation has at least the merit of getting over the difficulty in the translation of the first and second verses. Reader, we have done. We have finished our chime. We have rung all the changes we could at present upon our little bell. We throw down the rope. Draw from it if you choose still sweeter music, and so brighten the love you bear to her who will hereafter be your Alma Mater.

For "praising what is lost makes the remembrance dear."

G. H.

THE INFLUENCE OF MORAL FEELING ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

No. III.

THE influence of moral feeling tends to heighten the pleasure which we derive from beholding the works of nature.

“Our sight,” says Addison, “is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its object at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.” Hence those pleasures of the imagination which are perceived through the medium of this sense, must necessarily be of a high order. Besides, they have this advantage above their fellows, that they are more obvious, and more easy to be acquired. We have but to open our eyes, and the scene in all its beauty and power enters. The colors paint themselves on the fancy, with scarcely a single effort of thought, and each object in the view, as it catches our glance, sends its appropriate impression to the mind, with an approach as gentle, and almost as imperceptible as the dawn of the morning.

This exhibition of nature is free to all. It is unfolded with equal beauty and variety to the humble peasant, as he treads homeward his weary way from the labors of the field, and the man of science and taste who can enjoy it at his leisure. For each the same glorious sun rises and sets, the same landscape of hill and valley and river is spread out, the same rich colors glow, the same fragrance perfumes the air.—In its full and ever changing variety, there is something to suit the disposition and character of every one. The sons of sorrow, whose only inheritance is melancholy and gloom, and in whose minds the bright things of earth meet no response, may find in the still sadness of the lonely vale, or in the steep slopes of the giant hill, a spirit in unison with their own. And they, over whose fair visions the cloud of disappointment has never flung its shade, whose souls are radiant with the hope and gladness of life’s young morn, may find their companions too in the joyous revels of nature. The gentle whisperings of the summer breeze, the gay sparkle and the rushing fall of the cascade, the mellow richness of the grove, the gorgeous drapery of sunset, with these, with every thing that breathes the spirit of joy, they can claim a kindred feeling.

The scene is ever before us in its unchanging beauty. It is not like the bright shadows that charm us on in boyhood and youth, only to vanish for ever from the sober realities of manhood. The breeze,

that cooled the brow of the child in his early sports, plays with the same freshness around the wrinkles of age—the meadows wear as rich a green—the flowers bloom with equal loveliness—and nature, still fair and attractive, as when the morning stars first sang together, feels no decay from the lapse of years. What a barren and cheerless waste would be presented to the eye of man, were all this world of coloring to disappear with its ever varying distinctions of light and shade—what a rich source of innocent gratification had been wanting, if these had never been created. But

“The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal course, have traveled o’er
No speechless, lifeless desert;”

and the confidence of the future is founded upon the promise that seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall never fail.

This power in the beauties of the natural world to excite and gratify the imagination, is emphatically the poetry of nature, sending out its appeal from every object which greets the eye. There is poetry in the pathless wood, when the summer breeze sweeps over the waves of its dark green foliage—in the bold scenery of the mountain’s height, inspiring the soul with feelings of grandeur and sublimity—in the green valley throwing a charm of hallowed tranquility around the spirit. It dwells in the rising and the setting sun, in the wild flowers of the forest, in the mighty winds, in the dark blue skies, in the golden and silver clouds of heaven, in the rainbow, in the seasons.

“Coming ever more and going still, all fair,
And always new with bloom and fruit,
And fields of hoary grain.”

It is written like a legible language on the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It dwells among the stars of heaven. It is abroad in the tempest, girt with the stern magnificence of the storm-cloud, careering on the vollied lightning, and uttering its voice of sublimity in the deep-toned thunder.

“’Tis in the gentle moonlight—
’Tis floating mid day’s setting glories; night
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed and breathes it in our ears.”

In all these dwells the spirit of poetry, and it is the highest office of the imagination, to extract from these the divine element. Is she the less able to do this, when from nature’s works she looks up with filial awe to nature’s God? By our admiration of the character and attributes of the Great Creator, are we led to regard the works of his hand, with emotions less enthusiastic and poetical? Strike out of our minds, when contemplating the features of the natural world,

those ideas of system, order, and adaptation to wise and beneficent purposes so clearly expressed by them all—bid us ascribe all this glorious mechanism, so exquisitely formed and so skillfully arranged, to the unguided instinct of blind chance—and the tie that bound us in such an endearing relation to the scenes of earth, and sanctioned the communion of our better feelings with their ever eloquent spirit, is sundered for ever. There is a religion in every thing around us—and the spirit of poetry, that spirit which carries home to the imagination the pleasures of uncorrupted taste, is almost one and the same with the former. It is a religion which the creeds of men have never perverted, or their superstitions overshadowed. It is fresh from the hands of the Author, and is ever reminding us, with its still small voice, of the Great Spirit, whose presence pervades and quickens it. It glows from every star that sparkles in the far concave. It is among the hills and the vallies of the earth, where the desert mountain-top rears his snow-crowned summit into the frosts of an eternal winter, or the lowly dell slumbers in the quiet of a summer's sun. It is this, uttering its appeal from the unbreathing things of nature with an ever faithful voice, that fills the spirit with lofty aspirings, until it struggles to cast off the chains which this earthly has thrown around her giant, though infant energies, and soar away beyond the influence of the cold sluggish atmosphere of sense—to attain something ethereal and thrilling—something which shall satisfy her large desires, and open to the imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

And he, who reads the volume of nature's works, a stranger to this blessed influence, does not read aright. He is blind to that peculiar grace and loveliness which characterize them as a part of the great system of universal order and harmony. It is to the imagination, chastened and elevated by moral feeling alone, that nature makes her choicest revelations. Indeed it is a libel upon the Author of the human mind to suppose that He has endowed it with powers that are to receive their most exquisite gratification without the pale of virtue. We are of those, who believe that the intellect of man is to receive its highest and noblest, as well as purest energies, in its nearest moral conformity to the first, infinite and eternal Intellect. And if the character of this creating Mind is impressed on the visible creation, he who sees the most excellence in the former will feel the strongest love for the latter. Those aspects of nature, which to the unsanctified taste are without form or comeliness, are to him invested with a most religious charm.

“ Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure unreprieved.”

A MISANTHROPE'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

"Ferte per extremos gentes, et ferte per undas,
Qua non ulla meum femina norit iter.

* * * * *

Hoc, moneo, vitate malum."

Propertius.

To distant climes of earth I flee,
Mid savage wilds my home to make,
Away beyond the raging sea,
Where man my quiet ne'er shall break.
For now my hardened heart to feeling steeled,
No more to human sympathy will yield.

No more shall woman's witching smile
E'er haunt the recess of my cell;
No more my trusting heart beguile,
Which now has learned these tricks—too well:
For I have found her fickle, false, and vain,
And once deceived, will never be again.

Nor shall she in my summer bower,
When day has sped with all its care,
E'er greet me—at soft twilight's hour,
In love to hold sweet converse there.
For passions rage and burn without control,
Where love, like poisoned daggers, stings the soul.

Fair Wisdom be the lovely maid
Whom I shall call to my embrace,
In whom my hopes of bliss are laid,
Since other love I now efface.
And happy thus, I then will spend my life
Free from the world's temptation, toil, and strife.

M.

THE COFFEE CLUB.

No. III.

"At last he is as welcome as a storm; he that is abroad shelters himself from it, and he that is at home shuts the door. If he intrudes himself yet, some with their jeering tongues give him many a gird, but his brazen impudence feels nothing; and let him be armed on free-scot with the pot and the pipe, he will give them leave to shoot their flouts at him till they be weary."

Fuller's Profane State.

SUMMER, with its transforming influence upon all things natural and artificial, has come, and the Coffee Club feels somewhat of its power. We introduced you, reader, to our room in the depth of winter, we welcomed you with a blazing hearth and the cheerful light of an astral, and our mystic tripod lustily bore witness to the strife of the hostile elements. But now the aspect of the room and the temper of its occupants is changed. A solitary taper with *all* its light, can scarce effect a dim obscure—the thick warm carpet is superseded by a flimsier texture of straw—the point of concentration is transferred from the glowing fire to the open window—the center-table is drawn back and relieved from its superincumbent load, that the eye may not be oppressed with a sense of heaviness—in every chair you find a lazy pillow, and even the sofa which would once contain all four, will scarce suffice for the extended length of Apple Dumpling—our coffee simmers over the sickly flame of a spirit lamp, and is quaffed in cooler draughts, and from comparatively tiny cups.

The temper of its occupants is likewise changed. That equable hilarity which seldom rose to jollity and *never* sank below cheerfulness, is gone; and its place is ill supplied by a fitful state of noisy mirth and moody silence. Tristo is alternately more melancholy and less so—Nescio, more entirely sensual, or more acutely intellectual, as the whim seizes him—Pulito is absorbed in attention to earthly nymphs one week, and shuts himself up in his room with the heaven-born muses the next—and Apple, who formerly, like some auxiliary verbs, had but one *mood*, is now variable through the whole paradigm. The disturbing influence of warm weather and bewitching moonlight is also perceptible in the irregularity of our meetings. But few, very few times have we been together this term, and then we have employed ourselves in the most random conversation. Even to-night we have but an unpromising prospect before us. Pulito and Apple are not here, and Tristo and myself have hitherto kept our

thoughts to ourselves with most unsocial chariness. But hark! Pulito's 'light fantastic toe' is on the stairs, and he must say *something* as he enters.

Pulito. "Good evening, gentlemen. You certainly have the true atrabilious aspect; 'twould spoil my face for a week to sit in close proximity with two such melancholy phizes. With your leave, therefore, Messieurs, I will take a cup, adjust my flowing locks, and be off. What beautiful little acorn-goblets you have here, Nescio, and then the delicacy of the beverage, so nicely adapted to the season. You have a rare taste in these matters, Quod."

Tristo. "Ah! Pulito, you are always the same careless fellow, and 'twere vain to hope for any thing else from you; but cannot you sit down for one evening and have a long and sober talk. You know some of us leave town soon, and we may not have another opportunity."

Pulito. "Indeed, Tristo, I am sorry to disappoint you; but *this* evening I have an engagement from which I really cannot get excused; the rest of the term I am entirely at your service."

Nescio. "I'll wager any thing from a pin's head to 'this great globe itself' that there's a lady in the case."

Pulito. "Weel, an there be, gude Maister Quod."

Nescio. "Why you remember your boastful resolution to eschew all connection with any thing more substantial than 'Fancy's daughters three,' during the hot weather."

Pulito. "And whether these be 'Faith, Hope and Charity,' or 'Wine, Women and Coxcombry,' depends very much upon the *fancier's* temperament."

Tristo. "I am afraid, my dear Pulito, that your aspirations after learning are becoming less ardent; and unless you are more earnest, your poetic ambition will fain be contented with being laureate of the Coffee Club."

Pulito. "'What is learning but a cloak-bag of books, cumbersome for a gentleman to carry? and the muses fit to make wives for farmers' sons?' What Fuller, in his 'degenerous gentleman' says in irony, I would adopt in sober earnest."

Nescio. "Well, I perceive we shall get nothing from you to-night, so you may go. But first tell us if you have seen any thing of Apple."

Pulito. "Indeed, I have, and bring quite a message from him, which, but for your suggestion, I should have forgotten. By my troth, in my head, '*dies truditur die*,'—one idea thrusts out another. But for the story—I met Apple walking most abstractedly with the huge roll of his autobiography under his arm. When I asked him what he was thinking about, he obstinately confined his information to the mysterious remark that he was '*coming up*' this evening. As soon, however, as he discovered that I did not intend to be there, he unfolded his whole purpose—under an express injunction of secrecy,

which I ought to keep, and which I will keep—though I will give you an inkling of it, as it may afford you some sport. He will probably appear particularly brilliant, and converse more like himself, his peculiar self. Verb. sat sap. Make fun of him if you can, for I owe him a grudge for a spiteful pun, which he made on a lady's name. However, my masters, after I have given my neck-kerchief the blameless tie, and curled my hair with the twist extatic, I will leave you to your dull coffee, and bask me in the warmth of thy sunny eyes, oh beautiful *——*——.”

Here Pulito made his exit, singing “di tutti palpiti,” with an air of Cox-comical affectation, half assumed, half natural.

Tristo. “A handsome fellow, and a bright. But the day will come when a strong mind, and a well-stored memory, will be worth more than the vanished rapture of a woman's smile. What a pity youth can never temper pleasure with ——, hist! that stumbling step sounds like Apple's.”

Nescio. “’Tis his,—let's slip into the bed-room and see what Dumpling will do.”

Tristo. “Agreed; I promise myself *materiel* for laughter.”

[Enter *Apple*, with a look of pleased importance, and a mouth apparently ready to discharge a witticism.] “Ha! Pulito! *Tristo*! Quod! What, not a soul here but myself, who am *solus*, he! he! pretty good! I'll lay that by, and use it when they come. What an ass that *Tristo* must be, never to laugh at my puns. However, he cannot help himself to-night. I have various good things, aside from puns. If the conversation turns upon wit, I shall say, ‘A witty sentence should be like a scorpion, the sting in the tail, but should not, like a scorpion, sting itself to death!’ If *Tristo* goes to rating me for smoking, I shall say, ‘A cigar is the *summum bonum*, pity its *fumes* are not *perfumes*!’ If *Nescio* says, ‘I am your host’—‘Yes,’ quoth I, ‘and in yourself an *host*.’ That stone will kill two birds; it is at once a pun and a compliment. Ah me! what is the literary world coming to? They all seem bent upon being dull, and the greatest of scriptorial (scriptural?) sins is to say a witty thing. Volumes of poetry and philosophy and oratory and the like come forth, and never a bit of fun in 'em all. Now in my view even a sermon would be vastly better, if the preacher, especially in the application, would discharge at the hearer a few judicious puns of a devotional cast. Bless me! where—where—confusion worse confounded! where are my cigars? I can never shine without them. I should be like Sampson shorn of his locks. I shall have to go by a dozen colleges to ——'s to get some. Well! ‘*leve fit, quod bene fertur*,’ ‘that's a light fit, which is well borne.’ Ha, ha, good! remember that.”

As *Apple* leaves the room, *Quod* and *Tristo*, bursting with laughter, issue from their *latebræ*.

Tristo. “Bravo, Dumpling, bravo.”

Nescio. "Capital! capital! What if we appear to have just come in when he returns, and give him a chance to be witty—ha, ha!"

Tristo. "Constat—it is a covenant. But here he comes."

[Enter Apple, puffing with haste, a bunch of cigars in his hand, and a lighted one in his mouth.]

Apple, (amazed.) "What! you here."

Tristo and *Quod*. "Yes, we've just stepped in: You, I suppose, didn't think there was a soul here."

Apple, (chuckling.) "No, faith: I expected to be *solus*, myself!"

Quod. "Why, Dumpling, you are witty to-night."

Apple. "A witty sentence should be like a scorpion, the sting in the tail, but should not, like a scorpion, sting itself to death, ha! ha!"

Tristo. "Excellent! but do, dear Apple, fling away your vile cigars."

Apple, (winking.) "A cigar, my dear fellow, is the *summum bonum*—pity its *fumes* are not *perfuines*."

"*Tristo*. Your wit should not hinder your politeness. I dislike them, and I am your host."

Apple. "Yes, and in yourself an *host*, ha! ha!"

Nescio. "Why, Apple, where on earth do you get so many good things?"

Apple, (vainly.) "Oh! I don't know: I believe it comes natural—impromptus."

Nescio. "Impromptus! Ha! Ha! Why, Apple, we were in the bed-room here, when you came in before, and heard you practising on your impromptus!"

Apple, (coloring with shame, vexation, and alarm.) "How—how—what, you did, did you? Pretty good hoax, though, wasn't it? Don't tell the fellows 'twas *your* hoax. But being Dumpling, I've got the *dumps*, ha! ha! so I think I'll go home and write on my autobiography."

Tristo. "Do so, and don't forget this chapter."

(Exit Apple with a hang-dog air.)

Tristo. "Incorrigible!"

Nescio. "Utterly! ha! ha! it's worth a dozen comedies."

As if by a secret and common impulse, the laugh and jest ceased, and both became silent. *Nescio* sat by one window, emitting from a fragrant Havana languid and infrequent puffs. His varying countenance expressed a train of thoughts as motley as his mind, where the weighty and the sober were linked and mingled with the light and the ludicrous, and feelings and reflections came trooping by, robed in a livery of serio-comic strangeness. He was thinking of the mystic links that bind together the seen and the unseen—of the glorious, expansive, elastic mind—that '*sine fine fines*'—of the invisible shadings of the mental into the passionate, and of the passionate into

the corporeal—of the attenuated conduits that bear reciprocally between the mind and body a gush of joy or a thrill of anguish. He turned from the puzzling maze, and by no unnatural diversion, his thoughts passed to some of the most wonderful emanations from this mysterious source—the productions of the ‘world’s sole demigod’—Ariel and Caliban and Puck—the sisters three, and Titania with her faery train—and Falstaff, and the good king Malcolm, and the mad-denied Lear—poor, shattered Hamlet, and Othello ‘the dusky Moor,’

——“Whose hand,
Like the base Judæan, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.”

Then came up in re-awakened life the fond musings of his own early boyhood, and he was pleased with the contemplation, all groundless and fruitless as they were, for he smiled at his former folly, and thought himself too wise to be again deceived.

They had crowded one after another upon ‘Fancy’s ardent eye,’ bright and incessant like waves from the sun; and as he thought of their number and their futility, his mind was neither spent with weariness, nor darkened by regret. His feelings were still as vigorous and varied, as they were, before they went forth in quest of happiness and returned without even an olive-branch, as an earnest of security and peace. He had been thus vibrating between thought and reverie for perhaps an hour, when he started from his waking dream, and remembered that he was not alone. Tristo was sitting at the other window, with averted face and eyes gazing on vacancy, while in his hand lay an open volume of the sensitive and melancholy Cowper. Nescio, I grieve to say it, is not always felicitous in his address. He lacks that quick tact, which may be denominated an instinctive sense of present propriety. He felt a reaction in himself, and wished to confirm the dominion of mirth in his own breast, by awakening it in that of others. He laid his hand on Tristo’s shoulder, and giving him a friendly shake, said “Wake up, man, what are you dreaming of? Come, sing us a song, *pour passer le temps*. Pray Heaven, no pretty girl has crossed your line of vision. If so, be not thou cast down—I can give you a charm, a very talisman to gain her, in the whiff of a cigar, *ut ait Apple*. Sigh and flatter, sit up late o’ nights so as to appear pale—seem for a time to prefer another, and then assure her that your heart is, was and will be all, all her own. In that moment of delighted conviction press hard—the fort is yours.” Tristo was too sad to be angry. He merely replied while his lip quivered with emotion—“Nescio, you know not how you wound me.”

Nescio. “Indeed, indeed, I did not mean it, you *know I could* not. But why should you be always so gloomy? It vexes me to

see you thus. Why should you not smile more often and more willingly?

Tristo. "Do I not smile?"

Nescio. "O such a smile! 'tis worse than tears—'tis like the forced laugh in the play. '*Male qui mihi volunt, sic rideant.*' But why should your thoughts be so dark amidst the glittering activity of life?"

Tristo. "And why should they not be *entirely* dark? The breath of this vast world sounds in my ear as the up-going of one deep and universal sigh, and can the thought be other than a thought of pain. My grief is not for myself alone, though that were enough. But where is the man who is happy at all? unless, indeed, it be the happiness of *apathy*. Where is the man of open heart and aspiring mind, whose plans succeed even in the outline, or if the outline be realized, the filling up is not a mixture of care and vexings—and failure and regret? When we have reached some fancied goal of youthful promise, which shone to the far off eye like the battlements of Heaven, does not widowed hope put on her weeds, and mourn over her children, and refuse to be comforted because they are not?"

Nescio. "With such views of human life, where do you find any relief from your melancholy?"

Tristo. "To what should a mind saddened by its own afflictions look for consolation. The world of *realities*, as I have said, presents but a gloomy and scarred waste. Ah! then the greatness of the *poet's* power and the dignity of his art are most manifest. Then, that which in our grosser moods, we had deemed light, pretty, and only fit to while away an hour, becomes *mighty*, and *almost* adorable. For the wearied and broken spirit, which all the riches of learning could not soothe, nor the gift of kingdoms elate, may by the witchery of poetry be wrapt into a calm, satisfied enjoyment."

Nescio. "I wonder not that an early father, in holy abhorrence, called poesy, *vinum dæmonum*, the wine of fiends, if its influence be such as you assert. For surely it supplies to the educated and refined, the same refuge from corroding thought and disturbing conscience, which the intoxicating cup offers to the sensual and brutish."

Tristo. "It is so in some measure, but with this difference, which will immediately rescue this '*divina facultas*' from injurious reflections. The inebriating draught, the actual '*uvæ succus*' offers its poor and transient relief to *all*. The unfortunate and the guilty, those upon whom melancholy has settled like a mist from the ground, causeless and undeserved, though unavoidable—and those upon whom an outraged conscience inflicts its scourgings in righteous retribution, may there seek and find oblivion. But only a pure life, a cultivated mind, a *religious nature*, (let not the phrase breed heresy,) can secure to one the healing influence of poetry."

Nescio. "The idea is a sublime one. But is it not merely a beautiful *idea*? Can you bring forward any evidence to make it manifest, or even any illustration to render it probable?"

Pulito. "With ease. Indeed, were I to search far and wide through the whole circle of English poetry, I could not find a more pertinent illustration than in the passage which I have just been reading, and on which my finger now rests."

Nescio. "What is it? Read it."

Pulito. "Even its title is affecting. 'On the receipt of my mother's picture.' It must be familiar to you, yet I will read a few lines.

'O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.'

Suppose now the case of two individuals, of equal refinement, intellect, and sensibility, (save that in one the edge of all these qualities must have been blunted by moral defection) nay—that by making the parallel closer, the contrast may be more obvious—suppose them to be brothers. In early life they both were trained in the path of moral rectitude, from which the one has never swerved, but the other has been constantly making wider and wider deviations. Place them now in the situation of the poet, and let them read these lines. The image recalled, the object of their contemplation is the same—their early associations are the same. But the effect is far different. The conviction is present with one, that he has persevered in that course, which his mother toiled and wept to place him in, and in pleased sadness he will repeat with Cowper,

'And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.'

The other is melancholy, but his is the melancholy of remorse. Each vivid recollection but 'adds hot instance to the gushing tear,' and all that soothed his brother, but protracts *his* pain. He feels in all its force the solemn truth, so quaintly expressed by the old dramatist, Suckling:

' Our sins, like to our shadows
 When our day is in its glory, scarce appeared :
 Towards our evening how great and monstrous
 They are !'

His feelings are sympathetically described by Byron :

' So do the dark in soul expire,
 Or live like scorpion girt by fire ;
 So withers the mind remorse hath riven,
 Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
 Darkness above, despair beneath,
 Around it flame, within it death.'

Nescio. " You have quoted Byron, rather unfortunately for your argument, I think, *Tristo*. For he is an instance of the existence of high poetic power, in a mind depraved by the baseness of his moral sentiments."

Tristo. " You mistake my meaning, if you infer from it that I think the *existence* of poetic power incompatible with moral degradation, for there are many, too many instances of this kind. My position was that a pure and unsophisticated character was essential to the *enjoyment* of this faculty in one's self, or as displayed by others. And of this Byron is as strong a case as I could wish. Every spark of genius, but assisted in lighting the flame, which scathed and consumed his heart. 'Twas so with Shelly, and in the later years of his life, with Burns. Moore is the only similar author who approaches to an exception to this rule. But how widely different with the opposite class of poets. Can you read a page of Cowper, or Wordsworth, without feeling that they derive pure and exquisite pleasure from their inspiration. Indeed to the former it was almost his *only* source of enjoyment—without it he would have been wretched, in truth, for his nature was too sensitive for a rough and jostling world."

Nescio. " I cannot deny it. You have, however, a higher idea of the value and interest and influence of poetry than is current now-a-days. I myself have been disposed to regard the high pretensions of this ' divina gens ' with something of distrust. I have dipped into our poetic literature as extensively, probably, as most of my age ; I have been pleased and profited, but never have I been blessed with an admission into the *penetralia*. My most diligent search (as Pausanias records of the petitioner at Pion's tomb) has been rewarded by *smoke*."

Tristo. " I know that to the unreflecting crowd the life and labors of the poet seem poor and paltry. He is one by himself—a flower-gathering, shade-loving idler in a garden, where others are busily plying the mattock and the spade. To them he appears engaged neither in lessening the evils, nor in adding to the blessings of

life. His musings they deem like the dreams of the sleeper, where fancy, and vanity, and passion, draw scenes of glory and of pleasure with the bold tracery of an unfettered hand; but to the waking eye in the light of reason, those pictures are changed to the ungraceful lines, and uncolored objects of ordinary life."

Nescio. "I am by no means satisfied that their view is not a correct one. It seems to me that the allurements of poetry and the splendors of romance are all lymphatic draughts to inebriate the mind, and, as 'the subtle blood of the grape,' exalts and quickens the animal spirits, only thereafter to retard and depress, so do these unearthly potations elevate the soul, but leave it dull, drooping and disgusted. Especially pernicious in their influence are the trashy productions of ephemeral minds, which 'dream false dreams and see lying visions,' which clothe the children of their fancy in perfections to which man is a stranger, and fill the untaught soul with hopes and aspirations, which earth can never realize. Byron certainly, and, I think, even Shakspeare, exert an evil influence in their portraitures of character. Their actors are so sublime, or so lovely, that they first inspire the mind with false hope, and then fill it with vain despair."

Tristo. "You speak the language of a half philosopher, who generalizes a few isolated facts into an all-embracing theory. Even Byron's evil influence results not from the unnatural beauty of his characters and scenery, but rather from the fact that he does not seem to conceive of virtue even in the abstract; he no where shows regard for aught but self, and no where recognizes even by accident a standard of right and wrong. As for Shakspeare, nature is visible in all his writings; virtue and vice are strangely mingled, even as among the scenes and occurrences of life. If he ever deviates from the actual and the known, it is either in the delineation of some creature of professedly ideal existence, such as Ariel and Puck; or else in the combination of circumstances which produces characters, that all will allow to be natural, though such they have never seen in actual life and motion."

Nescio. "Suffer me for a moment to interrupt you, and ask what is *nature*? Shakspeare is certainly more natural than most of his successors, and yet, for the life of me I cannot point out the difference, where it is, or in what it consists. For the incidents of that great master are sometimes not merely improbable, but impossible."

Tristo. "The difference is this, Shakspeare brings together improbable occurrences in almost impossible conjunctions; yet he *always* makes the *words* and *actions* of his characters consistent. Other dramatists have their plots sufficiently probable, and their junctures and transitions natural and easy—this is the effect of study; but their actors have no individuality—and this is a defect of genius, that no study nor midnight watchings can supply: their figures are sometimes one thing, sometimes another: the *contour*, air, and atti-

tude, are all shifting and various. This is more particularly observable in works of the tragic or semi-tragic cast, than in the comic productions of the older writers. In Dryden, for instance, the comedies are many of them laughable and good; but the tragedies, saving here and there a splendid spangle, are cold, inflated fustian. Even in scenes of the most intense excitement, when grief is wrought up to agony, and passion foams with ungovernable rage, he makes his characters talk, talk, talk, instead of acting. In place of some brief and stormy exclamation, such as nature prompts and passion utters, they stand still, gesticulate by rule, and bring out long similitudes of studied elegance, and elaborate perfection. Their ruined hopes they liken to a blighted tree, and coolly pursue the track of the lightning from the topmost leaf to the downmost root, showing you how *here* it grazed, and *there* cut to the very heart. Oh agony! Their words are hot—hot enough in all conscience, when taken one by one—*minutatim*—but collectively they are verbiage, not pathos.”

Nescio. “I have been thinking that a natural may be distinguished from an unnatural author, in that you can not only clearly conceive, but distinctly remember the form and bearing of the characters in the one, while the actors in the other leave no definite impression. The Falstaff of Shakspeare, and the Arbaces of Bulwer, are good illustrations of my meaning. Both are characters, which, we are certain, never *did* exist. How, then, is Falstaff natural, and Arbaces the reverse? The former *might* exist; the latter *never could* have being. The *former* is a collection of qualities, carried, it may be, to excess; the *latter* is a union of contradictions. The *former* is witty and sensual and boastful beyond reality, but not beyond possibility; the *latter* is a lumbering conception of a grand and gloomy *something*—a shadow of magnificent shapelessness—it has no *identity*, and its shifting outline it would puzzle Proteus to trace. In the language of the schools, Falstaff is in *posse*, but not in *esse*—while Arbaces is neither in *esse*, nor *posse*, nor any where else save in Bulwer’s head.”

Tristo. “I believe you are right. But I was about to state why poetry is a valuable—aye, an *in*-valuable gift. Now, observe—I mean, not rhyme, ‘the drowsy tintinnabulum of song’—nor the display of those poetical words, which, like trite coins, have no image nor superscription left—nor yet, ‘in linked sweetness long-drawn out,’ those brilliant figures, which have come down unimpaired from Homer, and serve to conceal the deficiency of sense—but I mean the pure ‘poetry of the heart’—the rich essence of feeling and of thought—whether its expression be prose or verse, ‘*oratio soluta*,’ vel ‘*constricta*.’ It is true, without exception, that the purer and less hackneyed are the feelings, the richer and more gushing is this ‘poetry of the heart.’ And this proves its excellence. To the eye and the ear of childhood, the ‘visible face of nature,’ the green be-

neath, and the 'skyeey blue' above, with the thousand voices, that come quivering from the forest-depths, are all one vast *poem*, modulated to a measure of dulcet melody, and awakening sympathies inexplicably sweet. Thought to them is a rambling revery, and existence is a thrilling dream. As they lie upon the green grass, and view the sky, and gaze, and gaze upon the unutterable depths, the yearnings for something beyond, beyond, *beyond*, are quick, and strange, and powerful within them. As they grow old, and hardened, and thankless, and wicked, does not poetry vanish, and fancy flee? Are not the dreams of purity, and kindness, and affection, which were but the strugglings of the youthful spirit to attain the blessedness it was made for, supplanted by hard plans, and cold calculations of wealth, and luxury, and restlessness, and pride? Hope and Love, the birds of Paradise, that nestled in the boyish heart, and fluttered with many-colored wings over their warm progeny of kindling wishes, and bright resolves, are banished from their early home, and in their place, with gloomy pinions, settle a thousand cormorant birds, with the vultures of remorseless Ambition, and Greediness for *more*. Who does not feel that it is only in his holier and nobler hours that poesy creeps through him like a spirit, and thoughts of grandeur cause his flesh to quiver, even as the forest is shaken by the footsteps of the wind? Can one, who has but now stained his soul with knavery or meanness, read that unparalled monologue of Hamlet, and surrender his heart to the greatness of its power? Can any, save he whose spirit is daily and deeply filled with the sublimity of rectitude, appreciate Milton's sonnet upon his blindness, a specimen of moral grandeur in thought and purpose, which has found no equal in the walks of mind? I say not that even in the bosoms of the vicious and the hardened, the perusal of sublime or lovely conceptions will fail to produce emotion—deep, strong emotion—for, wound and abuse it as you may, there will still, even at three-score years and ten, remain something of that ardent pulse, which, in boyhood, burned at the sight of beauty, and bounded at the voice of song. But poesy will no longer gush continually upward from the fountains of his heart, like refreshing waters from a perennial spring. And what a glorious thing must it be for a Pitt or a Webster, when worn in the defense of Freedom, and weary with the hopelessness of their toil, in the pages of Scott to bury for a time the projects of ambition, and the chicanery of courts! When they bow their own mighty intellects at the still mightier shrines of Milton or of Shakspeare, is not theirs the sacred thrill of the eastern pilgrim, when he falls and worships at the tomb of his fathers? Wo be to him, who would lessen his hours of poetic enthusiasm; for those hours are a backward vista to an earlier and better state. True poetry is the basis of devotion; and devotion added to poetry is the 'Pelion upon Ossa,' by which mortals may climb once more to the heaven from which they fell."

Ego.

HORA ODONTALGICA.

“Again the play of pain
Shoots o’er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake.”

Byron.

(*Throb—throb—throb—*) Oh this marrow-piercing, jaw-torturing, peace-destroying pain!—(*throb—throb—throb—*) Sure the rack were a plaything, lunar-caustic a balsam, aqua-fortis the very essence of pleasure, compared with this soul-and-body-distracting torment—this anguish double-refined, this agony of agonies. “A little patience, my dear sir,” interrupted a soothing voice. ‘Patience!’ exclaimed I, ‘talk of patience to a cubless bear, a dinnerless wolf, an officeless demagogue—but not to me. Would you look for moderation in a maniac? wisdom in an idiot? gentility in a clown? Who expects patience of a man driven to distraction by the tooth-ache?’—(*Throb—throb—throb—*) Oh! that arrow-like pang—the most excruciating of all!—And I clapped my hands to my jaws, and springing from my chair, shrieked in agony. “Let’s see your tooth,” grumbled a rough unfeeling voice—and before me stood a veteran Esculapian, with his lancet and forceps fearfully conspicuous. ‘On with your instrument, Doctor,’ exclaimed I, ‘and out with it, though I die under the operation.’ My head was soon made stationary between two brawny hands, and my jaws extended to their widest angle; the knife had unbared the offending dental, and the dreaded instrument was ready for its work—but suddenly the pain subsided—my feelings changed—I looked on the ‘cold iron’ with horror—‘No! I’ll not have it out now;’—and the man of forceps left me.

Again felt I the pangs of a ‘jumping’ tooth-ache. Powders—drops—essential oils—remedies of every genus and species were tried in vain. Even red-hot iron was of no avail—the nerve was fire-proof. Throwing myself into a rocking chair, with elbows on my knees and hands on my jaws, I leaned over the fire in moody anguish. “The mind,” say physicians, “exerts a sympathetic influence upon the body.” ‘Perhaps then,’ thought I, ‘the disease may not be wholly physical, after all;’—and I began to reflect that suffering often apparently finds relief in association and sympathy. The hard-featured mariner takes delight in tales of naval misery; the veteran warrior, in descriptions of battles; the love-lorn maiden, in ‘doleful tales of love and woe;’ the disappointed suitor in dark maledictions and long-drawn vituperations, against all that bear the name of woman.

With this in mind, I glanced at my book-case for some treatise adapted to my own circumstances. Nothing presented itself more to the point than the 'Works of Robert Burns.' His 'Address to the Tooth-ache' was soon before me. I read it from beginning to end with profound attention. The difficult Scotticisms were explained in the glossary. I sought the meaning of every word—I entered fully into the spirit of the piece. How beautiful!

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along;
An' thro' my lugs gies monie a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or colic squeezes,
Our neighbor's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Ay mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the meikle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle
To see me loup;
While raving mad I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *culty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rack'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tunes o' mis'ry yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, Tooth-ache, surely bear'st the bell
Among them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weel
A towmond's Tooth-ache!"

Never before had it appeared in half so favorable a light. Never before was I so thoroughly convinced that to appreciate the beauties of an author, we must enter into his feelings—possess his spirit. This I could now do perfectly. And those brief stanzas—where was there ever such genuine poetry as in them? Byron, in comparison, was fustian; Milton bombast; Shakspeare a mere poetaster, and Homer a sleepy-head—'*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*'

The effect was astonishing. Ere I had finished the fifth reading, my sufferings were so much alleviated, that I could even recognize my own countenance in a mirror—though still somewhat distorted. After the tenth reading, however, the kindly influence ceased. In vain did I persevere; the fifteenth perusal was accomplished; but all to no purpose. The twang—twang—twang—and the gnawing, wrenching, screwing sensation still continued. Again I leaned over the fire in silent despair. I revolved in my mind the poem I had just read—the sentiment—the meter—the rhyme. A thought struck me. This eternal snap, snap, snap, said I to myself, is meter; this perpetual recurrence of similar pains is rhyme; these momentary cessations of agony are intervals of stanzas. Surely the tooth-ache, thought I, is a poetical subject. Coleridge lay open on my table. My eye rested on a scrap of rhythmical Latin.

"Dormi, Jesu! Mater ridet,
 Quae tam dulcem somnum videt,
 Dormi Jesu! blandule!
 Si non dormis, Mater plorat,
 Inter fila cantans orat
 Blande, veni, somnule."

The hint was sufficient. Ainsworth and the glossary soon enabled me to metamorphose Burns's Scotch into Monkish Latin. If the meter appear sometimes lame, or the syntax barbarous, the blame be on the torturing pulsations that guided the movement—on the disorganizing twinges that convulsed my whole mental fabric.

AD DENTIIUM DOLOREM.

Exsecrandum venenatum
 Hunc dirumque mi dolorem,
 Qui maxillam cruciatam
 Nunc percurrit; ac sonorem
 Dat in auribus frequenter,
 Cum sevitâ rodente;
 Nervi quoque lacerantur,
 Quasi machinâ torquente!

Febri, quidè, aestuante,
 Rheumatismo commordente,
 Vel rigore congelante,
 Sive colicâ premente,
 Nos vicini miserentur,
 Luctuoso comploratu;
 Sed, Inferne morbos inter,
 Nostro ludis ejulatu!

Barba madet mea sputis;
 Atque sterno locum sellis,
 In cachinnum nunc solutis
 Antè foculum puellis,
 Cùm saltare me viderent;
 Memet interim volente
 Ut in pectines urgerent,
 Ex dolore, tam demente.

Inter omnes cruciatus,
 Quibus homines premuntur,—
 Sive messes devastatas,
 Sive pacta quae franguntur,
 Sive funus amicorum,
 Sive poenitentium sedeis,
 Sive dolos improborum,—
 Longè plurimùm tu lædis!

Ubique locus iste—
 Orcum sacerdotes ferunt—
 Unde planctus fremunt tristè,
 Ac in ordinem sederunt
 Mala valde luctuosa—
 Istic, uti mi videtur,
 Odontalgia probrosa!
 Istic palma te tolletur.

O, maligne tu torveque
 Cacodæmon, instigare
 Tot rixarum soliteque,
 Ut in tabo saltitare
 Cæci homines cogantur!
 Fac, qui hostes sunt Scotorum,
 Anni spatium cruciantur
 Dirum dentium per dolorem!

Before I had finished the closing stanza, the pain entirely left me—whether it was owing to the exorcizing qualities of the Latin, the soothing influence of the verse, the defiance-breathing spirit of the sentiment, or to the *length of time* requisite for the performance, I am unable to decide. Suffice it to say, that if any one, in making trial of the remedy himself, after translating ten English stanzas into Latin rhyme, experiences no relief, let him take an hundred stanzas. If after this performance the pain still continues, let the prescription

be a thousand stanzas ; and unless the patient be an uncommonly rapid, or an unpardonably careless versifier, we hesitate not to predict that ere he has accomplished half his task, one of two things will prove true—either the tooth-ache will have left him for ever, or he will have bidden farewell to the tooth-ache, and, with it, to all the pains, and sorrows, and sufferings of this ‘ vale of tears.’

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. V.

WHEW! baked, parched, roasted, toasted, seethed, stewed, boiled, broiled, and all the other synonymes of igniferous horror. Oh! ye dark-skinned Ethiops, how I love you! Verily I am an amalgamationist. “Ye are black, but comely as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.” Though angry Phoebus did once pour his fierceness upon your sweating brows, till they were dusky as the wings of night, yet are ye not misimproved thereby; for your impenetrable nigritude, surmounted by your oily fleece—more precious than that golden one, after which sailed Jason and the Argonauts—can bid defiance to the heat of Hyperion. One would think young Phoebus had again mounted the car of the far-flinging Apollo, when, as Ovid has it,

“ Inferiusque suis fraternos currere Luna
Admiratur equos; ambustaque nubila fumant.”

The winds are currents of fused lead, and the atmosphere is a huge sudorific. What relation has the weather to Greek Anthology? “Much every way.” The heat unnerves the body, the body depresses the mind, and the weakness of the mind deteriorates Greek Anthology. Yet now that the god of day is on the outmost skirts of the horizon, let me invoke thy still descent, Oh! Muse of Evening, in the exquisite words of Collins.

“ Oh, Nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O’erhang his wavy bed—” &c. &c.

’Tis of no use. Inspiration cannot be awakened to-night. The summit of Soracte is no longer ‘white with snow’—the waters of Helicon stand at blood-heat—the fountain of Bandusia, “*splendidior vitro*,” has seethed its own frogs—and the gushings of Arethusa herself are hot enough to boil eggs. Nevertheless, one draught, oh goddess.

‘ Extremum hunc, mihi concede laborem.’

Upon Magnasus, by Lucillius.

With nose so huge, Olympicus, beware
 How thy mad feet approach a fountain cool,
 And in thy wanderings, shun with heedful care
 The sleeping mirror of the mountain-pool,
 For, like Narcissus of unhappy fate,
 Thy wondrous phiz will through the waters shine,
 And as he died of love, so thou of hate
 Wilt gaze astonished, and with anguish pine.

The following is trite, yet true. The ambitious might, but will not profit thereby. What is so obvious is forgotten.

All names, all ranks are levelled by the grave,
 The bloom of beauty, and the pride of state,
 And he, who, living, was a humble slave,
 Death renders even as the monarch great.

To a statue of Venus at Cnidos, by Praxiteles.

No! not the artist's skillful hand,
 Nor chisel wrought that form divine;
 For thus didst thou on Ida stand,
 And thus before the shepherd shine.

Around the pillar, that surmounts my tomb,
 No garlands wreath, and scatter no perfume,
 Nor burn the watch fire—'tis an empty stone—
 Thy waste is useless, for my race is run.
 Give what thou hast, while life is in its bud—
 These late libations turn my *dust* to *mud*.
 The buried drink not; for, with life's last charms,
 Forgetfulness enshrouds them in her arms.

There is very little poetry in the following commemoration: but, if the poor fellow did actually perform the *subscribed* feats, and that for fame, he deserved to be immortalized.

To the statue of Phayllus, a Crotonian, and victor in the five games.

Feet fifty-five Phayllus leaped,
 (At which the Muses wondered)
 And when the disc he raised and hurled,
 He conquered full five hundred.

The tettix (a species of balm-cricket) to its shepherd-captors.

Why, oh ye shepherds, from the dew-moist boughs
 With thriftless chase the tettix do ye take,
 The Dryads' wayside singer, who arouse
 The lonely echoes, till the woods awake,
 And chant at mid-day, where the wood-nymph dwells
 Among the mountains and the darkling dells.
 The black-bird, starling, and the thrush assault,
 For they are daily plunderers of you;
 'Tis right that they should perish for their fault;
 But who is jealous for the morning-dew?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An essay "On the reason of animals not the reason of man," is accepted, and shall appear soon.

An essay "On the study of human nature in the works of the imagination," is under consideration.

Lines "to Miss W." and a "Vision," are declined.

"Washington," and "Poetica Falsa," both possess considerable merit; but from press of matter, we are compelled respectfully to decline them.

"The Weather," and a "Review of the past, No. 1." are inadmissible.

P.'s remonstrance is received. Upon reconsideration, we perceive the impropriety of publishing the stanzas without the "Prolegomena;" and the Prolegomena are too long for insertion. The inference is obvious.

"On Death," by D., in several respects is unsuitable for publication.

"On the death of an aged friend," is received, and shall appear. We would request, however, the liberty of making a few alterations.

"An address to the Sun," the counterpart of the "Apostrophe to the Moon," from which we quoted in our first number. The author must have suffered from a 'stroke of the sun,' before he wrote his address, e. g.

Great and glorious Sun!
High 'mid etherial mete
Thou dost wheel thy burning car,
And through all thine empire afar,
Dost diffuse light and heat,
For this begun,

Thy course is run,
Till time shall be no more, and thou art done."

"And what though thou, fair Sun!
May'st boast a mighty sway?
That earth, moon and every planet
Roll round thee their imperial seat,
And thy power obey?
From him begun
Thou brilliant Sun,
And all ye hosts of heaven your course to run."

We have been accused of too great severity in our notes to correspondents. We ask pardon of our contributors for our impoliteness, and offer no further justification than that afforded by the old proverb, 'Evil *communications* corrupt good manners.'

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

TO BE CONDUCTED BY THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

An apology for establishing a Literary Magazine, in an institution like Yale College, can hardly be deemed requisite by an enlightened public; yet a statement of the objects which are proposed in this Periodical, may not be out of place.

To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours; and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life;—such, and similar motives have urged us to this undertaking.

So long as we confine ourselves to these simple objects, and do not forget the modesty becoming our years and station, we confidently hope for the approbation and support of all who wish well to this institution.

The work will be printed on fine paper and good type. Three numbers to be issued every term, each containing about 40 pages, 8vo.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NO. VI.

AUGUST, 1836.

NEW HAVEN:
HERRICK & NOYES.

MDCCCXXXVI.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"On the study of human nature in the works of the imagination," and "Honors to the illustrious Dead," two essays, are accepted, and shall be inserted soon.

"A curious incident" is under consideration.

J. B.'s communication, resembles in its form and general character the Coffee Club too much to appear with advantage after that series.

A patriotic poem, entitled "July 4, 1836," was received too late for insertion in the last number, when only it would have been appropriate.

"Fair Wishes," and "The Spirit of the Winds," are declined.

"Amor non convinciabitur," (we are not responsible for the Latin,) "Lines on a youthful Poet, laboring under disappointment," and "The sailor's lamentation for his departed loved one," are rejected.

"Morning at the mast-head," possesses considerable poetic merit, but all the rules of metre are grossly violated.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1836.

NO. 6.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

"There is a connection [*verbindung*] among men, in which no one can work for himself without working for others."—*Fichte*.

"The tie of mutual influence passes without a break from hand to hand, throughout the human family. There is no independence, no insulation, in the lot of man."—*Natural History of Enthusiasm*.

THERE is a tendency to regard the commotions of society, which have taken place of late years, as the results of modern diplomacy, or of notions concerning human rights, which have received birth and risen to their present vigor within the last fifty years. Hence, it is argued, there is a liability to reaction. The bright lights may go out, and despotism triumph in the moral and political degeneracy. Yet this view of the matter is very superficial. It is regarding the trunk as the origin of the tree, overlooking the seed and the root. The truth is, the principles now developing have their origin with society. For, all sound political principles have a common foundation—the rights of man. His selfishness, especially his thirst for sway, aided by ignorance, has kept through force and fraud the true principles of human government from being understood and adopted. Still the ancient kingdoms, the world-empires and all, though now in their tombs, left inscriptions on their head-stones of diamond worth to the science of government. They are beacon-lights for the modern statesman. Their wisdom and their folly, both aid him to discover the true rules for human government, which have been buried up and concealed by folly and passion since the days of the Patriarchs, from whom all civil authority had its rise. Added to this light of experience, collected by by-gone nations, are other influences of a physical nature. The application of the magnet to purposes of navigation, was one of those master thoughts, which, from its vast importance, we are almost tempted to regard as an idea of directly divine origin. The influence of this on the whole family of

man, can be best estimated by suffering one's self to think what the state of the world would of necessity be, were it entirely unknown. Again, the application of steam to machinery, is not only changing the aspect of things in the New World and Europe, but this invention was a positive act for the moral and physical renovation of Asia and Africa—an act of such power as must hasten their new birth by centuries. British steamers are already on their way to explore the Niger. It is the operation and display of this vast physical force, which is to be a great means of starting into action the stagnated mind of this part of our race. These discoveries, it will readily be allowed, can never cease to operate. Entwined with political experience, they stand firm barriers to any relapse in the general well being of the human family ; while, year after year, to these and others, which cannot be mentioned in the limits of a single article, are added the discoveries of physical and political science, as they occur, until their increasing light reveals to the common eye, one and another, and another, of the rights of man, which designing men, “ tyrants, or tyrants’ slaves,” have striven to conceal. Almost every nation of the earth has had some of its dark places pierced by these accumulating rays. Despotic powers have been forced to yield up some part of the prerogatives of the crown, or to surround them with stronger guards. Constitutional governments have been compelled to adopt measures of reform, and to pursue a course of policy more uniformly liberal.

Amid these commotions, no nations have more attracted the attention of all classes, than Turkey and Greece. The politician has watched with no little anxiety the rapid dismemberment of that power, which has so long stood the great barrier between the East and West. The scholar has felt a new hope that the mother-land of mental light may be herself again. While the Christian is assured that the Almighty is thus shaking the nations for the accomplishment of his own high ends. He is but making straight the path of his servants.

The history of the Turks is remarkable and instructive—in the sudden rise of their empire—in its long continuance—and precipitate fall. The wild region of Mount Taurus and Imaus was their cradle. At once the most barbarous, the rudest, and the most enterprising of all the Saracen tribes, they penetrated to the banks of the Caspian Sea, and serving as mercenaries under the Caliphs, acquired great reputation for military prowess, and soon subjugated the contending Caliphats to their own sway. Palestine, with its capital Jerusalem, fell into their hands. Near the middle of the fourteenth century, they crossed into Europe, and possessed themselves of Adrianople. In a few years subsequent to this event, the city of Constantine, to adorn which he had lavished the treasures of his realm, was doomed to see their triumphant banner floating above her walls. Epirus soon suffered the fate of Constantinople ; and

the land of the orator and philosopher, which built a bulwark against Xerxes, received their chains. They marched victorious even to the walls of Vienna; but were finally driven back as far as Greece. European arms could avail no farther. In other directions this remarkable people were uniformly successful; until, in the sixteenth century, the Sultan was lord of thirty kingdoms, containing not less than eight thousand leagues of sea coast, and some of the fairest portions of the world. Not only those regions which have been rendered famous as the homes of the great masters of sculpture, song and philosophy, but the land of the Patriarchs, where were exhibited the thrilling scenes of the accomplishment of the covenant of God with man—Bagdad, the court of the science-loving Caliphs—Egypt—and the countries of Asia Minor, whose luxuriance not even Turkish thralldom and indolence has sufficed to destroy.

But this great empire was in itself radically defective. The government depended on extortion for its revenue—on physical force or a degrading imposture for obedience; neither of which, whatever may have been the case in other days, could be safely trusted, in the light which is breaking over the human family, and over the Turks as a part of it. The present Sultan found himself in the dilemma between reform on the one hand, in accomplishing which his throne, and perhaps his life would be jeopardized, and certain destruction on the other. In choosing the least of these evils, Greece, Egypt, and Palestine, were severed from his empire. Mahomet Ali would have attacked him in his capital, but for the interposition of the Tzar, who was fearful of losing a prize which has ever been the object of Muscovite ambition, the throne of Constantine. But while the black Eagle of Russia spread his wings as a shelter for the Turk, he coolly seized in his talons the keys of the Dardanelles; thus rendering any further interposition on the part of England, who has so often balked the Tzar in his darling project, entirely futile. Since which event, the fall of Turkey has been pronounced as certain by all. What is to be its precise effect on the politics of Europe, is a question which only a Talleyrand or a Metternich could answer with any probability of truth. Yet the foregoing remarks exhibit facts from which consequences of high importance must follow.

They exhibit the empire of the Ottomans as once occupying a proud station among the greater powers—as forming a boundary and preserving a balance between the East and West—as a firm check on Muscovite ambition—and as, from her consequence, possessing great weight in the councils of nations; and it is apparent that she cannot fall without important political consequences.

They exhibit her with a religion, which has ever been a bane to all nobler sentiments or aspirations of the soul, brooding like night over some of the fairest portions of the earth, blasting by the baleful influence of her institutions the legitimate effect, both on mind

and body, of her naturally fair plains, rich vallies, and brilliant skies, which, in other times, produced models for an Apollo Belvidere and a Venus de Medici, and nourished men who were masters of the earth and of mind; and it is evident that she cannot fall without important consequences to the beaux Arts and Literature.

They exhibit her, as the main support and promoter of the debasing, sensual tenets of Mahomet, in countries where the Apostles, and even Christ, toiled and suffered. They exhibit her, as the systematic opposer of the message of the Prince of Peace, to her distracted provinces—the only balm for their wounds—the only physician for their souls; and the effect of her fall on the highest of interests cannot be unimportant.

What then is to be the influence of the prostration of the Ottoman sway in these cradles of early knowledge, upon literature, science, and the beaux arts?

Winklemann, in his history of sculpture, assigns as a principal reason of the superiority of the Greeks in that sublime art over other nations, the circumstance of their inhabiting a land so surpassingly endowed by nature; and with much truth. Their bodies, neither chilled nor contracted by the long winters of the north, nor softened into lassitude and effeminacy by the tropical sun, but continually moving and breathing in the purest air, under the mildest and most brilliant of skies, whose loveliness was constantly exciting in the mind the most agreeable trains of thought, attained, in their fair proportions, to a harmonious keeping with the beauty around.

Close observation must convince every candid mind, that there is some truth in the grand outlines of Phrenology. Forms such as aided in the conception of those master pieces of ancient statuary, were never, and never will be, inhabited by inferior or grovelling spirits. Vitiating they may be by extraneous circumstances. Their noble faculties may be turned to unworthy purposes. Corrupted by long intercourse with the morally debased, they may, like the modern Greek, suffer the imputation of being worse than their examples. But this is the proof of the position. They are bad, but like Lucifer they are greatly so.

How long is this to be the case with Greece? Emphatically no longer. Already by the aid of the missionary and foreign science, she is realizing the fable of the renascent phenix; already are those whose beauty of person long years of servitude have been unable to destroy, renewing the moral beauty of the spirit within; already are they turning those powers which made them remarkable in depravity to their proper channels. And he, whose love for the human family, or reverence for the classic scenes of Greece, has led him to peruse the late accounts from thence: if he has observed the avidity with which they seek instruction, when they once taste of its sweets: if he has noticed their teachable spirit, rapid improvement, exhibitions of ingenuity and taste: his bosom has exulted in the sober cer-

tainty that Greece will be herself again. But why has this fair morn at last dawned over this singularly illustrious land? The answer is plain. Mahometan despotism and ignorance no longer hold sway within her borders. If this be so, what is to be the effect of the removal of Turkish intolerance and misrule, and the establishment of an enlightened and responsible government over the shores of the Levant, in the same parallels of latitude? Are the fields of Anatolia less rich than those of Greece, or her harbors less promising for commerce? or are the Greeks, scattered through those regions, who at least double the number of those in their father-land, less capable of moral improvement? Is the conclusion drawn from unfair premises, that the day of the deliverance of this country is near—that the angel of knowledge will again spread his wings over Anatolia, Palestine, Arabia, Egypt, her ancient home? The conclusion is not, can not be false. The same physical influences operate now as in days of old, though the misrule of man may have marred their effects. The same high cast of mind is there which won immortality for their fathers: and why may not spring up in those regions, under a wiser government, and a purer religion, a people, in arts and science even superior to the ancients? Why may there not arise, under the auspices of virtue and wisdom, new models for a Venus or an Apollo? Why may not the Parian marble there rise into temples of as fair proportions as that of Olympus or of Minerva, reared for nobler purposes, dedicated to a far higher and holier worship?

The influence of the subversion of the greatest rival of the Christian church, is a subject replete with interest. When the mere politician, unswayed by the fond hope which might influence the Christian's decision, publishes to the world as certain the prostration of Turkey—when the disciple of Jesus may at length point the startled infidel to the tottering fabric of Mahometanism, which he has impiously dared to name as co-enduring and co-equal with the pure Christian faith, and bid him look on, as column after column is torn away from the crumbling structure, as Immanuel is triumphing where Mahomet ruled—when the finger of the Almighty is writing as palpably the sentence of this unparalleled imposture as when it traced on the wall the doom of Babylon—what heart does not glow with deeper gratitude, overflow with more fervent thanksgivings, and pray with strengthened faith?

The time is to be when “nations shall be born in a day:” and from the ardent character of the east, it seems not improbable that it is to be witness of this latter as it was of the former triumphing of the cross.

It is an especial appointment of providence, that nations more advanced in civilization must necessarily labor for the improvement of those which are less so. So the East once labored for the West. Now the nations of the west, with their Institutions of Learning—their Presses—their Forges—their Dock Yards—working together

for the perfection of human knowledge, and for facilitating its diffusion—pour light of constantly increasing brightness over the East. Still greater commotions must soon follow in these early inhabited regions. Their renovation must advance rapidly and steadily. There may and doubtless will be times of apparent retrogradation, but it will be like the flood-tide waves, which roll back from the shore only to mount still higher on their return. It may be said that these things are uncertain, because they are future; but it is not necessarily so. The diffusion of sound political principles, and the rising of the Sun of Righteousness over these nations, seem as clearly heralded by these events, as is the coming of the material sun when morning is breaking in the east, the night-damps leaving the earth, the clouds decking themselves in gold and purple, and all nature waking for the duties of a new day.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED FRIEND.

I stood beside his death-bed, and a smile,
Like the last glance of the departing sun,
Played on his features; life was ebbing fast,
And death was creeping o'er him stealthily—
And yet he smiled, as the last hour came on.

We gathered round him, and his eye grew dim,
And his voice faltered, and the shortening breath
Came through his parted lips convulsively—
The last faint accents of a murmured prayer:
And then we turned us from his couch, and wept
That the dear ties were severed, which had bound
Our hearts in kindred intercourse:—We grieved
That he whom we had loved so tenderly,
Should pass away with the forgotten dead.

Oh, there is something saddening in the thought
Of death, whene'er it comes. To stand beside
The death-bed of a dear and cherished one;
To mark the tristful pangs, the hopes and fears,
To see the perishing form of loveliness,
And hear the last fond parting word—*farewell!*
And then to gaze upon the lifeless form,
To part the damp locks from the marble brow,
And wipe the death-dews which have gather'd there;
To lay the sleeper in his narrow house,
And leave him with the cold and listless dead,—
Oh, it is saddening!—and the tide of tears—
The warm, warm tears, that gush from feeling hearts—
Oh, they are holy!—And there is a bliss,

When the heart swells with anguish, and when grief
Chokes up the spirit in its agony—
Oh, there is something—and 'tis like the dew
Which evening sheds upon the summer flower,
And weighs it down, until it bows itself,
And pours the bright drops from its secret cell.

Oh, holy is the fountain of those tears,
And pure their gushing. 'Tis a holy thing
To weep at such an hour. 'Tis manliness
To yield the heart to feeling, and to loose
The shackles that so cramp its energies,
And bind it down to the unfeeling world.

Yet why thus mourn for those who die, when age
Has made existence but a weariness?
Why grieve that they should cast aside the coil
That binds them to the earth and wretchedness?

We do not weep at Autumn; when the leaves
Lie in the valleys—mortals never weep
When the tree casts its fruitage, or when flowers,
Blooming through the mild months, all fade away
In their appointed season: Then why weep
For those whose years have passed the destined bourne
Of man's existence.—Rather let us weep
For the young flower that blossometh and dies,
Ere it hath seen the noon-day. Rather mourn
For those, the sweet and beautiful of earth,
Who die in youth's bright morning.

Tears for the flowers, and the young buds of hope,
That wreath Death's altar:—let us weep for them.
But let us dash away the sorrowing tear,
That falls upon the aged sleeper's grave;
And joy that he has left this sinful world,
And sought a purer and a happier sphere,
Where sorrow never comes, and where no care
Blanches the cheek, and makes the spirit sad;
Where sin hath never entered, to pollute
The perfect sense of happiness; where all
The great and good of earth for ever dwell,
In the soft sun-shine of *Eternal youth*.

H.

"THE OMNIBUS."*

I.

"COME, write in my 'Omnibus,'" said a sweet girl to me, with an eye that made one's heart bump, and a lip that made him dream dreams. I looked into that eye, and at that lip—they almost unmanned me, yet I shook my head.

She looked imploringly.

"Can't," stammered I at last, though it choked me to say so.

"Pray do," and she laid her soft white hand on mine. Heavens and Earth! how the touch of that little hand thrilled through me—burnt along my arm—then down into my heart. Yet I remembered my resolution—I made it the day before—I swore by my happiness I'd never touch pen again. Still, there lay that hand—the long tapering fingers—I counted them one way, then t'other—how pretty they looked! I tried to look away—I looked at the four corners of heaven—some how or other, my eyes came right back again. Then I felt a soft pressure, those fingers contracted, they clasped—it was all over with me—the grasp of Hercules were nothing to it.

The first thing I did was to kiss them—the next, find my senses. She blushed, I fidgeted.

"Think out something"—the sound was like a brook in summer.

So I thought, and thought, and thought—

Thought I was by the ocean. Every body has stood by the ocean. Every body loves the ocean. They love it because 'tis beautiful. They love it because 'tis terrible. Who that could ever tell his passions, as he has seen the giant rouse himself—the black sky split by the thunder-bolt, and so brazen and fiery that it seemed crisping, and "about to roll away with a great noise"—the driving wind—the bellowing thunder—the crashing deck—the rat-

* An "Omnibus" (this explanation is one of pure politeness on our part, and for the sake of the uninitiated) is a substitute for an Album; in which, any thing, every thing, and nothing, are quartered heterogeneously, and made good friends—supposing all this time that the thing be kept within the pale of proprieties. They are with, or without covers—written in black or red ink—up or down—crossways or otherwise, just as it happens. They were first got up by a certain *coterie* of ladies, who had sense enough to see that "Albums" are very sentimental and very ridiculous, owing to the extreme nicety with which a man must scribble for them; and that by introducing a little more latitude in this respect, the evil might in a measure be remedied. The result, 'tis thought, has shown their wisdom.

ting cordage—the death shriek of the sea-shipped wretch as the wave went over him—the horror-like eye's last glance upon you! But I don't mean such an ocean. It wasn't such an one that I was standing by. It was a pretty considerable, magnificent, almighty, great sheet of water as far as the eye went, with a sky above that made one's heart leap to look at it—its depth of blue seeming to stretch away and away, field after field, without a mist or cloud in it to mar its beauty—one unbounded, unshadowed sweep of glory and magnificence. The winds, soft and balmy, went whirling and whimpering along its surface, curling and crinkling it into small white waves, that, racing and capering up the beach, sparkled and turned into bubbles, and were caught up by the sun beams. Here and there the waters break. The huge porpoise went plunging, and sousing, and weltering along his blue path, flapping his huge tail into the air, and grunting his happiness—the bright light refracted from his surface, came to the eye like a rainbow. Here and there the flying fish slipped from his element, and went careering away over the far waters, till with a light dash or slap, his white wings dipped again into the ocean. The distance had one sail, a single one, right on the horizon's edge—type, methought, of a being shut from the world—a human heart cut loose from sympathy—on the black desert of man's pilgrimage. Such was the scene. I felt it. I rose, and stood, and shouted, and—

II.

Thought I was down *in* the ocean—right on the bottom. Whew! what a place it was!—saw all sorts of things, living and dead—all colors, good and bad—all shapes, hateful and fascinating. Here I wandered through endless groves of coral. Aloft went the light shafts tapering away into the blue distance, then branching forth into a glorious canopy, through which came the broken light with a mellowed beauty, not unlike the sun's beams through a polished fresco-worked slab of alabaster. The waves swung backwards and forwards through this submarine forest, and their rush made the tall shafts quiver like aspen boughs in the tempest wind; and the light coral twigs, here and there detached by the waters, fell thick and fast like star showers in wintry nights. Nor should I forget the sounds of those waters as they tossed up the shells which were scattered there, and witched from them a music, that tripped and tilted through the brain, like Mab and her melodies in moonlight vision. It changed! I was in a desert! Rocks and barren surfaces above, beneath, around me! Wild cliffs—rent fastnesses—deep chasms—yawning and gaping like the cleft jaws of Hell! They had wrecks, and ruins, and dead men, and skeletons, and skulls in them. Here were fragments of those mighty tenements, that once rode in triumph on the wave's surface. There were those black engines, wont to belch forth

"their devilish glut," and flame, and thunder. Here were skeletons—some hugging in mortal conflict. They were grappled together, as when death overtook them—their jaws yet apart, as the last curse dwelt on them, the moment the bolt came. There were friends too, parent and child, husband and wife, lover and maiden—laid as they died, locked heart to heart, each on the other's breast, the two a unity. I sickened, shuddered, gasped—

III.

Thought I was in a forest—a bright, a green, a glorious forest. My heart ached, and I had turned from the heated world and its miseries, and where the lofty branches had intertwined and woven a pleasant twilight dwelling place, I sat me down to meditate. Then I scribbled and scribbled—and thus, I scribbled—

This is indeed a sacred solitude,
 And beautiful as sacred. Here no sound
 Save such as breathes a soft tranquillity,
 Falls on the ear; and all around, the eye
 Meets nought but hath a moral. These deep shades—
 With here and there an upright trunk of ash
 Or beech or nut, whose branches interlaced
 O'er canopy us, and, shutting out the day,
 A twilight make—they press upon the heart
 With force amazing and unutterable.
 These trunks enormous, from the mountain side
 Ripp'd roots and all by whirlwinds—those vast pines
 Athwart the ravine's melancholy gloom
 Transversely cast—these monarchs of the wood,
 Dark, gnarl'd, centennial oaks that throw their arms
 So proudly up—those monstrous ribs of rock
 That, shiver'd by the thunder-stroke, and hurl'd
 From yonder cliff, their bed for centuries,
 Here crush'd and wedged—all by their massiveness
 And silent strength, impress us with a sense
 Of Deity. And here are wanted not
 More delicate forms of beauty. Numerous tribes
 Of natural flowers do blossom in these shades,
 Meet for the scene alone. At ev'ry step,
 Some beauteous combination of soft hues,
 Less brilliant though than those which deck the fields,
 The eye attracts. Mosses of softest green,
 Creep round the trunks of the decayed trees;
 And mosses, hueless as the mountain snow,
 Inlay the turf. Here, softly peeping forth,
 The eye detects the little violet
 Such as the city boasts—of paler hue,
 But fragrant more. The simple forest flower,
 And that pale gem the wind flower, falsely named,

Here greet the cautious search—less beautiful
 Than poets feign, though lovely to the eye.
 These with their modest forms so delicate,
 And breath of perfume, send th' unwilling heart
 And all its aspirations, to the source
 Of Life and Light. Nor woodland sounds are wanting,
 Such as the mind to that soft melancholy
 The poet feels, lull soothingly. The winds
 Are playing with the forest tops in glee,
 And music make. Sweet rivulets
 Slip here and there from out the crevices
 Of rifted rocks, and, welling 'mid the roots
 Of prostrate trees or blocks transversely cast,
 Form jets of driven snow. Soft symphonies
 Of birds unseen, on ev'ry side swell out,
 As if the spirit of the wood complain'd
 Harmonious, and most prodigal of sound;
 And these can woo the spirit with such power,
 And tune it to a mood so exquisite—
 That the enthusiast heart forgets the world,
 Its strifes, and follies—and seeks only here
 To satisfy its thirst for happiness.

IV.

Thought I was on an island—the brightest thing ever dancing in
 a poet's vision, a perfect Eden-spot, an Elysium—

Ye of the pure heart, come to me !
 List to a tale of Poesy ;
 List—for, for it, ye may better be—
 So scorn not the minstrel's minstrelsy.
 Ye with a brow like the broken wave's drift,
 With an eye whose light is the first star of even,
 When it streameth afar through the sky's red rift,
 The only and loveliest thing in heaven ;—
 Ye with a cheek like the marble fair,
 Ye with a lip like the bright summer dew,
 Ye with a softness and loveliness there
 That Fancy never drew ;—
 Whose hands and whose hearts have been ever lent,
 As spirits of mercy from Heaven sent :—
 Ye have the pure heart—come to me !
 List to a tale of poesy ;
 Give me your ear—give me your smile—
 List to the lay of ' The happy Isle.'

That Isle—so beautiful to view !
 No poet's fancy ever drew ;
 He had not dreamed of such a thing,
 With all the beauty he could bring.

It lay upon the open sea,
It lay beneath the stars and sun—
A thing, too beautiful to be,
A jewel, cast that sea upon.
The winds came upward to the beach—
The waves came rolling up the sand—
Then backward with a gentle reach,
Now forward to the land,
Sparkling and beautiful—tossing there,
Then vanishing into the air.
The winds came upward to the beach—
The waves came upward in a curl—
Then far along the shore's slope reach,
There ran a line of pearl.
And shells were there of every hue—
From snowy white, to burning gold—
The jasper, and the Tyrian blue—
The sardonyx and emerald;
And o'er them as the soft winds crept,
A melody from each was swept—
For melody within each slept,
Harmoniously blended;
And never, till the winds gave out,
And ceased the surf its tiny shout,
That melody was ended:
Morn, noon, and eve, was heard to be,
The music of those shells and sea.
The winds went upward from the deep—
The winds went up across the sand—
And never did the sea winds sweep
Over a lovelier land.
The northern seas, the southern shores,
The eastern, and the western isles,
Had rifled all their sweets and stores,
To deck this lovely place with smiles:
And mounts were here, and tipp'd with green,
And kindled by the glowing sun;
And vales were here, and stretch'd between,
Where waters frolic'd in their fun:
And goats were feeding in the light,
And birds were in the green-wood halls;
And, echoing o'er each hilly height,
Was heard the dash of waterfalls:
O! all was beauty, bliss, and sound;
A Sabbath sweetness reigned around;
All was delight—for every thing
Was robed in loveliness and spring—
Color, and fragrance, fruit, and flower,
Were here within this Island bower.

But purer, sweeter, brighter far—
Brighter than Even's earliest star,
Was she, the spirit of the place,
The mortal with an angel's face.

A form of youthful innocence,
 With love, and grace, and beauty rife—
 As erst, from ocean's tossing foam,
 Fair Venus sparkled into life.
 Around her pale and placid brow,
 By long and auburn ringlets hid,
 A radiant flame ran circling,
 And o'er her face a lustre shed.
 Her eye, so full—a spirit nursed,
 So blue—it seem'd a part of heaven,
 So light—it was the sudden burst
 Of meteors mid the stars of even.
 A robe of azure pale she wore,
 Her matchless symmetry concealing;
 Save where her bodice oped before,
 Her soft and snowy breast revealing.
 And in her hand (her arms were free)
 She bore a reed from ocean's side;
 Her feet were bare— * * *
 * * * * * * *

V.

Thought I was in love. - Heavens! what a creature she was! Her form was like a fairy's; and her face, about which the flaxen ringlets fell long, and soft, and silky, was at once so arch and sweet, it witched the very soul out of me before I knew it. Her picture is before me.—Her head like Juno's, when she walked before the Olympic Thunderer, and yet a woman's; her brow, high, and white, and pure; eyes of heaven's own coloring, and bright, and ustrous, and large, and full, in whose crystalline depths slept a soul such as—as—you must guess at, reader, I can't think of a comparison; a cheek, the eloquent beauty of which melted away so gradually into the pure transparency of her temples, that they eye lost it, and was wandering away, up, and around them, before it became aware of its own vagaries; and her mouth—Heavens and Earth! it was altogether and absolutely, the sweetest, prettiest, pouting, come-kiss-me, little mouth, I ever looked at; and her voice—her voice—how clear and musical—there was nothing like her clear, happy laugh—it rung like an instrument—like the silvery bell in the Faery Tale; and when she prettily bade me sit at her feet, and look up into her clear bright eyes—pooh! I might as well have attempted to knock Destiny on the head at once, and steer the boat of life myself, as keep from doing her bidding; and her form, robed as she was in her white cymar, with a single rose in her hair—the neck—the full bust—the rounded arm—the graceful curvature and wavy sweep of her folded dress, as it swelled from her glittering zone and fell to her feet—dear me! dear me—I—but this will do for a description.

Her name was Fan.

One beautiful twilight—I shan't forget it soon—one twilight, as the sun went, and right over his glorious resting place, the clouds of evening, like an enormous sweep of woven chrysolite, hung pinned by a single star to the blue wall of heaven—I sat and gazed at that star, then into her eyes ; now into her eyes, and then at that star again ; and—I grew silly.

Says I, " Fan !"

Says she, " Frank !"

" You are very pretty," says Frank.

" You are very impudent," says Fan.

She shook her head at me, and drew her mouth into the queerest pucker imaginable.

" Fanny," said I seriously.

She sobered.

Some how or other, I got hold of her hand—'twas a pretty hand ! I kissed it.

" Don't be silly ;" and she gave me a cuff that made me see stars.

" Fanny, I"—

She looked softly at me.

" Dearest Fanny, I"—

She pouted.

" I—I"—

She blushed.

" I—love you."

She sprang into my arms.

Bending back her head, and shaking her long locks from her pretty brow, our lips—

Hillo ! reader, you are not getting sentimental, are you ? Don't now ; for I've no sympathy with you—no more sentiment than a horse.

But stop ; here's a bit, and written when things were tremendous.
Ecce signum !

O Fanny, sweet Fanny,
I cannot tell why,
But I live in the glance
Of thy witching blue eye—
In the light of the spirit
And loveliness there :
O ! I cannot tell why
I so love you, my fair !

It is not—it is not
Its mild beaming—far,
Far excelling each lonely
And dim gleaming star ;
It is not the beauty,
The sweetness of face,
The form of perfection,
The movement of grace !

It is not, thou lovest me—
 For ere I had heard
 Thy low sweet confession
 As murmur of bird;
 Ere thou told'st me, my beauty,
 Thy dreams were all mine;
 I cannot tell thee why—
 But I knew I was thine.

A charm floats around,
 And I feel while with thee,
 Though a poor silly captive,
 No wish to be free;
 O! thus to be bound
 In a thralldom like this—
 Though a thralldom indeed,
 'Tis the sweetest of bliss!

I am thine, dearest Fanny,
 Yea, thine and forever—
 No dark storm of sorrow
 Our young hearts shall sever;
 We'll live, dream, and sigh, love,
 Till time is no more;
 And when death comes, we'll fly, love,
 To a sunnier shore!

I suppose I felt considerably relieved after this *Ætnæan* effusion. 'Twould have cooled the furnace where they put Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. But hear the sequel! We pouted, quarrelled, parted.

After our first pout, I scribbled as follows—

O! girls fantastic creatures are,
 Vexing us—teasing us;
 Now they're here, now they're there,
 Perplexing us—pleasing us;
 See you here a soft blue ee,
 O! beware—O! beware;
 For it melteth but to be
 For a snare—for a snare.

I have loved a gentle girl;
 How I loved—how I loved—
 Witness it, my bosom's whirl
 When she moved—when she moved;
 Life, soul, feeling, all sincere,
 Bound up in her—bound up in her;
 She has left me, and I'm here,
 A wound up sinner—a wound up sinner.

Left me, and without a smile,
 Save a cold one—save a cold one;
 Not a word there fell the while,
 Save some old one—save some old one;
 My heart about to burst, and chain'd
 As by a spell—as by a spell;
 She could falter, unconstrained,
 Fare thee well—fare thee well.

O! I loved her; (may I be
 For it forgiven—for it forgiven;)
 Rather, than a thing of clay,
 As a thing of Heaven—a thing of Heaven;
 Feelings, none I had but went
 Straightway there—straightway there;
 When I prayed, her image blent
 With my prayer—with my prayer.

When she went, there was I,
 Like her shade—like her shade—
 When she call'd, I was by,
 And there I staid—there I staid;
 If her soft eye sadden'd seem'd,
 I could smile—I could smile—
 Till that soft eye gladden'd seemed,
 As erewhile—as erewhile.

I presented her a ring,
 Which she took—which she took;
 And her words fell murmuring,
 Like a brook—like a brook;
 Soft her eye's glance fell upon me,
 Even there—even there—
 When its gentle meanings won me
 Like a prayer—like a prayer.

She has left me, and I'm here,
 Desolate—desolate;
 She has left me, nor a tear
 For my fate—for my fate:
 O! to be thus coldly parted,
 Nor relief—nor relief—
 And to be thus broken hearted,
 This is grief—this is grief.

Yet, I love her—I confess it,
 More than ever—more than ever;
 Love's a stream—you can't repress it,
 Mine's a river! mine's a river!
 Life, soul, feeling, all are given,
 All my store—all my store;
 In her, round her—there's my Heaven,
 I want no more—I want no more.

VI.

Thought I was with my mother. Mother! reader, hast thou a mother? not a mere nominal parent—one who brought thee into the world, and then left thee to struggle in't—one who gave thee but a moiety of her tenderness? Nay, nay; I do not mean such. But I mean, one whose very life was wrapp'd up in thee, one whose eye moistened with thine, whose voice faltered with thine, whose heart reflected every shadow which passed over thy heart, even as a lake the summer clouds, that idle above its bosom. Such an one I mean—hadst ever such? I had—and how I loved her. Did I not?—the following verses prove it.

MY MOTHER:

(*In two Sonnets.*)

I.

Dew to the thirsty flower, a rosy beam
 Of sunshine, or the melodies to Spring—
 Sounds to the sick man's ear, a running stream,
 A humming-bird, a wild bee on the wing;
 Joy—to the earth-scorn'd soul, when all remote
 Is happiness and e'en Hope's lamp is dim;
 Light—to the dungeon wretch, when the last note
 Comes through his grate of the sweet forest hymn;
 Her first-born's breath that the young mother feels,
 When her dimm'd eye falls on her little one—
 A maiden's priceless faith that love reveals,
 When heart meets heart in holy unison;—
 Than these—than all—O! sweeter far to me,
 Mother! are thoughts of home, of my sweet home, and thee.

II.

Virtue—with the first dawn of infant mind,
 Falling from lips that made it holier seem;
 Goodness—when deeds with precept were combined,
 To show the world—"religion is no dream;"
 Tears—when my heart was all too sad to weep them,
 Cares—when affliction press'd me bitterly,
 Watching—when none but love like thine could keep them,
 Rebukes—yet with a blessing in thine eye;
 An eye that watch'd me and would never sleep,
 A well-timed word to keep me in the way,
 A look, that made me go from thee and weep,
 A faith, that made thee watch, and kneel, and pray—
 These, these are thine—O! sweet are then to me,
 Mother! the thoughts of home, of my sweet home, and thee.

Thus I valued her. But she's in her grave now, and I often go there to watch and weep, and please myself with the vain fancy, that her spirit is bending over me. I always feel holier after it—as

if I had come from another world—had been beyond the grave—had unravelled the great mysteries of life and death, and could now look upon life unsway'd by that natural Atheism which ever clings to humanity, and mingles in all our aspirations for the future. Watching and prayer ever better us. But by the grave of a loved one, there are still holier influences. We see them through the mirror of feeling. If they had faults, they have them no longer; and their virtues, we canonize them—they are relics—they are talismans which we lay on our hearts, and they are holier for the contact.

Earth's thoughts come not to the grave's side. The idle, the giddy and gay, they do not jest here—the song of triumph ceases, the unfinished quip dies on the lip that made it. The famed, the haughty, the ambitious, they bring not their proud thoughts with them—they tread its holy precincts, and their schemes are forgotten. The school boy's whistle is lower here, and the butterfly he chases so eagerly, scales the white palings and escapes—he will not follow him. The very flowers that bloom here, the osiers that swathe the grave of that little one and twine about the head stones—they teach us by their freshness, and our thoughts stir up the fountains in us, and the heart is hallowed by it.

Come hither, thou parent—a father perhaps. This was thy heart's pride and passion. Hope and promise were his. You had already marked his path. Here were the flowers—there the thorns. You saw him in fancy, out of his boyhood—the youth—the young man—his cheek glowing for the contest. Death came—and you laid him here.

Come hither, thou parent—a mother perhaps. This was thy first born. You bore him on your heart; you nursed him; you hung over him; you wept and prayed for him as mothers only can do; and *you* too, have laid him here. The little form you decked so—the locks that swung over a brow of silver—the face with its beauty, and light, and sweetness, and all the innocence of happy childhood—the clear silver shout of his joy—the step that ran to thee—the lip that pouted for the morning and evening kiss—aye! here they are—look at them.

And who art thou, mourner?—thou that lookest not up to the glorious sky, or abroad on the fair face of the creation of God; but, wrapped in the selfishness and solitude of thy grief, standest here like a lone monument of dead men's histories—who art thou? Thine eye is on that slab there; 'tis a maiden's. Thou lovedst her perhaps; her heart beat to thee; her lip was free to thy wooing. She was decked for a bridal; the rite had sealed her thine; and death strewed thy bridal couch with rosemary, and rue, and the gloomy cypress.

And what do these here? They come here to weep, for it sanctifies them. They come from the roar, and bustle, and heartless-

ness of life, and they would listen awhile to the eloquence of the shrouded dead. O! the dead are eloquent! The voice is low, yet louder than that of many waters! They tell us that our loved ones were not ours! They tell us that they were lent to us, and have now been reclaimed! They tell us, that though saddening, 'tis sweet to think of them, for they tie us and our souls to the purity of Heaven!

Some men shudder as they look into a grave; and well they may, some of the world. But the heart is wrong which feels thus. Does the sight of land give pain to the shipwrecked? is the hope of freedom unwelcome at the dungeon? does the sound of waters please in the desert? does the thought of sleep annoy us when weary? does the hope of oblivion give pain when the heart aches? Why then should the thought of what is greater gain than all these come to our hearts, but to waken their holiest emotions?

O! 'tis because there is a power within,
Whisp'ring of good neglected—ill preferred—
Duties cast off, and faculties misus'd!
It is, because the mortal triumphs, while
The purer passions, crushed or rooted out,
Leave him to be enslaved,—and thus in moments
When meditation, like a vestal waits
Upon his heart, the buoyancy and peace
Which should be his, give place to heaviness,
And indefinable wretchedness of soul.
O! could the heart be school'd—could it be made
True to its nature—to the impress graved
Upon it by the hand of Deity—
Could it be made to balance good and ill,
With purpose to be wise—could it but choose
The pure, and love it for its purity—
How blissful then, were thoughts of death and Heaven!

There—young lady! I've *thought* for your "Omnibus,"—pray, what do you think?

*

EPIGRAM,

ON MR. —, A BAD SINGER.

The song of Orpheus and yours are one,
Both caused mankind and beast to run,
Only—in *different ways*;
To him they went like wild deer freed,
From you they go with equal speed,
To shun your "awful lays."

Z.

THE COFFEE CLUB.

No. IV.

"Authors who acquire a reputation by pilfering all their beauties from others, may be compared to Harlequin and his snuff, which he collected by borrowing a pinch out of every man's box he could meet, and then retailed it under the pompous title of '*tabac de mille fleurs*.'"

Fitzosborne's Letters.

"If the work cannot boast of a regular plan, (in which respect, however, I do not think it altogether indefensible,) it may yet boast that the reflections are naturally suggested always by the preceding passage."

Cowper's Letters.

No est tan bravo il leon, como se pinta—the lion is not so fierce as his picture—says the Spanish proverb, and such will doubtless be your exclamation, fair, gentle, indulgent, or judicious reader, (by whichever title you may please to be addressed,) when you discover that the heroes of the Coffee Club, invested by your scrutinizing sagacity with so many fictitious attributes, whether of honor or of dishonor, are in truth but cognate atoms with yourself in making up the mass of our small and secluded community. Nor will your self-satisfaction be at all enhanced, by the remembrance of the astute conjectures, 'positive certainties,' 'perfect convictions,' and 'confidential informations,' which have afforded you matter of exultation for a season, but are, by the revelation of the truth, shown to be unfounded, and if cherished with vanity, ridiculous. Each, however, may soothe his chagrin, with the assurance that no one was wiser than himself, and that the secret, which baffled his endeavors, not even the talismanic power of woman's curiosity could elicit.

It is the eve of the farewell exercises of the class, and the last meeting of the Coffee Club. Tristo had thrown gloom upon our spirits, by a mournful *epitaph* upon the pleasures and the duties, now buried in the past—but Pulito has reversed our feelings by a brilliant *epithalamium*, for our coming bridal day, on which we are to wed the *world*. So is it in life—we shed one tear over the past, and hasten on to catch the future.

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

In such a mood, the thoughts of all naturally reverted to the time when first we entered upon that stage in the journey of life, which

we have now completed. As we traced our progress onward, and recalled our errors and our follies, our hopes and disappointments, our attainments and our short-comings, the desire of sympathy, of consolation, and encouragement, led to a full and free expression of our thoughts and feelings. Apple, however, as his cigar wreathed forth its exhalations,

‘Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,’

and puns and quips unceasing shot through their obscurity, like lightning through a cloud, seemed at first to be in no mood for the pathetic, or the serious. Pulito, too, after a brief and apparently regretful abstraction, broke forth in a strain half querulous, half laughing.

Pulito. “Well, ‘gentlemen commoners,’ however discourteous the remark may appear to you and your society, I must ne’ertheless regret that I am not this evening where I might have been, in a certain far-famed street, and gazing upon a certain lovely face, whose owner’s name ’twould be profanity to mention. I may say with the stricken Cowper,

‘Farewell to the *elm-tree*, farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade.’”

Nescio, (smiling.) “‘*Lugete oh ! Veneres Cupidinesque !*’ As an old dramatist has it,

‘Your soul, retired within her inmost chamber,
Like a fair mourner, sits in state with all
The silent pomp of sorrow round about her.’”

Pulito. “Yes, and to borrow from the same play, *The Rival Ladies*, I think,

‘Oh she is gone ! methinks she should have left
A track so bright, I might have followed her
Like setting suns that vanish in a glory.’”

Nescio. “For the sake of quoting beautifully, you quote without application.”

Apple, (in a voice of thunder.) “Who in the name of heaven is it about whom you are making all this ‘tempest in a tea-pot?’ Girls, girls, girls, for ever and eternally ! I wonder what you see in them ! weak and shallow ! It maddens me, Pulito, to see you, a fellow of some small sense, ‘bowing the knee in worship to an idol,’ a minion-queen, a painted doll—

‘A pagod thing of flirting sway,
With front of brass, and feet of clay.’”

Pulito. "Why, Apple, from your fierceness, I suspect you have lately met with a rebuff from some fair damsel."

Apple. "No, indeed I have not; I was afraid I should though, and did not give her a chance. I was acquainted with some of them once, and endeavored to patronize, instruct, and even please them. But they had neither the acuteness to perceive the point of my puns, nor the complaisance to laugh at them, even when I led the way. In fact—the fiends scorch their pictures!—I believe they laughed *at* instead of *with* me. 'Flattery is nectar and ambrosia to them.' They drink it in and enjoy it like an old woman sucking metheglin through a quill."

Pulito. "I allow that

—— 'if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."

But this is chargeable upon us, who are accustomed to lie to them about their charms, as a matter of course."

Apple. "Then, too, if beautiful, they can scarce be good. For, 'honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.'"

Pulito. "How! Is what is fair at surface necessarily foul at heart?

'Why what a world is this, where what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it."

Apple. "And how wide is their information, scientific, literary, political, moral! Their wits 'are dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage.'"

Pulito. "Well, Apple, I should think you had exhausted Shakspeare and yourself for terms of reproach: yet it still remains true, that they are the dearest, sweetest things '*in rerum naturâ*,' and

'Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth,'

I shall still love them one and all."

Nescio. "Yes.

'Dulcé ridentem Lalagen amabo
Dulcé loquentem."

Tristo. "I am no ladies' man. I am too grave for their society. Yet I am willing to acknowledge that, together with their influence, they are half that makes life valuable. They are the purifying and refining ingredient in the seething caldron of society. Their perceptions are more rapid and acute than ours, and if deceitful, it is from *necessity*, which you know is the mother of *invention*."

Pulito. "For my part, the absence of those pretty faces, which I have been wont to see in my 'walk and conversation,' will greatly deepen my regret at leaving this delightful place."

Apple. "Pooh! couldn't you sentimentalize a bit? '*Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis, Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,*' &c. Turn me adrift in New England, New Guinea, or New Zealand, and let me have good meats, good drinks, good *kapniphorous* cigars and a dozen comedies, and I don't care a rush."

Pulito. "Oh! what an *animal*! Why, Dumpling, do you suppose you have a *soul*, or are you a mere lump of flesh, a 'congregation of skin, bone and spissitude,' to use one of your own ridiculous phrases?"

Apple. "Yes, Pully, I suspect I have such a thing as a soul somewhere—but I cannot determine its *locale*—neither do I fash my beard thereanent, since it is the only *immaterial* thing about me, ha! ha!"

Nescio. "That's Apple, through and through, to circumvent truth by a quibble."

Pulito. "But have you no sympathy with this verdant city and its lovely scenes? Why, this very evening,

'When the sweet wind doth gently kiss the trees,
And they do make no noise,'

is a copy of Paradise."

Apple. "Yes! the 'Paradise of fools.'"

Pulito.

"On such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage."

Apple.

"On such a night did young Pulito strive
T' unseal the fount of feeling in his heart,
And be poetic—but he could not do it."

Pulito. "The air is like the breath of birds."

Apple. "Such birds as caged pullets and mousing owls, probably, ha! ha!"

Pulito. "And then the cemetery, and these streets high-over-arched with their verdant walls of inwoven shade."

Apple. "Poetical, i'faith! *My* only amusement in the *burying-ground*, as an unsophisticated gentleman like myself would call it, is to read the queer old epitaphs."

Nescio. "And mark how not even the ear of Death is secure from the poison of flattery."

Apple. "Pretty fair! I approve of that remark. As for these streets, strip them of their green guardians, and they would be dry enough to choke the wave-washed throat of Neptune himself. How

can fellows walk over all creation for fine prospects—my best prospect, as a kindred spirit once said, is the prospect of a good dinner.”

Pulito. “Surely, the view from East Rock is delightful.”

Apple. “Undoubtedly, if there be two or three mountain nymphs hanging affectionately on your arm. Oh! triple horror! To toil through two long miles of dusty barrenness, and crawl *a la quadrupede* up a mountain of shifting sand and triturated stones, to view a few houses included between shoal water and furze hills.”

Nescio. “Methinks only a few weeks since, *you* escorted thither some twelve or thirteen of these same mountain nymphs.”

Apple. “To be sure I did, and therefore I can speak from experience. But it argues an unkind disposition in you, to fling a man’s errors and misfortunes in his teeth. I did perpetrate that act, and as I hope forgiveness, I am contrite therefor. We set off one morning, when it was so hot that the very clouds *smoked*, though *I* could not—for what would Jonathan Oldbuck’s ‘*woman-kind*’ say? ‘The ladies be upon thee, Sampson,’ thought I. I could not laugh, though there was enough that was ridiculous, for I had corns. So I went sweating along under a load of milk-and-water refreshments, like a man carrying his own gibbet. I climbed up the hill like another Sisyphus, with a train of Sirens behind me. When there what saw we. Why, through a cracked spy-glass, I saw *Nescio Quod* here, my own chum, coming out the bookstore—wonderful, thrilling, soul-stirring prospect! Then, lo! we had left the pine-apples a quarter of a mile from the foot of the mountain, where we had stopped to browse. Nothing would do—one lady was faint, and must have a little pine-apple juice—another sweet nymph, in an unguarded moment, said that her principal object in coming, was the pleasure of eating the pine-apples—and another rosy-cheeked, and not very sylph-like figure, remarked, that if Mr. Dumpling would be so good as to go after the basket, he should have the pleasure of her arm down the mountain. The devil of a pleasure, thought I; the sweet creature must have ‘gane daft, clean daft,’ or she would never have offered such an inducement—better for me ‘that a millstone were hanged about my neck,’ &c.—but down I must come, and down I came, and when I got down, I stayed down. I ate the pine-apples myself, and laid down under the shade till evening, when I slunk home, leaving the ladies to their other beaux. I had some excuse though, for, while ‘midway between heaven and earth,’ I stumbled over a sweet-brier, and wrenched my ankle so excruciatingly, that Pope’s line occurred to my mind with some solemnity—

‘Die of a rose in aromatic (*a rheumatic*) pain.’

You take, do you? I managed, however, to reset the *laxed* but by no means *luxurious* joint, and grateful for my escape, I have sworn the ladies, and pray for grace to keep my vow.”

The laughter, long and loud, that succeeded the story of Apple's tribulations, was a sort of clearing-up shower, and left the moral atmosphere in a temper more consonant with the seriousness of the hour. After a short breathing-space, the conversation broke forth anew, and in an entirely different channel. The sad peculiarity of our situation gave to our views, and possibly to our remarks, a tinge of bitterness and satire.

Pulito. "Well, fellows, 'our course is run, our errand done' within these walls, and we are to leave them for ever—and why not bid farewell with a light heart and bounding hopes. To be sure, the vexings of the world will be rather uncomfortable. A gentlemanly air, and a languid intimacy with the 'tricksy pomp' of literature, will not make a man a President or a *millionaire*."

Apple. "The prospect is somewhat discouraging. I should have felt no misgivings at starting in the literary world a century ago, when the noble art of punning was duly appreciated and rewarded, as witness the celebrity of that great man, Dean Swift. Or I could have been content to have ruffled it with the quibbling, conceit-loving cavaliers, who basked in the smiles of Queen Bess. But now the principles of taste are sadly perverted, and this noble art, this sole distinctive mark of genius, has sought and found refuge only beneath the classic shades of College. It is truly sad to me, to think of leaving this last strong hold of wit and sentiment."

Nescio. "Why, Apple, your grief bewilders your mind. You began with talking about *punning*, and ended with wit and sentiment. Where is the connection?"

Apple. "At least as close, Mr. Quod, as between your real and expressed opinion, when you speak so despitefully of this innocent and dignified amusement. But now we are on the subject, what is wit?"

Nescio. "To which question I might reply, as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man—'*tis that which we all see and know*.' Such is the language of Barrow, the celebrated divine; I read it this very day. I however would admit no definition, that could possibly include a *pun*."

Tristo. "You go to an extreme there, Nescio. A mere play upon words, a mere coincidence of sounds, makes but a poor jest, and a ready facility in discovering and thrusting into conversation these 'imperfect sympathies,' gives one but slight pretensions to the reputation of a wit. But there are some witticisms, which depend for their force upon a *pun*, but yet including also a racy humor, deserve the praise of true wit. I will read you an instance from Hazlitt:—"An idle fellow, who had only fourpence left in the world, which had been put by to pay for the baking of some meat for his dinner, went and laid it out to buy a new string for a guitar. An old acquaintance, on hearing this story, repeated these lines out of L'Allegro—

‘And ever against *eating* cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.’”

Here the point of the jest lies in the pun upon *eating*, yet who does not acknowledge it as highly humorous. There are not many puns so refined and pure as this, but they sink in infinite and imperceptible gradations. You cannot draw a bold line between ‘the wit of words and wit of things.’ ‘For,’ as is said of Wit and Madness, ‘thin partitions do their bounds divide.’”

Pulito. “Very true, and I detest that squeamishness, which would refuse the praise of wit to any thing approaching to a pun, and sympathize most heartily with poor Apple for his many rebuffs. But nevertheless, Apple, ‘a joke’s prosperity lies in the ear of the hearer,’ Shakspeare says, and one should not complain if his pet witticisms are not received with applause and answered with laughter. If the jest is worthless, he deserves ridicule—if it does contain the essence of wit he has only himself to blame for giving it an utterance, where it could not be appreciated. Think you that Addison would have displayed his delicate humor for the amusement of crabbed and adust bookworms, or Voltaire sported his sarcasms to tickle the ear of clowns? Let their example encourage and instruct you, my dear Apple, and if you cannot equal their fame, you may, at least, attain the celebrity of Joe Miller.”

Tristo. “You will allow, however, Pulito, there is too often manifested a disposition to decry and disparage, when approbation would have been more natural. Censure is too often heard from lips, from which praise would have been more graceful, or silence more becoming. There are too many among us, who seek to rise upon the fall of their rivals—too many ‘frosty-spirited knaves,’ of whom it may be said, in bitterest truth, ‘not to admire is all the art they know.’”

Pulito. “I have, however, been accustomed to regard such characters with more of pity than severity. I have regarded them as defrauded by nature of the just proportions of humanity. I have been vexed by their perversity, but no more inclined to resent it, than to chastise the ceaseless annoyances of a child or an idiot.”

Nescio. “You underrate their *intellect*, that you may relieve their *heart* from the imputation of baseness. True, he who is always searching for faults, without paying any attention to beauties, affords strong grounds for the conclusion, that he has no perception of the latter, and in his own experience is conversant only with the former: and he who is ever detecting plagiarisms, and starting resemblances, gives reason for the suspicion, that his acquaintance with the fountains of these stolen waters, is not so purely accidental, or so honorably gotten, as he would have us imagine. But deficiency of taste and weakness of mind are not the sole causes of such conduct. The *prompter* of the whole is envy,—envy, the meanest passion of the human heart—the only one in which there

is not some shade of honor, some trace of nobility. Ambition may be laudable—hate become a virtue from the loathsomeness of its object—covetousness acquire dignity from the excellence of the thing coveted—but the baseness of *envy* is enhanced by the purity and splendor against which it is directed.”

Tristo. “Not only is envy so mean a passion in itself, but it exerts a most debasing influence upon the intellect and whole character. Indeed, if we may believe Coleridge, the cherishing of it is incompatible with the existence of genius. His language is solemn; would that all the fosterers, or rather the *victims*, of this worst vice, to which we are by our situation exposed, might listen to his warning. ‘Genius may co-exist with wildness, idleness, folly, even with crime; but not long, believe me, with the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is both the worst and justest divinity, as I once saw it expressed somewhere in a page of Stobæus; it dwarfs and withers its worshippers.’”

Apple. “To recall your attention, Tristo, to the subject from which we passed so suddenly to a more serious one, what think you of those who ‘wit-wanton it’ with things sacred, who at every breath break over the bounds of modesty, and outrage our sympathies with the true and the beautiful, for the sake of a momentary, and not unfrequently a shame-faced laugh?”

Tristo. “Such persons do themselves and others more injury than they think. Their incessant insults to all refinement and delicacy of feeling, if unresented and unguarded against, at length deaden and efface these sentiments. Bulwer says well of such, ‘Their humor debauches the whole moral system—they are like the Sardinian herb—they make you laugh, it is true, but they *poison you in the act.*’”

Nescio. “It is disgraceful that impurity should be an unequivocal characteristic of college wit. But it will be so, until some one shall demonstrate by his own example that there is no necessary connection, but rather an essential hostility between real humor and obscenity. But so long as it is easier to swim with the current than to buffet its dashings—so long as it is pleasanter to excite a hearty laugh, than encounter a cold sneer—so long as indolence and vacillation continue to be *descriptive marks* of a student’s character—we need not hope for a change.”

Pulito. “Whoever would attempt to effect one, should remember the aphorism, ‘He ought to be well mounted who is for leaping over the hedges of custom.’”

Tristo. “If this license on the part of some deserves severe reprobation, the chilling churlishness of those, who can feel no sympathy with *pleasure*, be it ever so innocent—whose minds can admit but the single idea of the *useful*, and reject as trifling the elegant and refining—who, swallowed up in their admiration of moral beauty, lose sight of or depreciate intellectual symmetry, (forgetting that

moral excellence, though it resemble in its value the priceless diamond, is not like it advantaged by a dull and roughened setting)—such, I say, must not pass without their share of censure, for they are in no slight degree the occasion, I will not say the cause, of the opposite vice in others.”

Pulito. “Such illiberality frustrates the praise-worthy exertions of all who indulge in it. It places them out of the circle of influence—their efforts can no more reach those whom they desire to affect, than (to use a magniloquent simile) the perturbations of the moons of Uranus can sway the Earth’s satellite in its orbit. But beside the unfortunate reaction of such principles, is not this cutting off, ‘at one fell swoop,’ all amusements, this tying down to one staid rule of *formal observance*, youth of every variety of taste, talent and temperament, and brought up under every complexion of circumstances—this curbing of all tastes and inclinations, not within the *lawgiver’s* capabilities—is it not based upon error of judgment, and directed by something of inquisitorial arrogance?”

Apple. “I never listen to a specimen of such frosty philosophy, without recalling an anecdote, much to the point. It is found, originally, I believe, in one of Pope’s letters to Swift, though I read it somewhere else. ‘A courtier saw a sage picking out the best dishes at table. ‘How,’ said he, ‘are sages epicures?’ ‘Do you think, Sir,’ said the wise man, reaching over the table to help himself, ‘do you think, Sir, that God Almighty made all the good things of this world for fools?’”

Tristo. “The sage must have belonged to the sect *Deipnosophoi*, or ‘Supper-wise,’ whom D’Israeli mentions. His principles, however, will apply in their full extent, I think, to the purer pleasures of taste and wit and literature.”

Pulito. “Talk not to them of the ‘purer pleasures of taste, and wit, and literature,’ for these are their utter abomination—snares for the youthful mind—idle perversions of talent. Speak to them of the grand display of moral power in Shakspeare’s dramas, and for an unanswerable answer, they will point to a gross expression—and consistently enough too, for theirs is the morality of *words*. They cannot perceive that the *scope* of all his principal plays is purely and symmetrically moral, or even religious—that they seldom violate the modesty of nature, though they may overstep the prudishness of an age when, ‘*La pudeur s’est enfuie des cœurs, et s’est réfugiée sur les lèvres.*’—Modesty has fled from the heart, and taken refuge on the lips. They cannot admire the *overruling providence*, by which his untutored genius, apparently so wild and uncontrollable, has been unerringly directed to conformity with truth and virtue. In their esteem the pious Cowper would have been more worthy, had he devoted his talents to the *practical* duties of ‘the clerk of the Commons,’ rather than have *wasted* them in the unproductive pursuits of poetry.”

Nescio. "Well, let them enjoy their opinions, provided they do not meddle with others in the gratification of their taste, or profess to judge in matters which they so virulently decry. The nightingale may not quarrel with the discordant braying of the ass, till the 'long-eared' either attempt to 'discourse sweet sounds' himself, or criticise the melody of others."

Pulito. "'Aye, there's the rub!' None are more prompt in criticising, none more forward to condemn, than these same individuals."

Apple. "Nothing ruffles the placidity of my temper so much, and so frequently, as the confidence with which some fellows, whose ignorance is absolute, pass judgment upon works of literature and taste. There are those, who cannot tell for their lives whether Walter Scott wrote *Waverly* or the *Commentaries*, or whether the author of *Hudibras*, the *Reminiscences*, and the *Analogy*, be not one and the same, who yet issue their unblushing firman upon any stray volume of poetry or romance, they may have chanced to pick up and gape through. I heard one, who could not count beyond ten, declare solemnly that he had no opinion of James, or Bulwer, and that J. K. Paulding could write better than either. Another, who had never seen a book, save the Family Bible, before he came to College, averred that Sterne, Smollett, Fielding, and Richardson united, never wrote any thing fit to be read by a man of good morals, or sound sense; and thought, moreover, that *Campbell's* *Thanatopsis* was far inferior to *Bryant's* *Pleasures of Hope*! And still another affirmed that the plays of Shakspeare even, were ruinous to the interests of morality, and that all the other dramatists of England ought to be buried under the ruins of the stage they support. Upon sifting the fellow, however, I found he had never read a play, saving the *Tempest*, *Comedy of Errors*, and a couple of diluted operas in the London stage!"

Pulito. "And yet these are they, who sit in daily judgment upon what they have neither the sense to comprehend, nor the delicacy to appreciate. These are they, who stigmatize every thing beautiful as a *rush*, and all that is novel to their narrow knowledge, as extravagant and wild. 'Tis a Bœotian criticising the dialect of Athens; a Scythian carping at the figures of Praxiteles. Shall the home-bred rustic, who thinks the middle of the sky directly above his head, and supposes that a walk of a day would bring his feet to the 'blue concave,' attempt to teach the life-long traveller the principles of society, and decide upon the manners and customs and wonders of the world? And yet it would be as reasonable to the full as the conduct of him, who, when his knowledge is confined to *particulars*, attempts to play the critic—a part, which, in its very nature, implies *generalization* of the widest kind."

Tristo. "How can the poor catechumen, who has not yet donned the robes of his novitiate, nor raised his eyes to the vestibule,

much less stood in his sacrificial garments by the High Altar in the Temple of the Muses, presume to decide upon the value and lustre of the treasures its *adyta* conceal? It is as if the puny whipster, who fumes and gesticulates upon the academic stage, and whose thoughts and language are 'a combination of disjointed things,' should attempt to span or analyze the harmonious vastness and sweeping magnificence of an Edmund Burke."

Pulito. "There is likewise a species of grave wiseacres—sober fools, who are quite as senseless and less amusing than fools of the more fantastic turn. They think that wisdom dwells only upon sealed lips, and that strength of mind and sobriety of purpose, is *evidenced* by nothing but a rueful face. These fellows (to use the old Greek phrase) 'lift the eyebrows' with a dull forthshowing of meditative wisdom, and a countenance

— 'of such a vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.'

Oh rather give me a whole-hearted fool, with his eternal grin, than one of these sombre *unimpressible* concretions of torpedo-stricken clay."

Nescio. "There are here, likewise, even as every where, many who can stop at no medium, but carry reasonable freedom to unwarrantable license. Because it is both pleasant and right to spend some time in general, and above all, in female society, some therefore, in their society fling away all their time, and, with their time, fling away character, and knowledge, and happiness, and worth. Because it is not well to be always bending over the learning of the present, and listening to the eloquence of the past, some therefore, double, wheel, march, and countermarch through these dusty streets during the long hours of a summer's day, and when they catch a glimpse at the shadow of a female form, they experience a momentary heaven. Others, remembering that it is irrational to crucify the senses, and mortify the flesh, smoke, eat, and sleep, continually. Others, hearing that as well profit as delight may be reaped from the inspection of fancy's fairy finger-work, are on the tiptoe of panting expectation for each miserable novel that falls lifeless from the press. And thus it was, thus it is, thus it will be."

Pulito. "But idleness—idleness is the student's bane. It is astounding how we throw away our time, and our best time—our spring-hour of life. Time is the medium of acquisition, and, losing *that*, we lose all. I am no Utopian in theory, nor visionary in practice: neither am I free from the follies I deplore. But the strides which *might* be made in our collegiate course, would be mighty and amazing."

Nescio. "I agree with you. Every ordinary mind, by more judicious application, might accomplish double what it does. I do

not mean that just twice as much would be read, or acquired; but that the *mind* would be twice as far advanced. It would not only have received twice the strength, and twice the beauty, from the studies it had actually traversed, but would be doubly fitted to grasp, conquer, and improve whatever might afterwards occur. The progress of the mind is in geometrical ratio. Every new and liberal idea, that is gained by a boy of twelve, is a capital which will return with yearly and enormous interest. It is analogous to the gaining of worldly wealth, where you must *hew* your slow and narrow path from nothing to competence; but from competence to opulence, the road is broad and easy."

Pulito. "I cannot divine the *modality* (as the schoolmen might say) of some minds—the manner, in which they operate. For I know of those, who for four years have toiled with desperate firmness, and are what they were. They seem to have pursued a mill-horse track, without the remotest conception that there was aught else of value in the universe beside. Now I complain not of the rigor or of the nature of our course. Stern application is our only hope, and the course of authors we peruse, is perhaps as good as could be devised; but it is the *spirit* with which they study. They consider what they here gain, not as a *mean*, but as an *end*. Every man, who would be 'aut Cæsar, aut nullus,' and whose eye goes forward to the 'immensum infinitumque' of Tully, *must generalize—must view things relatively—must consider every thing, not as a whole, but as a part*. If one possess this generalizing spirit, I care not how undivided be his attention to the college course; for I believe that there is in the books of the first three years, beauty and grandeur and weight, sufficient to justify, nay *demand*, almost *entire* attention. For instance, to gain a perfect intimacy with Horace—not an intimacy with his words merely, and sentiments—but an intimacy with his beauties—with his *soul*—would require one month of the severest study; and yet such an intimacy is requisite to justify studying him at all: for if he is not to be appreciated—if that evaporating something, wherein he differs so widely from a dull Latin proser, is not to be seen and felt—you might as well have been reading Cato upon gardening, or Vitruvius upon architecture. But these fellows in studying a foreign tongue, give the general sense in hap-hazard English, without gaining any insight into the philosophy of mind, or the theory of language."

Apple. "I think, moreover, that we ought to be more conversant with the sciences. Some of the details may, perhaps, be superfluous; but surely no one can claim to be a liberally-educated *gentleman*, without a general acquaintance with all, and a perfect knowledge of some of those departments. Whatever may have been my former obliquities, or short-comings in these studies, I am determined to retrieve them all. I have begun with attempting to square the circle, upon which great problem I have employed two weeks."

Nescio. "Ha! Ha! do you approach the goal!"

Apple. "I cannot say that I do very rapidly; but I feel increased acuteness of perception. I think I might discover this grand secret, could I hit upon some method of reducing the circle to linear measurement. My nearest approximation is to make a circle of a string, and then quadrate its sides by the introvention of a square surface of board. Of course, I have the perimeter and square contents of the board, and if I could fit the latter accurately to the string, the work is done, and I am Apple the Great. But 'hic labor, hoc opus est.'"

Pulito. "Ha! Ha! Be not wearied in well doing, Dumpling; you have opened on the right scent, (*erige aures, atque dirige gressus.*)"

Tristo. "But there is a more serious view to be taken of this matter, and one to which we must all open our eyes sooner or later, and well will it be for us if we take counsel while the storm is yet lowering, rather than look back with despairing, remorseful eye when ruin is in the retrospect. The day will come when he, who has squandered his abilities, and perverted his passions, will 'begin to be in want,' when mortified pride and conscious inferiority will 'bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder'—a day, when the busy idleness, the trifling engagements, and the languid excuses, which now lull all suspicion of an *actual waste* of time, will be forgotten, and nothing but the results will be visible. Then, one hasty, reverted glance, without any minute calculation, will inform us, that by our thrifless expenditure, when we might have economized to some purpose, we are *compelled* to be idle and insignificant; when we *feel* idleness to be a *disgrace*, and insignificance a *torment*. And why are not we alive to all this? Why do we not feel it, and *show* that we feel it, by our actions, when we can thus in theorizing, 'put on the spectacles of age?' The melancholy maxim of the ancients explains it—

'Quem Deus perdere vult, prius dementat.'

Who would have the punning epigram upon the Cardinal De Fleuri, true of him?

'Floruit sine fructu,
Defloruit sine luctu.'

There is a merry jingling in the sound, but under it is conveyed a mournful meaning. Yet it shall be written of all, who, either trusting to their native genius, or destitute of honorable ambition, flutter away their existence in mimicry of the tiny circlets of the silly fly, instead of pluming their wings and nerving their energies, for a bold, a steady, and a deathless flight. Youth gives its stamp to life, and life to immortality—time is a type of eternity. I have somewhere seen the vastness of the latter illustrated by the image of a huge

chronometer, of which the starry heavens were the dial-plate, its pendulum swinging in cycles of ten thousand years, and ringing to myriads of ages."

In such and similar discourse, did they consume the lagging hours of night: now changing 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' and glancing over all the subjects and circumstances in which a student might feel a personal or an associated interest. They talked of silly affection, and of scheming selfishness, and condemned alike that vanity, which could exult in a new pair of gloves, or be elated by that '*shadow of a thing*,' yclept a reputation; and having in view this one position, that what one *is*, and not what he *seems*, forms his character and moulds his destiny,

'Still they were wise whatever way they went.'

And now, Reader, we have done. If from this rude, incongruous heap, which, in the throwing together, has afforded us both pleasure and profit, you have been able to extricate any thing of either, we are satisfied. If by our unworthy portraiture of cheerful mirth without the taint of vicious excitement, a single heart, sick of the *hollowness* of dissipation, shall be seduced from its enticements—if one mind, till now swallowed in the vortex of current opinion, and dead to the merits of any save *fashionable* authors, should be led to the study of chaster models, and the formation of a purer taste—if one soul, whose fountains have been sealed to the thousand springs of written or unwritten *poetry*, gushing up all around him, has been opened to their influences—or if any individuals of the various classes which we have ventured to describe, shall, by the image of their deformity, be frightened, 'if not into greater goodness, at least into less badness'—*it is enough*.

Ego.

WHAT IS BITTER.

'Tis *bitter* when beneath the midnight moon
We wander near the graves of those we love;
The lone heart sinks, and sighs for the bless'd boon
Of rest above.

When wearied age, with retrospective view,
Sees in the record of departed years
A tale of blighted hopes—he reads it through
With *bitter* tears.

'Tis *bitter* when our days are almost done,
To feel for wasted talents vain regret,
And see, with guilty fear, our life's last sun
In sorrow set.

'Tis *bitter* when revenge, with hellish art,
 Lights in the breast her ever-scorching flame,
 Stirs passion's depths, and forms the tiger-heart,
 No power can tame.

And *bitter* is the heart, nay more, undone,
 That finds long-cherished hopes in ruin end,
 Crushed by the cruel treachery of one,
 It deemed a *friend*.

ETA.

THE REASON OF ANIMALS NOT THE REASON OF MAN.

THE organic kingdom seems to be little else than a system of means, resisting for a short period only the laws which govern inanimate matter, and then yielding to their power. Wherever the contemplative mind turns among the innumerable tribes of animals, which have been revealed by the scrutiny of man, it beholds them all struggling a little while for a sentient existence, and then sinking down, to form a part of that mingled mass, which has given them, and continues to give their successors, sustenance. It is not however animated matter only which thus for a moment attracts, and then passes from our observation. In each individual of all this numberless multitude, we behold the glimmering of intelligence, and in some species it seems to fall but little below the uncultivated reason of man; nay more, in their architecture, in their fabrics, in their modes of subsistence and defence, many are known to rival the utmost stretch of human ingenuity. This intelligence also, and this ingenuity, vanishes from before us. The theory has indeed been formed, that this appearance of reason, wherever found, or however feeble, is but the commencement of an immortal existence; but it is not thus that the mass of mankind view the subject. They are accustomed to look upon the whole animal kingdom as progressing to a period, when, not only the sensations of their bodies will cease, and their organs be left, without exception, to decay, but when all their intelligence and skill also will be swallowed up in annihilation. If then the reason of brutes is the reason of man, how strong, how complete the analogy, and how natural the conclusion, that the mind of man too, with the decease of his body ceases to exist! Living therefore as the most intelligent of these animals do, in the midst of us, and seeming to think and reason every day as really as ourselves, reason itself seems to be constantly persuading us that our end is the same. Indeed, if man differs from the brute only in the degree of intellect which he possesses, it is almost demonstrably certain, that annihilation or immortality alike await us. That animals are immortal, however, it is impossible to believe; for if this may be predicated of one individual, it may be predicated of every spe-

cies in which animal life can be proved to exist. From the highest intelligence which exists among them, to the meanest insect that crawls in the dust, or the dullest inhabitant of a shell that clings to a rock, there is not a point where the line of separation can, with any degree of plausibility, be drawn, and we might almost extend the chain to the plant that shrinks from the touch, and the flower that follows the sun. This theory therefore we reject as unnatural and absurd. Hence we are reduced to the necessity of allowing, either that man is not immortal, or that his reason is different, not only in degree, but in its nature, from that of brutes. Although if the latter be true, it does not follow that the former is false, yet one of the most powerful arguments in support of it falls to the ground, and leaves other evidence to produce a conviction of the truth of its opposite. It is then an object of no little importance to discover, if possible, whether there is sufficient difference between the faculties of men and animals, to justify the conclusion that their destinies are so different.

In endeavoring to accomplish this object, we propose to consider brutes, in the first place, as they exist in their natural state, and afterwards, as they are when trained by man. Let us go, then, to the forest where the bird sits upon her nest, and the beast rests in his lair in undisturbed repose—or rather, if you please, where air, earth and water, teem with countless multitudes, all alive with activity, and all closely devoted to the peculiar employments for which Nature has fitted them. Compare now this busy scene, with that where the same elements groan under the burden imposed upon them by man, in his highest state of cultivation. Mark the aerial artist as she proceeds in the construction of her edifice, which in its execution and adaptation to its situation, defies all imitation by man. Without a model, and without instruction or experience, she fabricates a nest, which, in materials and construction, as near as circumstances permit, resembles those of all her predecessors. Where there is no possibility of a communication, precisely the same process is followed, and the same result is produced in every instance. Neither does age, observation or experience, produce the least improvement, but it more frequently happens, that the first product of this instinctive skill excels all that succeed. The same appears to be true of every species of the brute creation as we find them in the wilds of nature. All come into existence endowed with a species of intellect; a practical ingenuity, apparently far superior to any thing which man possesses, previous to observation.

If, therefore, the mental endowments of brutes are to be estimated by the readiness with which they arrive at certain practical results, man sinks below them. Among the whole human race, we find not a single instance of such instinctive knowledge. Man springs into existence of all animals the most helpless, and the most ignorant of the means of his support or his happiness. He is compelled to learn and direct every step of his course by observation and experi-

ence. He is left to deliberate and choose without any previous bias of the mind, and hence arises that vast diversity of manners and customs, scarcely greater between the most civilized and the most barbarous people, than between those who are buried in an equal depth of barbarism. On the other hand, throughout each particular species of the brute creation, all appear to be guided by one mind, and urged on by some irresistible power to the same definite ends. In the state in which we are now considering them, there is no variation in their habitudes, and seems to be no possibility of their choosing a different course from that so universally pursued. It is as natural to them as to live; as involuntary as their breath. This is instinct—a faculty to man denied—a pilot whose absence leaves him to the winds and waves of circumstances, while its presence impels as well as guides the animal creation in all their intricate manœuvres.

There are traits, however, in which man and the most intelligent of other animals closely resemble each other. Present, for instance, a pleasing object to the eye of man, and the countenance will involuntarily kindle into a smile. Present to the half-famished wanderer an article of food, and the flowing saliva and the beseeching look, will testify, in spite of him, his eagerness to receive it. Tear from the fond mother her darling offspring, and plunge into its unprotected breast the glittering steel, and an agony unutterable will give her wings to fly to its rescue, and a thousand tongues to call for aid, or drive her to madness with despair.

This is a species of action, exhibited to an actual extent, perhaps, though in different ways, by both animals and men. It evinces a power which it is not in the nature of man wholly to resist, and under the full operation of which we use neither deliberation nor judgment. Such seems to be the power which gives rise to a large part of the actions of the most intelligent animals. It differs little in its nature from that instinct which guides them in their mechanical labors, and, in connection with it, is sufficient to account for all the phenomena which, as sentient beings, in their natural state, they exhibit to us. It is the influence of the passions—the feelings—the heart. In brutes, apart from instinct, (if this be not considered instinct,) it holds universal sway. The objects which excite the passions, and give rise to action, may not, indeed, in all cases be present. They may be called up by circumstances in all the vividness of reality, through the powerful memory with which brutes are endowed, yet the motives of the action are the same as if the real object supplied the place of the imaginary one. The principle is the same, and the result is still produced by the influence of the animal feelings, excited by sensible objects. But in man there is displayed a moving power which exists independently of instinct, of love, or hate, or hope, or fear, and which is capable of exercising a control over all, unless it be the very strongest of human passions. In the exercise of it, the passions are, as it were for the moment annihilated, and the

intellect rises into a sphere where all tangible, sensible objects, vanish, and the mind converses with objects beyond the reach of mere animal perception.

The question may now arise, how are we to account for all that variety of movement and action, which animals acquire under the instruction of man? If instinct and passion are the only influences to which they are subject, we should reasonably suppose that their actions would be as invariable as the motives from which they originate. Had they never been subject to a higher order of beings, this would be found universally true. But that class of animals which we denominate domestic, and indeed almost all upon which the hand of man has laid its controlling influence, exhibit a species of action, which indicates a capability of improvement, and for which it would be impossible to account upon the principles which have been considered. There is another principle which is seen alike in animals and man, and might with propriety be denominated an artificial instinct. It is habit—a state in which we are led to act with reference to definite ends, and yet act involuntarily. By a frequent repetition of some motion of the hand, the foot or the whole person, we come at last to do the same unconsciously, and it is by this means that we perform so readily many of the intricate processes which the arts require. It is this which explains the secret of attachment to places and things. Even the prisoner, after a long-continued confinement to a gloomy cell, finds, at his departure, a magic charm binding him to the dreary habitation. The tender threads of affection have become entwined around the objects so constantly before him, and he is obliged to summon his reason, to break through the silvery web that is formed around his heart. Observation teaches us that animals are subject to the same influence. After a period of confinement and familiarity with man, the door of their enclosure may be opened, and almost without exception, they will leave it, only to return again of their own accord—not because a judgment teaches them that such a condition is preferable, but because a new influence is thrown over them which they cannot shake off. It is obviously upon this principle that they perform all the manœuvres, and answer all the purposes, which they are made to do by man.

These three causes—instinct, passion, and habit, are believed to be sufficient to account for all the varieties of action exhibited by animals. We nowhere discover any of that power of origination, that freedom of thought and action, which renders man capable of endless improvement, and worthy of presiding over the brute creation. Nor any where do we find that power of abstraction, by which, from evidences of design which are displayed among terrestrial and celestial objects, we are able to reason our way up to an Infinite Being whom we have neither seen nor heard. These are the characteristics of man, which render him an accountable being—give him a conscience, and stamp him with the impress of immortality.

DE LOPEZ THE BRAVE.

"The age of chivalry is gone."—*Burke.*

I.

IN days of yore, when minstrel song
 Ne'er swell'd 'to please a peasant's ear,'
 But ladye fair, and knightly throng,
 Were pleas'd his gentle harp to hear;
 There liv'd in Spain, a knight of fame—
 His deeds as gallant as his name—
 De Lopez—stainless arms he wore,
 Those arms his peerless fathers bore;
 And many a goodly rood of land,
 And castle fair were in his hand;
 And many a serf 'with buckled brand,'
 Rode to the fight at his command.
 A braver knight ne'er strode a steed,
 Or couch'd a lance in rest;
 A stalwart knight was he at need,
 His war-spear was no coward's reed;
 In mercy he was best.
 But he was now to bid adieu
 To scenes he lov'd full well;
 He had vow'd, as loyal lord and true,
 To follow his king the crusade through,
 To lands o'er which the simoom blew,
 Till the Moslein crescent fell.
 Now, in the castle hall he stood,
 His ladye on his arm—
 He waited there, before he rode,
 Trusting his lovely bride with God,
 To shield her from alarm.
 "Now bless thee, dearest," cried the
 knight,
 "God keep thee safe and true;
 My life, my love, ah, cruel right!
 That blasts our day of love so bright,
 And o'er it spreads the sable night,
 A night of deadly hue."
 So spake De Lopez, gallant knight,
 On parting at the castle gate,
 He in his glittering arms bedight,
 She mourning o'er her hapless fate.
 And then she plac'd a bright red rose,
 Among his waving plumes;
 Ah, hapless bride! she little knows
 What fearful fate it dooms.

II.

No more the charger paws the ground,
 Nor snuffs the fresh'ning air,
 No more the faithful vassals round,
 Impatient for the bugle sound,
 Await—their lord is there.
 He gave his pennon to the gale,
 His bugle echo'd far,
 O'er distant forest, plain and dale,
 The fearful notes of war.
 Then spurr'd their furious steeds amain,
 And soon they cross the lengthen'd plain.
 But, lo! from yonder lofty tower,
 The ladye keeps her lonely watch,
 And there has spent a long, long hour,
 Spying her lord thro' plain and bower,
 Wherever she a sight can catch.
 And now, in the blue distance far,
 The pennon fades away;
 Or, like some ling'ring, morning star,
 That shines with doubtful ray,
 'Tis now in view, now lost to sight,
 As slowly wanes the yielding night.
 Their gleaming helms and waving
 crests,
 Their spear-heads tipp'd with silv'ry
 light,
 Their flashing shields and steel-clad
 breasts,
 That sparkle with a sheen so bright,
 Grow faint and faint'er to the sight.

III.

Why course the drops down Mena's
 cheek?
 Why leaves she now the lonely height,
 The ladye of the heart so meek,
 The ladye of such gentle might?
 She sees no more her own brave knight,
 She hears no more his bugle-wail;
 The dark'ning shadows of the night,
 Shrouding the forest, plain and dale,
 Conceal him from her sight.

And now she hastens to her bower,
 And now the chief pricks on his way;
 Behold, around him march the power,
 Of vassal bold in long array;
 For they are bound to Palestine,
 With shield, and spear, and sword,
 Their blessed Saviour's tomb to win
 From ruthless Moslem horde.

IV.

Among the suitors of the land,
 That sought fair Mena's lily hand,
 There was a dark-brown baron bold,
 That dwelt secure in massive hold;
 Men seldom cross'd his stone threshold,
 For many a tale, the country round,
 Their feet and tongues in terror bound.
 'Twas said he practis'd gramarye,
 And that in wild, tempestuous nights,
 The lurid lightning one might see,
 Flashing around his castle heights;
 While the deep-mouth'd bellowing thunder,
 Shaking the massive keep,
 Would seem its rocky walls to sunder,
 Then straightway forth would leap
 A dazzling, quiv'ring, noiseless flame,
 And the black pall of night again
 Enshroud the heaven's starless steep.
 This baron hath sworn a fearful oath,
 'By heav'n and all its saints,'
 That be the ladye never so loth,
 Despite of love's restraints,
 She yet shall deck his bed and board,
 And gladly own him her liege lord.
 Now, Holy Mother, shield her well,
 From all the fiendish plots of hell.
 For, well I ween, this baron bold,
 His mightiest spells will not withhold.

V.

What gleaming light,
 Shoots forth its beams,
 Through the deep night?
 Say, what this means?
 All else is still
 On the castle hill,
 Save the warder's cry, and the deep
 clock's chime,
 That warns the pale ghost of his passing
 time.

That ray from the baron's window
 gleams,
 And, as far down on the lake it streams,
 Three spirits cross its path.
 (God shield us from their wrath!)
 By blackest art they've laid to sleep
 The warder 'neath the deep black lake,
 There too they've made the ban-dog keep
 His lone watch, lest the warder wake;
 The smould'ring brands of the watch-fire
 bright,
 They plunge 'neath the wave, as well
 they might.
 For such foul arts of gramarye,
 No mortal eye may ever see.
 'Tis not for such as me to tell,
 What did they in the baron's cell.
 'Tis said that voices loudly groan'd
 Around the turret's height;
 And e'en the graves in churchyard
 moan'd,
 With many a restless sprite;
 That then in cloud of flame and smoke,
 These spirits their departure took.

VI.

Why swims pale Mena's heavy eye?
 Why walks she with a falt'ring step?
 Why heaves she now the sudden sigh?
 Has not her gallant lover kept
 His knightly word? or, can it be
 That he has fall'n beyond the sea?
 She had last night a fearful dream,
 'A spirit woke her,' (it did seem,)
 'And with a finger gory red,
 Pointed her to a bleeding head;
 Upon a city's gate 'twas plac'd,
 With dust and clotted gore defac'd,'
 She shriek'd not—but her heart's hot
 blood
 Mounted in gushes to her brain,
 This cannot be—oh, gracious God!
 Is this her luckless lover slain?
 But the foul spirit by his power,
 Sustain'd her through her trying hour.
 Yet once again
 The vision came.
 'She sees a gallant knight,
 And a ladye fair flit by;
 They move like forms of light,
 And stately onward hie;

The knight—he was the baron bold!
 Herself the ladye fair!
 The hour of one the clock now told,
 The spirits melt in air.'

VII.

Now round the altar high they stand,
 In sooth, a gallant, goodly band;
 On high the torches flash and wave,
 Showing pillar and architrave,
 And arch and gothic window fair,
 And, hanging high in the cold night air,
 Pennon and 'scutcheon that glisten'd
 there.

But who are these, at dead of night,
 That would perform this holy rite?
 Who, I pray, but the baron bold,
 And the fair Mena, deck'd in gold?
 For missals foully forg'd have said,
 (Rest him!) her gallant knight is dead!
 And then, her father's stern command,
 And many a ghostly spirit band,
 Have sent her mad;—she cannot know
 The full extent of all her woe.

VIII.

The priest in robes of stainless white,
 Does now beside the altar stand,
 And now beneath the dazzling light,
 The baron takes the ladye's hand.
 Jesu Maria! what muffled form,
 Breaks through the crowd like a mighty
 storm?

His helm is gone, but a lifeless rose
 On his steel-clad bosom finds repose.
 'Tis wither'd and faded quite away,
 Still lies it there; as, in former day,
 It shone a terror to his foes.

The baron breathes convulsively,
 He knows the stranger knight
 That aims at him so manfully;
 Oh, shield the luckless wight!
 Now flash their falchions in mid air,
 May "God defend the right!"
 Oh, who had seen that man would swear
 His was no mortal might.
 But, ah! he's down—it cannot be:
 His mighty soul for aye has sped!

Draw near—oh, horrid sight to see
 De Lopez number'd with the dead!
 With idiot eye and childish stare,
 Poor Mena bends before him there,
 His bloody, wasted hand she takes;
 The flower her sad remembrance wakes.
 Her brain is fir'd; in vain she tries
 To shed a tear!—so soon, alas!
 The secret springs of feeling fail,
 When wrongs the anguish'd heart assail,
 And burning sorrows o'er it pass.

IX.

With mournful step and fun'ral wail,
 They bear the baron bold;
 No more he'll need his war-proof mail,
 No more his massive hold.
 De Lopez did not fall in vain,
 For, as he fell, with might and main,
 While yet in death he fainter grew,
 He thrust the bloody baron through.
 They lay the baron by a running stream,
 Nor moon nor stars e'er shine upon the
 spot;
 But, it is said, a bluish, noiseless gleam
 Surrounds him; such, the dreaded
 wizard's lot.

A monument of marble pale,
 Marks where De Lopez fell;
 For him arose no kindred wail,
 He lies secure from fiendish spell.
 And they have carv'd a gallant knight,
 Stretch'd on that tomb so pale,
 Still in his stainless arms bedight,
 Still clad in marble mail.
 'Tis said, when the moon, with palish
 ray,
 Shines on the spot where the brave
 knight lay,
 A saint-like spirit you may see,
 With marriage robe, and bended knee,
 Kneel o'er his lowly sepulchre.
 Awhile she'll kiss the marble face,
 And shed a lonely tear,
 Then look to heav'n—to ask the grace
 That was denied him here.

R.

MR. WILLIS.

WHEN so many mouths are full of Mr. Willis, and pamphlets and periodicals are alternately lauding and lashing him—and, moreover, since he has so lately passed through this city, (the city of his Alma Mater,) and with him, his very lovely trans-Atlantic lady—it is certainly proper that this magazine (the deputed organ of Yale's literary notions) break its dignified silence. Criticism, it is true, of right belongs to older heads—but since such numbers have apparently forgotten this in the community at large, we shield our presumption under their greater impertinence. Impertinence! That the thousand and one notions put forth here and there to the detriment of Willis, are impertinent, lies on the face of them. What right have they to find fault with his coat, or the fit of his breeches? "Ah! but he don't pay for them!" Prove that, rascal—perhaps your prejudice then will be less apparent. But stop a moment.

Of course—we are not seated to make out an analysis of Willis' mind—nor to criticise thoroughly his poetry—nor to meddle particularly with his morals—nor to read him furiously a Chesterfieldian lecture—nor to tell him whether he shall or shall not curl his hair—whether he shall or shall not have his carriage, his horses, his dogs, *et cetera, et cetera*. No! nothing of this, save incidentally—we leave this to others. Besides, 'tis too late for it—they have been treated on, and his new work has not yet come to us. But our purpose is, to scribble a rapid, running, off-hand article—to trouble, somewhat, some of the defamers of Willis—to give our own opinions as may be about this or that—to say just what we have a mind to—to say it how we have a mind to—and (of this, reader, be certain) to enjoy our own opinions.

Whether we are capable of this, of advancing an opinion—of that, reader, you must judge. Thus much we *dare* say—our prejudices will not trouble our judgment. We have alike objected to the indiscriminate laudatory efforts of the friends of Willis, and the pitiable swellings and puny malice of his enemies—we have made ourselves alike familiar with his prose and with his poetry—(what man of taste has not?)—we have never shut our eyes on his faults, or suffered a jaundiced vision to distort, discolor, or otherwise interfere with his excellencies—we have often censured and praised him—fought for him and against him—in short, been placed exactly in those circumstances, which are favorable to a proper appreciation of his merits—supposing all this time, that we possess a moderately good share of judgment in these matters. Thus much we *dare* say.

The most troublesome things to be met with now-a-days, are your *echoing* gentlemen.* Mr. Willis has done thus and so, says one—Mr. Willis has written thus and so, says another. Now we don't say Mr. Willis has *not* done or written thus and so—perhaps he has—nor would we be understood exactly in this free government, as interdicting the expression of opinions, even supposing these young gentlemen harmless, and as entirely innocent of a capability to judge as they really are—but we do say that, in this hot weather, and especially as dog days are coming on, every buzzing, barking, or otherwise troublesome creature, should be heard as little as possible, and that it is altogether too much of a tax upon the easiness of modest men, and too much of a tax on the patience of sensible ones, when with all their exertions and cooling appliances, (such as ventilating, dressing thin, and going under the College pump,) they can scarcely keep themselves comfortable. He's a puppy, says one. What do you mean by "puppy," say we. Why, he's an exquisite—a dandy. Now, hang your ignorance! for your charge proves you a clown. *We* have seen Mr. Willis (we have no acquaintance with him) sitting and standing—we have seen him in company and out of company—we have seen him hat on and hat off—we have seen him walking and talking—and *we* declare, that there's nothing about him but an air of high society, and a well bred gentleman. The charge of being a dandy, might be laid any where with equal propriety—the urbanity of his deportment, considering his publicity, is worthy of high praise.

His publicity, his English reputation—this is another thing his enemies turn against him. Witness the slighting method of the Quarterly—witness the cool handling of the Edinburgh—witness his annihilation in the Metropolitan, say they. Annihilation! murder—what a term is this—here's a tax—here's a sweep—here's a pull on our credulousness. Have these gentlemen forgotten the admitted principle in physics, that you cannot annihilate matter? But—'tis of a piece with the rest of their absurdities.

As for the attacks of those great organs of English sentiment, the Edinburgh and Quarterly, it only needs a glance at the *acknowledged* reason of those attacks, to show it altogether complimentary to the *talents* of Willis. His stories publishing successively in the London New Monthly—he was bowed through England with an assiduity and politeness well worthy the English nation, and of which any American might be proud. The first ranks welcomed him to their circles—their first literary men were pleased with his acquaintance, (aye! the very men who afterwards smote at him)—and the first critic of England, or of the world even (North, we mean,) has

* By echoing gentlemen, we mean such as carry their chins high—walk with canes—retail opinions pilfered from English papers, and call them their own.

estimated his power, and written him—no common genius. This were praise enough, in all conscience. The indiscretions of Willis—and such he has, and we blame him—these it was called forth those harrowing, ripping, raking articles, so eagerly cited against him now; and with these *facts* before us—shall we take *their* estimate of his intellect, and North on our side into the bargain? Out on him who does it! But the first men of the age have been placed precisely as Willis has—some of the Reviews one side, some on the other. Byron was thus placed. To the last day of his life he was horribly mawled by some of them, whenever that great lion turned flank and exposed himself to the enemy. He has been called ridiculous, affected, a narrow though great mind, and a plagiarist, by one of their first Reviews; and others of their great men have run the gauntlet, and after the same fashion. There's nothing new in it—what, then, is the worth of the argument?

Of the article in the Metropolitan, nothing need be said—'twas personal *pique*, as every one knows. The fact that a single sentence of Willis' condemnatory of Marryatt called forth that article, is a high proof of the estimation in which he was held, and speaking in no ordinary tone. Policy should have kept Mr. Willis from saying it—this no one doubts, whether it was true or not. If true, however, he deserves less censure; and now we call upon every admirer of Capt. Marryatt, and demand if it is not true, that there are passages in most of his novels we read with disgust—that we would not read in good society, or before a sister—and if he has not come into a dangerous proximity with that point, where he deserves all that Willis says of him? *We* assert that he has—let Capt. Marryatt's admirers disprove it. And the Willis and Marryatt correspondence too! little need be said here, than that those letters went to show Marryatt a bullying blackguard, and Willis *the* gentleman. These things we assert—and yet professing ourselves admirers of Marryatt. He is doubtless one of the geniuses of the age. But we will not let our admiration distort facts, when such distortion is injurious to one of our countrymen.

These echoing gentlemen talk much of Mr. Willis' ephemeral reputation—of his fame's dying with him. Lo, and behold these Solomons in literature—witness these wise men of Gotham,—these “Daniels' come to judgment!” Have these gentlemen to learn, that men never tolerate each other's weaknesses?—have they to learn that Willis has been indiscreet?—have they to learn that such numbers of young and old, high and low, rich and poor, as *have* pitched upon him, have done so *for* this—and that it follows necessarily, his genius is undervalued. Whether they have or not—men of sense admit it all over the world. Men's follies die with them. We don't bring hatred to the grave's side—unless to throw it in there and bury it. The smouldering earth we lay over them hides their defects—we put their virtues in our hearts. So it is

with men whose follies tarnish their genius. Genius is in itself, a living principle—you can't annihilate it—you can't lessen it—you can't depress it. You *may* undervalue it—you may rail at it—you may affect to despise it. But it never was heard and it never will be, that genius, however manifested, has not sooner or later regained its splendid birth-right. So will it be with Willis—would we admit what his enemies ask, that the community as a body are against him. He has genius—a noble, lofty, and original one—(we wish time permitted to show this by references)—his follies stand betwixt the light and his merits—let him die, his follies die, and the world at once acknowledges this merit. Such is the process—if we admit, as just mentioned, that the community are against him.

We have already transcribed our limits—we therefore, pause. Before doing so, however, let us and the reader understand each other. Let us not be ranked with the mad admirers of Willis—we are none such—he has too many follies for that. But we cannot forget, either, how very very brilliant are many very many of his productions, and with what unmitigated pleasure we have always perused them. And, if our humble voice might be heard so far, we would counsel Mr. Willis that he no longer—if he has done so—discredit the fine genius that God has given him—that he tax well, and long, and arduously, that mind of his—that he by some noble effort so engrave his name on this age, that the rust of after years shall never eat it away.

GREEK ANTHOLOGY.—No. VI.

CIVILIZATION, among all the changes it has effected in the character and habits of its subjects, has wrought none more remarkable than that in the condition of woman. In savage countries, the degraded slave of continual oppression—in barbarian nations, the dormant medium of sensual felicity—among the semi-civilized, the ignorant and secluded object of idol affection—it was reserved for the refinement of a purer age to reinstate her by the side, and in the heart of man. No longer his passive minister to pleasure, she has risen to share with him the rights and the enjoyments of rational existence. From the object of occasional devotion and general contempt, she has become, in the world where her claims are acknowledged, a guide-star of benign and sanctifying influence.—Pish! sentimentalizing, and on a subject trite as an almanac!—But why not? In my last number, as well my own assertions, as the *inconsecutive* form of my conceptions, might have been proof convincing that the solstitial airs had pervaded mind and body with their

enervating breath. Since then, and while the sun was riding in his more northern tropic, my energies fell before his potent presence with a still lowlier prostration. Yet, as utter oppression will drive even the weakest to resistance, so does trampled Nature rise rebellious against the tyrant, and stand upright even before his summer-throne. The cold airs of the morning send a vigorous life through the limbs, which the toils of yesterday exhausted; and a *post-prandial* siesta, followed by a light repast "of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet," prepares the mind for an evening of quiet thought, or rational enjoyment.

This morning is of the loveliest. Each gentle flower turns her fair face to the god of her idolatry, and, like a grateful bride, repays the warmth of his caresses with the perfume of her breath. It would seem as if the wing of relenting Time had dropt a freshening essence on his vassals, as he passed, and atoned, in the face of Nature and the hearts of her children, for the ravages of years. 'Tis not the sacred awe, that falls like a shadow from the stars of midnight, and wakes in the soul an unutterable yearning for a holier home—'tis not the sad solemnity of evening, that fuses into one pervading thought the hopes of the future, and the sorrows of the past, whilst our gaze follows far into his nightly pavilion the golden footsteps of the retreating Day—'tis the freshness, that dwells in the pinion of the eagle, when he springs from his dew-cold aerie in the mountains, and soars, with eye turned direct and unblenching on the morning sun. But to return to the women. It is a lamentable fact—'horresco referens'—that the old heathen, and the Greeks among them, did not prize very highly these interesting objects. It is true that the exquisite delicacy of female beauty, excited in their breasts a natural thrill of pleasure, and now and then a Sappho or an Aspasia by the united power of wit and loveliness threw a spell of enchantment around the wisest, and bravest, and proudest of their time. But these were exceptions. There is many a smart bit of satire, and many a dull growl of defiance at the sex, scattered through the pages of the Anthology—and these I have hitherto neglected to translate, well knowing that the ladies are not so perfect as to bear sarcasm with patience, and that a portion of their anger might be diverted from the Greeks to me. Whether their being created second entitles them to be considered *second-best*, it is not my province to decide. At any rate I see not how we could *get along* without them, and I am perfectly willing to add my experience to that of Mungo Park, and testify that, where they are suffered to have their own way, I have found them uniformly generous and obliging.

A Paraphrase from Palladas the Alexandrian.

Woman, thou busy, meddling, curious thing,
What endless evils from thy presence spring!

For thee, forth-sailing from the hills of Greece,
 Bold Jason wandered for the Golden Fleece.
 Thou, and thy paramour, the beauteous boy,
 Brought woe and ruin to the gates of Troy.
 Achilles' anger for a while delay'd
 Th' event occasion'd by the faithless maid;
 And then, when Ilion's consecrated wall
 Had shook, and reel'd, and nodded to its fall,
 Who but a woman, on the foaming brine
 Held wise Ulysses, and transformed to swine
 His brave companions, and employ'd each wile
 To chain the hero to her magic isle?
 And is not woman's love, or woman's rage,
 Ground of each plot upon the tragic stage?
 Quick to perceive, and headlong to resent,
 Thy kindled anger never can relent.
 So mild in love, so terrible in hate,
 The soothing balm, and tri-thonged scourge of Fate;
 Thou sure wert born to trouble and perplex,
 Involve and puzzle the diviner sex!
 Have we a secret? Keep it, as we may,
 Full soon it passes from our grasp away.
 Has any thing occurred? "Who, which, what now?
 "Come, tell me quick, the why, when, where, and how!"
 Yet art thou lovely as the gentle light,
 That falleth dew-sprent from the orbs of night;
 And, wert thou fled, this world of ours would be
 Dark as the Fates, and barren as the sea.
 When wise, and kind, and generous, and mild,
 Thou rul'st us, as a mother rules her child.
 But when thy passions take their headlong way,
 We scorn thine empire, and defy thy sway.—
 Must, then, a pretty, peering, prying wife,
 Soothe, vex, enliven, and distract my life?
 I'll cling to thee for better, and for worse,
 Our joy, our grief, our blessing, and our curse.

Let those who are not satisfied with this mixture of compliment and sarcasm read the following, and see with what yearning anguish a Greek could mourn over the grave of a loved one, who had passed what was, to the ancients, with emphatic truth "the valley of the shadow of death." It is by Meleager, one of the most delicate and affectingly simple of all the Greek poets.

To thee, transported by that cruel Power,
 Who waves his sceptre over all that live,
 Tears wept in darkness at the midnight hour,
 Oh! Heliodora! bitterly I give.
 Thy home's low roof with ceaseless tears I wet,
 In deep, and wild, and passionate regret.

Oh! Heliodora! I have known thee long,
 And loved thee deeply, and bewailed thee well;
 But what avails the tear, the sigh, the song,
 To thee, thus sleeping in thy narrow cell?
 Alas! my lovely flower is senseless clay!
 My budding rose the Grave has torn away!

To thee, oh earth! then let thy mourning son,
 O'er whose glad heaven this cloud hath early past,
 Whose day is darkened ere its morn be run,
 Lift one appeal—his strongest, and his last—
 Take her, oh! take her to thy gentle breast,
 And lull her softly to her evening rest!

To the Tettix.

Thou noisy thing, intoxicate with dew,
 Thou desert-babbler, with thy rustic lay,
 Who sittest idly, where the green leaves through
 On thy *cranked* limbs bright slants the solar ray,
 Whilst from thy little frame with hue of fire,
 Comes forth the mimic music of the lyre—

Oh! friendly songster, to the Sylphid Maids
 'Discourse sweet music,' with thy tiny tongue,
 And unto Pan, who habits in the shades,
 And roves the mountains and the fields among.
 Then, freed from love, my noontide sleep I'll take,
 Beneath the shadow which the plane-trees make.

And now, dear reader, thou hast gathered with me a few of the many wild-flowers, which bloom in the Anthology, but are known only to the student, and appreciated only by the scholar. If thou art not interested in them, it is either because thou art not gifted with a love for the simple and the beautiful, or else because that simplicity and beauty have perished in the medium through which thou hast seen them. I am no man-worshipper, and, I hope, no nation-worshipper. Yet I love, admire, and venerate the Greeks; and though I might in liberality allow that there have been minds more mighty than any of the Grecian race, yet it might be shown by the strongest of moral proof—the sentiments of nations, and the evidence of facts—that they were the brightest, simplest, and most *classic* nation on the earth. I say, it might be shown, and should occasion serve, I will show it. Meanwhile I will content myself with the hope that you may be blessed with an *Attic reduplication* of wit, a *temporal augment* in the riches and honors of this world, and a *spiritual aspiration* after all that is beautiful in knowledge, and all that is generous in deed.

HERMENEUTES.

“OUR MAGAZINE,”

Is doing very well—but might do better. It has hitherto had subscribers enough to support it—it has never lacked communications—it has never been so unfortunate as at one and the same time to displease *every body*—it has been constantly sustained by the countenance of able friends, and the attacks of weak enemies—its general character has been approved by the ‘leading prints’—many articles have been copied from it, not without the most gratifying compliments—even the editors have not lost their meed of praise.

So much for the first part of our remark, that the Magazine is ‘doing well’—now for the less pleasing adjunct, ‘that it might do better.’ We might have *more* subscribers—and all our subscribers might pay as they engage to—our articles might be more varied and more excellent—and by an increase of patronage, we should be enabled to enlarge the size, and improve the mechanical appearance of the work—and, in a word, make it more worthy of the institution from which it takes its name, and which it is our especial delight to honor.

All subscriptions were considered as made for one year, and will be so charged by the Publishers. Subscribers at a distance are reminded that their *money* is due.

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